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“THE TIMES”

AN ANTHOLOGY

Chosen and Edited
with Introduction and Notes by
M. ALDERTON PINK, M.A.

Author of
“A Realist looks at Democracy,”
“If the Blind Lead,” etc.

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NOTE

THE article entitled *The London Daily Press since 1850* appeared in the special Printing Number of *The Times* (October 29, 1929), and *The Peoples of India* in the India Number (February 18, 1930). All the other matter included in this book is taken from the ordinary issues of the paper. Articles that were originally divided into two parts are here printed without division ; in one or two cases short passages have been omitted ; here and there phrases that would date an article have been deleted or altered ; cross-headings have, of course, been dropped. Except for these slight changes, the articles are reproduced as originally published.

M. A. P.

INTRODUCTION

WE hear a great deal nowadays about the decadence of the newspaper. Publicists who are anxious about the spiritual health of society view with alarm the changes that have occurred since universal education has increased the number of newspaper-readers from thousands to millions. No longer does the journalist occupy the rostrum to instruct a relatively small following of politicians, club-members, business-men, and professional workers ; only too often he plays the demagogue or the mountebank to as large an audience as modern technical methods will bring within his reach. The serious articles on politics and literature, the long verbatim reports of speeches, and the heavy news-summaries which used to be the staple of journalism, have been replaced by columns on the latest sensation, brightly written and profusely illustrated news-items, snippets from public speeches, chatty articles on sport, hobbies, fashions, shopping, and entertainments, and notes on the trivialities which are supposed to interest the man in the street. From being the serious critic of men and affairs and the upholder of standards of public taste the journalist has descended to the position of purveyor of " what the public wants " ; and what the public wants turns out to be little more than light entertainment.

This is not the place in which to discuss the social effects of the changes that have manifested themselves in the newspapers since the beginning of this century,

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and particularly since the War. It is more to our purpose to note the general decline in literary quality that has accompanied the expansion of circulations. The newspaper-men of an older generation were no doubt often ponderous and inflated in their style, but they did not "write down" to their public. They were conscious of being literary craftsmen, and they worked according to the standards of their craft. The modern journalist tends to discard all literary canons and to have no other aim than to secure the momentary attention of the less intelligent of his readers. In his desire to write in a language "understood of the people" he produces a shoddy kind of reading-matter which makes no pretension to be literature and is read only to be forgotten.

In face of the breakdown of the older standards of journalism, the few newspapers that have preserved moral responsibility and literary quality stand out conspicuously. Pre-eminent among these is *The Times*. In this journal readers can be sure of finding day by day a masterly survey of world events presented in reasonable perspective, a full and impartial summary of important speeches and documents, sound comments on men and measures, a selection of letters from authoritative correspondents, first-rate articles on topical and other matters, and, of course, the usual columns devoted to finance, sport, drama, literature, and art. Of the high quality of the articles of permanent interest the collection in the present volume is sufficient evidence. One cannot refrain from remarking, however, that even the ordinary news-columns maintain a correctness and distinction of style which must be unique in daily journalism. And this is the more extraordinary when we remember the haste with which the newspaper of to-day has to be made up and sent to press. All the business of the final selection, condensation, arrangement, and sub-editing of the

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mass of news gathered by the modern agencies of the telegraph, telephone, and wireless has to be crammed into two or three hours. Looked at from the purely technical point of view, the regular production of a paper of the size and scope of *The Times* is a wonderful achievement ; when we consider the high standard of literary style consistently exhibited, it becomes a daily miracle.

But it would be unfair to *The Times* to suggest that it stands alone in the last ditch defending a worthy but rather austere and outmoded type of journalism. The paper would belie its name if it did not move with the times. While it is chary of exploiting the most up-to-date methods of courting popular favour, it does not disdain the sober adoption of new features catering for an established public taste. For years after the advent of the illustrated paper, the camera was unknown in Printing House Square ; in due course, however, the daily page of pictures made its appearance in *The Times* and by its artistic excellence won over even the most conservative of its readers. Later, in response to requests from thoroughly reputable quarters, the paper gave its approval to the cross-word habit (but not to the extent of offering prizes). More recently still, it has taken official notice of the popularity of Bridge and has tendered periodical advice on this pastime. With these concessions to the needs of the more frivolous reader no one would quarrel. So far there has been cautious innovation, but no pandering to the popular desire for sensation. Of late, however, we have observed double-column headings to some of the principal articles and occasional photographs inset in the news-pages. Is this, we ask with some trepidation, the thin end of the wedge ?

Let it not be thought that these details are insignificant. We devotees of *The Times* note the introduction of new features with peculiar interest, for

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the journal is to us more than a newspaper ; it is the embodiment of a tradition ; it is, in fact, a national institution. There is something very English—or, at least, we like to think so—in its wholesome restraint, its freedom from party-spirit, its dignified refusal to be stampeded, and—shall we say ?—its solidity. Some years ago we had a shock when the paper failed to arrive one morning owing to the General Strike. If for any reason it should permanently disappear from the breakfast-table, we should feel that a revolution had indeed taken place. It is therefore a great comfort to us that measures have been taken to render *The Times* exempt from the hazards to which the ordinary newspaper-undertaking—like any other public company—is liable in the course of business. It is not perhaps as generally known as it should be that a Board of Trustees has been constituted, consisting of the Lord Chief Justice, the Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford, the President of the Royal Society, the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and the Governor of the Bank of England, whose duty it would be to prevent the paper from being transferred as a mere matter of commerce to unworthy hands. We are therefore entitled to hope that, whatever transformations the popular press may undergo in accordance with changing public taste, we may continue to enjoy in *The Times* a newspaper which seriously accepts its responsibility as an organ of public opinion, and in which, to an altogether remarkable extent, daily journalism maintains its connection with literature.

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THE MODERN NEWSPAPER

THE LONDON DAILY PRESS SINCE 1850

THE extraordinary development of the modern newspaper press began with the beginning of the second half of the last century, the chief actuating cause being the abolition of the various taxes with which newspapers had up to that time been burdened. The amount of the taxes varied from time to time, but it may be said, roughly, that until half-way through the nineteenth century there was a newspaper duty on every printed sheet of 4d. a copy, there was a stamp duty on every advertisement of 3s. 6d., and there was a duty on paper of 3d. a lb. Within a decade all these imposts were swept away. The advertisement duty was repealed in 1853, the newspaper duty in 1855, and the paper duty in 1861. It has been calculated that in 1865 the number of copies printed by London papers alone was six times as large as the total circulation of all papers in the United Kingdom had been twenty-five years earlier. The removal of the taxes had made the 1d. journal commercially practicable and paved the way for a new style of journalism, in which the *Daily Telegraph* was the pioneer. In the years that followed, the cheapening of paper—through the introduction of wood pulp and the perfecting of paper-making machinery—and the increased revenue from advertisements were among the causes which led to the successful production of the halfpenny daily newspaper.

It is commonly assumed that the great increase in the reading public in the latter half of the nineteenth

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century was a creation of the Education Act of 1870, but, immense and even revolutionary though the influence of that Act was, the increase had in fact begun before that. The new urban populations brought into being by the industrial revolution were mentally more alert, more eager for education, and more interested in politics and public affairs than the rural population of the earlier period, and this mental alertness and desire for information had been much quickened by the agitation in connection with the Reform Laws. Of the galaxy of great morning papers published in London which contributed to make what is often spoken of as the Augustan Age of British journalism, the *Morning Post* had been established in 1772; *The Times* in 1785; the *Morning Advertiser* in 1794; the *Standard* in 1827; and the *Daily News* in 1845. Among these *The Times* was in a class by itself, having in 1855 a circulation of approximately 50,000 copies, while no other paper printed as many as 7500 copies, and most of them did not print half that number. The selling price ranged from 2d. to 5d. a copy, when into this select company came the *Daily Telegraph*. Its first arrival, however, was unsensational, for it was started as a single sheet priced at 2d.

Founded in June 1855, the paper failed within three months, and then passed—taken, it is said, in satisfaction of an unpaid printing bill—into the hands of Mr. J. Moses Levy, who, besides being a practical printer, was a man of genius and saw his opportunity. He converted the single sheet into a four-page paper and sold it at 1d. It was not the first 1d. paper in England, that honour belonging to the *Liverpool Post*, which anticipated the *Daily Telegraph* by a matter of some three months; but it was the first London 1d. paper, and it addressed itself deliberately to the middle classes: to a public, that is, wider and less

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critical and aristocratic than that to which the press had so far been content to appeal.

Its success was almost immediate, both in circulation and in advertising revenue, *The Times*, easy in its assured leadership and contemptuous of such competition, permitting it to take from it a large part of its "classified advertisements," as they are now called, which for so long provided the *Daily Telegraph* with a substantial proportion of its income. As the newcomer grew in strength it was abundantly ridiculed, and the new word "Telegraphese" was coined to describe the flamboyant and wordy style which characterised most of its writing. But both the original Levy and his son were exceptional men, shrewd judges of the taste of the public, which they sought to entertain rather than to instruct, and with courage to back their judgment financially to almost any limit. Under Edwin Arnold's editorship, moreover, the *Daily Telegraph* collected as brilliant a staff of writers as was, perhaps, to be gathered in London then; and one after another the other papers found themselves compelled to meet the new competition by enlarging their papers, widening the scope of their reporting, popularising their style of writing, and, above all, reducing their price to 1d. The *Standard* dropped to that price in 1858, the *Daily News* in 1868, the *Morning Post* in 1881, the *Morning Advertiser* in 1891, while the *Daily Chronicle*, hitherto known as the *Clerkenwell News*, entered the lists as a penny daily in 1877.

The revolution to penny journalism was complete, only *The Times* refusing to follow the general example. With the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855 it had, indeed, reduced its price from 5d. to 4s.; and when the paper duty was abolished in 1861 it dropped another 1d., and in 1866, at a price of 3d., its circulation reached 66,000, a figure remarkable at the time,

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but destined to be completely overshadowed by the gigantic circulations of the 1d. papers in the next quarter of a century.

But it was chiefly through the enterprise of *The Times* that the printing of these great numbers of copies was made possible. Even when *The Times* had been a single sheet of four pages, with a circulation of no more than 20,000, the difficulty of producing so many copies by the old hand presses had been so great that often the edition was not printed off until late in the afternoon. This difficulty was overcome through the courage and far-sightedness of John Walter the Second and John Walter the Third, and the inventions of Koenig and Applegath, Kastenbein and Wicks, and of John Walter the Third himself. It is not possible to estimate the magnitude of the debt of the press of the world to the Walter family. ✓

It was, then, the combination of these three factors that gave birth to modern journalism : the abolition of the taxes, making possible the sale of a paper at a moderate price ; the genius and enterprise of the Walters, making possible the production of a paper in large numbers within a reasonable space of time ; and the vision of Levy and his son (who adopted the name of Lawson and later became Lord Burnham), who saw that a great middle-class public was ready to absorb a paper at a cheap price adapted to its tastes and interests. While it was in London morning journalism that these forces were most immediately operative, the revolution spread much wider. Conspicuously interesting was the group of evening newspapers which grew up in London towards the end of the century. *The Globe* had been in existence since 1802, but had had a chequered and difficult life until it came into the possession of William (later Sir William) Madge in 1868. *The Pall Mall Gazette*—the paper “written for gentlemen by gentlemen”—

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was founded in 1865, and it was the model for the *St. James's Gazette*, started by James Greenwood, the former editor of the *Pall Mall*, in 1880, and the *Westminster Gazette*, which came into existence in 1893. No trio of evening papers of so high a literary standard has probably ever co-existed in any country. They were, perhaps, too good. Certainly they were too costly in format to be able to hold their own against the less expensive and still more "popular" type of paper which was soon to appear. With these was the gallant little halfpenny *Echo*. It was not the first halfpenny paper to be established in London, for an *Evening News* at that price had been started in 1855, but had died young. Many journalists of the older generation still living cherish among their most distinct memories of London half a century ago the cries of the vendors of the "'A'p'ny Evenin' Ekker." The second *Evening News* was founded in 1881, but languished until acquired by the Harmsworth interests in 1894. The *Star* was founded in 1888. These papers crystallised the type of evening paper which is still dominant in London to-day.

The provincial press was even more prompt than were the metropolitan papers to respond to the abolition of the duties by reduction in price. It has already been said that the first 1d. paper in England was the *Liverpool Post*. In the same year (1855), both the *Scotsman* (founded in 1817) and the *Manchester Guardian* (1821) came down to 1d. and laid the foundations of the great and honourable influence which each has since wielded. The *Birmingham Post* was started as a penny daily in 1857, and during the next decade the great majority of the influential provincial papers of the present day either came into existence or reduced their price to 1d. and, from having been published weekly or semi-weekly before, became dailies.

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The revolution thus effected exercised a profound influence on English life in all its channels. The newspaper, formerly a luxury of the educated few, became the common daily reading of the masses of the people. The quickening of communication by the spread of railways and the invention of the electric telegraph enabled the papers both to collect intelligence and to distribute their editions on a scale hitherto undreamed of; and for the first time the whole people was brought in contact daily with the same news, the same ideas, and was capable of being swayed simultaneously by the same emotions and enlisted *en masse*, almost between sunrise and sunset, in a common cause.

Before the end of the century, however, a second change, almost as far-reaching as the first, was to come, the part borne by Levy with the *Daily Telegraph* being played now by Alfred Harmsworth (afterwards Lord Northcliffe) with the *Daily Mail*. In many ways the plot and the situation in the two cases were very similar.

Of all human institutions journalism is perhaps the most unquiet; a ferment of unrest is always working in it. None the less, while progress in detail was continuous, and new papers, whether London or provincial, daily or weekly, came and passed without ceasing, the revolutionary impulse of the mid-century had fairly spent itself, and conditions had become approximately static after forty years. Meanwhile the Education Act of 1870 was bearing fruit, and, even more influentially, perhaps, the newspapers themselves were creating an appetite for reading in the masses of a new generation.

The first successful appeal to this new public on any large scale was made by George (afterwards Sir George) Newnes with a weekly paper, *Tit-Bits*, which was published first in Manchester in 1880, and quickly

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attained an astonishing circulation. Inspired by its example, in 1888 Alfred Harmsworth started the weekly paper *Answers* ; and two years later C. Arthur Pearson (who had been manager for Newnes) launched *Pearson's Weekly*. All three displayed extraordinary ingenuity in forcing their publications on the attention of the public, especially by the offering of large money prizes for simple competitions, and by a variety of what in modern slang are known as "stunts," of which a famous example was the soaking by Pearson of the whole of an edition of his *Weekly*, at the time of an influenza epidemic, in eucalyptus, so that every news-stall and paper-shop reeked of the smell, and thousands of people carried the papers on their persons as a protection against the disease. All the three papers earned for their owners large fortunes, which were used either to establish new papers and magazines, or to buy others already in the market. Most of the new publications were trivial, though some (like *Country Life*, established by Newnes) fully deserved the success they won. Many died in their infancy ; others caught the popular taste and made money.

Altogether each of the three men named built up a great publishing business, and in 1896 Harmsworth started the *Daily Mail*, a halfpenny morning newspaper. Its impact on the established journals was, *mutatis mutandis*, almost precisely parallel to that of the *Daily Telegraph* forty years earlier. There was the same inducement of a lower price, the same frank appeal to a larger and less critical public, the more boisterous thrusting for publicity than had formerly been known, and the lavish spending of money both on spectacular enterprises and on securing the services of writers of first-class talent. As with its predecessor, the real strength of the *Daily Mail's* appeal lay in the fact that, allowing for the objects for which it was

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intended, it was extremely well done. It quickly won enormous success, and in 1900 Pearson founded the *Daily Express* in close imitation of it.

Meanwhile the invention of the means by which half-tone reproductions of photographs could be adapted to publication on fast cylinder presses opened up new vistas to enterprising publishers seeking large circulations, by permitting an appeal to a public which needed not even to be able to read, and with the beginning of the new century some of the largest circulations were claimed by papers like the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Sketch*, and the *Daily Graphic*, which relied almost entirely on their illustrations. All the morning papers also without exception began the publication of "picture pages," some of which, as in the case of *The Times*, have reached a very high standard of artistic excellence.

More important, however, than any detail of the contents, policies, or mechanical production of the new type of papers was the method of their genesis. The great publishing houses—Harmsworth, Newnes, Pearson (and they were soon to have imitators)—threw off new publications, daily, weekly, or monthly, much as a great shop might take up a new line in boots or hosiery. They commanded great wealth, and only great wealth could compete with them. More and more the periodical press of the country has tended, and is still tending, to pass into the hands of a few powerful organisations, the control of which is in most cases in the hands of one individual or of the members of one family. It is not possible to regard the increasing commercialisation of the press thus brought about without some regret and misgiving. Immense power is now concentrated in the hands of a few very rich men, and more and more the public is coming to look upon individual papers as mere instruments to be used for the advancement of

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personal ambitions or in accordance with the whims and caprices of the owners ; while the position of the editor has inevitably lost much of its old dignity. The new conditions also make any intimate personal contact between the proprietors and the majority of the employees as difficult as it is in other great industrial organisations.

An influence which it is difficult to assess at its proper value, but which has undoubtedly been not without considerable effect in the last half-century, has been the interaction of the British and the American press. In those years so fruitful in England, from 1860 onwards, the regular development of the American press was checked by the Civil War. The end of the war left a few conspicuous Republican papers scattered among the cities of the North—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Springfield, Hartford, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and so forth—each associated with and edited by some one masterful man. These leading papers formed and controlled the opinion of the people. For the next two decades, while the country was feeling its way back to prosperity, these papers, especially in the East, were very largely modelled on British lines and influenced by British thought. In 1883 Joseph Pulitzer bought the *New York World*, and by spending money lavishly on publicity and appealing to the love of sensationalism in the less discriminating masses, especially by exploitation of every kind of criminal or police court news, he soon obtained for it a huge circulation. In 1895 Mr. W. R. Hearst came from California with large capital behind him and bought the *New York Journal*, to become quickly involved in a bitter fight with Pulitzer and the *World*, out of which fight developed the phrase “yellow” journalism. The term arose from the colour used by the *New York World* on certain cartoons published in its Sunday editions ; but was

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soon applied throughout the country to both papers, and thence generally to all journalism of the ultra-sensational type. Both the journals obtained enormous circulations and no American has questioned that their influence on American journalism as a whole was extremely bad.

In the first years of the present century a writer comparing the newspapers of the two countries recognised the conspicuously better tone of the English press as a whole (though the United States has never been without a limited number of journals of quite exceptional quality), but pointed out that while the English papers were still in large measure addressed to an educated class, the first principle of the majority of American papers was to avoid all suspicion of intellectual superiority and to appeal directly to the democratic mass. He added :—

“ It may not be chimerical to imagine a time when in London only two or three papers will hold to the class tradition . . . while the great body of the English press will have followed the example of the American publishers ; and when the English papers are frankly adapted to the tastes of as large a proportion of the people as are now catered for by the majority of the American papers, he would be a rash Englishman who would prophesy that the London papers would be any more scholarly or more refined than are the papers of New York or Chicago.”

The relations between the press of the two countries have grown very much closer of recent years, and American influence is discernible in many details of the newest type of English newspaper, as in the style of headlines and methods of “make-up” of the pages, and in the use of “comic strips,” and so forth. In some of the London papers which boast conspicuously big circulations as large a share of the space is now occupied by reports of crime and catastrophe as is

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occupied in any paper in America. How much of this is the direct result of the example of the "yellow" American press or how far it is an independent growth, the mere consequence of an appeal to the appetites of an immature and largely uneducated public, it is impossible to say.

Whatever changes may be brought about by internal forces—by the ingenuity, the enterprise, or the policies of editors or proprietors—the whole press is subject to the constant pressure of one great external force which no newspaper can resist—namely, the continuous quickening of communication all over the world and the growing interdependence of peoples. The result has been an immense multiplication of the sources of news in recent years, and an incalculable increase in the number of topics written about and in the amount of material which daily flows into a newspaper office, from its own correspondents and from the news agencies, whose activities have become a striking feature of modern journalism. A consequence is that no topic can be given the space which might have been devoted to it a few years ago. All articles have to be shorter ; condensation has come to be of the greatest importance ; and the amount of leisurely or decorative writing in the daily press tends continually to decrease. There is no prospect that this tendency will diminish in the near future ; and it is hardly possible that papers such as *The Times* can increase their size much beyond the present limits, when editions of 32 pages, apart from all Special Supplements, are not uncommon. There seems no alternative except more rigorous compression and more ruthless abandonment of anything like ornamental writing.

In spite of all difficulties, however, and notwithstanding the distaste with which many people to-day look upon certain journals, the success of which rests

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so largely on sensationalism, those, probably, are not mistaken who believe that the British press—not the London dailies only, but the Provincial press and the weekly papers—is much the best in the world if excellence in news-gathering, high literary quality, and truthfulness and integrity of purpose combined be taken into account.

RETROSPECT

THE BIRTH OF A RAILWAY

WHEN we wait at some vast, dim junction like Crewe, with its bewildering and complicated traffic, and the menacing clamour of its expresses, it is difficult to believe that the ancestors of the railway were simple "wagon-ways," made to carry coal from the pit-mouth to the ships. When a certain child first saw a llama, he said it was God trying to make a camel. When we look at Mr. T. T. Bury's pictures (in the Hornby Library, Liverpool) of the first trains, they seem very light, gentle, and almost timid things, sketches of trains, with something of the stage-coach and country wagon still lingering in their shapes. A first-class train had four coaches, with three compartments in each, a red mail-coach with a guard perched up behind it, and, lastly, a wheeled platform bearing an elegant private carriage, with its owners seated comfortably inside and a cockaded coachman in front and a cockaded footman behind (but no horses). A second-class train had three coaches with three compartments, and a raised canopy instead of a roof. It had also two coaches of an inferior type. Into such vehicles were packed ladies with crinolines, gay shawls, and large hats, and gentlemen in white trousers and dark tailed-coats. All luggage was carried on the roof.

The Liverpool and Manchester railway, which was completed in 1830, though not the first railway, had a national and impressive, and certainly a tragic and dramatic, opening on September 15th of that year. A company of proprietors had been formed as early as

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1824, when Mr. William James, a civil engineer of London, had proposed the first scheme for a railway. He was warmly supported by Mr. Sanders, of Liverpool. The plan was opposed by various land-owners and by all the canal proprietors in the country. An Act of Parliament giving powers to proceed with the railway was passed in 1826, not without great opposition, Mr. Huskisson being then the member for the borough. Mr. George Stephenson was appointed the engineer, and in 1826 the sinking of the first shaft of the tunnel inaugurated the difficult and dangerous work, which was to take four years, and which included the making of the two tunnels, the draining of Parr Moss and Chat Moss, the making of considerable cuttings, and the building of many bridges and viaducts.

To the uninstructed mind the most romantic of these engineering miracles was the creation of dry and fertile land out of the sombre and quaking Chat Moss. This had been the dream of William Roscoe, and the drainings that he had caused to be cut before 1800 were of great use to the railway engineers in their task. James Scott Walker, in his *Accurate Description of the Opening of the Railway*, etc., says that vast quantities of material were swallowed up and disappeared into the "quick and faithless depths" of the bog before the railways were actually floated over the surface of plaited hurdles of brushwood and heather, covered with sand and gravel, on which the sleepers were laid. Men spoke with awe of the quarrying of the great tunnel, the "ponderous portal," as Walker calls it, not only of a new railway but of a new era in the country's history. Behind that rocky gateway lay the quiet fields and limpid waters of agricultural England; beyond them rose the crowded docks and cities, the mills and factories, the golden fortunes and darkened skies of the industrial age.

THE BIRTH OF A RAILWAY

The opening day broke with bleak wind and rain, but dense crowds of people had collected in the streets of Liverpool, in the surrounding country, and all about the "Rail-road" long before the skies cleared in the early morning. "All the world seemed collected there," says an onlooker, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November 1830. "Not only nine-tenths of those I knew in the neighbourhood were there, but three-fourths at least of my whole circle of friends, from Pekin westward to the Pacific." A special train had been prepared for the Duke of Wellington, who was to open the line. It was of costly splendour, with a "grand canopy 24 feet long, placed aloft on gilded pillars so contrived as to be lowered when passing through the tunnel." It also contained a special band, and was drawn by an engine called the "Northumbrian." On a different line were placed five or six other trains, which carried about 700 persons forming the procession. This included noblemen, ambassadors, statesmen, generals, gentlemen and ladies of Manchester and Liverpool, and many other visitors.

When the noble Duke appeared, wearing a Spanish cloak, and with the Marchioness of Salisbury on his arm, he is said to have laughed heartily at the novel situation he shared with the rest of the world. Amid a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm, the vast company rose to their feet, and the bands played *See, the Conquering Hero Comes*, producing with trumpets and voices "a very din of harmony." A gun was fired, and, in the words of an old guide-book called *The Stranger in Liverpool*, "the splendid train moved slowly and majestically into the mouth of the tunnel. On its emerging at the other end, myriads of spectators were seen on both sides of the cutting, as if perched in the clouds, looking down with rapture on the scene beneath them, as the gorgeous show glided

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slowly along, that they might enjoy an opportunity of beholding it in all its novelty and splendour. The multitude which was crowded together in the space of a mile and a half at this spot could not have been less than fifty or sixty thousand persons."

Later, the trains were seen to increase their speed, till, "entering the Olive Mount excavation, the flying machines sped through the awful chasm at the speed of 24 miles an hour." When the train reached Park-side station, the engines had to take in water and fuel; and here the "Melancholy Accident" happened, and "The Angel of Death stretched out his arm to blast their harmless exultation." The Duke's train stood still, while some of the other trains, having watered their engines, passed on, the idea being that the Duke should review the whole procession of trains. Several gentlemen alighted from the state carriages and strolled along the railroad. The Duke, recognising an esteemed political opponent, Mr. Huskisson, stretched out his hand to greet him. Just then there was a shout of "Danger!" as the engine "Rocket" came rapidly up the other line. The other gentlemen succeeded in regaining the state carriages, and some of them had time to get inside, while others clung to the framework. But Mr. Huskisson, who had recently had an operation, and was still weak and somewhat lame, became agitated and flurried, and, after two vain attempts to cross the line, ran back to the Duke's carriage and clung convulsively to the open door. The state carriage projected two feet over the narrow footway, and the engine also projected over the rail which it moved along; and in spite of the efforts of the driver to stop it, and perhaps owing to some unknown defect in the engine itself, "the direful machine drew nearer"; and Mr. Huskisson, swept from his precarious foothold, and falling across the line, was terribly crushed and mangled by the

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passing engine. He bore his sufferings with fortitude, and died that evening at Eccles.

Mr. Huskisson's death was speedily noised abroad among the horrified spectators ; but the vast audience at Manchester was as yet unaware of the accident, and impatiently expected the appearance of the procession of trains. The news reached them in a dramatic fashion when the Duke's engine "Northumbrian" dashed along the crowded line, among the soldiers who guarded it, to seek a surgeon. In a hasty consultation between the Duke, the statesmen, and the railway directors it was at first decided to abandon the procession. But they thought of those at the Manchester end, waiting afoot since early dawn, and now weary and baffled—a change of temper which might easily turn the cheerful morning throng into a sullen and menacing afternoon mob. So the decision was taken, after one hour and a half's delay, to go on, though the moving trains seemed to take the colour of a funeral procession.

Manchester was reached about four o'clock. After the "elegant cold collation," prepared for a thousand persons, had been partaken of in silence by the guests, the people gave the Duke a splendid send-off. He made his way with difficulty through the excited populace, stretching both his hands to be shaken over and over again. He and his party got out at Roby about seven o'clock ; the rest of the procession were less fortunate, and, the task proving beyond the power of the engines at one point, about four hundred gentlemen had to get out and walk. They reached Liverpool at 10.30 on a pitch-dark night. Among the spectators who crowded the roofs and clung to the walls and chimneys, and even the top of Mr. Foster's famous "Moorish arch" on the railway itself, that morning, one solitary figure made itself conspicuous, perched between the idle wings of an old windmill.

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He could see beneath him the old-fashioned streets, where the coaches still rolled along, and where, a few years before, sedan chairs swayed sedately over the stones ; and the country lanes not far off. But the iron ways were laid ; and the sound of the “ low rumbling of iron wheels revolving in an iron bed,” and the shrieks of railway engines, were to haunt the pillows of the good folks who put on their nightcaps and slept after that memorable day.

For many years travelling by railroad was a thing not lightly undertaken. Mrs. Carlyle, who was a fearless horsewoman, like most of her generation, describes her first experience in a letter written in 1836 :—

“ On Tuesday afternoon I reached Liverpool after a flight (for it can be called nothing else) of thirty-four miles within an hour and a quarter. I was dreadfully frightened before the train started ; in the nervous weak state I was in, it seemed to me certain I should faint ; and the impossibility of getting the horrid thing stopt ! ”

Even in the 'sixties people looked on a long railway journey with anxiety and foreboding. In one Scottish manse in the early 'seventies there was always a special petition for “ journeying mercies ” added to the morning prayers, before the family travelled to the Highlands or into England.

A HOLIDAY IN 1831

LONDONERS awoke and gazed anxiously at the sky on the morning of August 1, 1831. That 1st of August, though it fell long before Sir John Lubbock had had his bright idea, was to our forefathers a Monday of Mondays, a holiday of holidays. The

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new London Bridge was to be opened by King William IV, and nothing but assurance of the weather was wanting to a greater festival than had been known for years. In their worrying over the weather the journals of the period had struck quite a modern note; for, if the rain and sunshine were as impartial then as now, they were as a rule less precisely discussed. It may be said at once that the weather proved adequate to the ceremony, being bright and breezy, and only dwindling into rain at night.

There was a special reason why this was no ordinary day of jubilation. That reason was not the supplanting of old London Bridge, which still stood, grim and silent, beside the welcomed upstart. Nor was it to be found in an exceptional shutting of shops, cessation of all business, and wholesale relaxation. The new bridge was, at the moment, a mere nothing compared with the new King. William IV, young to the Throne and not yet crowned, had already gained a popularity never given to his brother, George IV. The simplicity of his manners, his desire (as they liked saying) to rub shoulders with his people, contrasted amiably with the morose seclusion in which the last King had spent his declining years. Endless stories were told of King William's boisterous kindness, of his long memory for old comrades of the Navy, of his unconventionality; and the domestic virtues of Queen Adélaïde were almost equally endearing to citizens who had not yet forgotten their resentment at the treatment of Queen Caroline. Moreover, the King had recently added to his personal reputation that of a lover of liberty. He was known to be a champion of Reform; and whoever stood for Reform was enshrined in the people's eyes with Earl Grey, Lord John Russell, and all who proposed to recreate England by means of a Bill.

As will be realised in a moment, a ceremony was

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in those days noisy. It was marked also by departures from what we have come to consider decorum. A significant instance was the treatment of Sir Robert Peel when he joined the numerous and distinguished gathering on new London Bridge. Peel was not a champion of Reform, and therefore was "extremely ill received by some of the company, who gave a tolerably intelligible expression of their opinion of his late conduct by hissing him."

From that incident, after all allowance has been made for the political passion under which the country was labouring, may be judged the lack of social detachment in 1831; and it was not alone in its reflection upon the manners of the age. Yet the man of the twentieth century, with his better breeding, may envy the deep sense of enjoyment, the strong nerves, possibly even the appetite for food and wine, disclosed by these old proceedings. If one were limited to two features of the day's programme as an indication of the difference between Londoners sixteen years after Waterloo and Londoners to-day, the first chosen would be the terrific noise which raged over the City in 1831 and would be intolerable now. The other would be the brilliant reminder that a century ago the broad bosom of Father Thames—need it be said that this is quotation from contemporary chronicles?—was still the Londoners' natural and comfortable resort.

King William and Queen Adelaide, having driven from Buckingham Palace with an escort of Life and Horse Guards, embarked in the Royal barge at Somerset House. They were rowed by twenty barge-men in liveries tailored for the occasion. Before and after them went other barges, in a long line of more than thirty, conveying members of the Royal Family and Household, Earl Grey and Ministers of his Cabinet, the Speaker, and high officers of the Navy and Army. It was three o'clock in the afternoon,

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and for an hour or so (since processions, whether on land or water, took their time in those days) the way lay between two lines of river craft of every kind, closely packed, and in some places two and three deep. Every boat or barge had been newly painted, and the flags of every nation blew from them in the fresh breeze. The bridges were crowded. On Waterloo sightseers had taken their places at five and six o'clock in the morning, many bringing breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, which they ate in covered wagons drawn up on the pathways ; and on Southwark Bridge were tents for the visitors. Blackfriars Bridge entertained a company hardly less fashionable than that which thronged the Temple Gardens and the stands at Somerset House. Crowds gathered on the river-banks, and the wharves, timber-yards, warehouses, factories, and private houses were occupied to the last inch.

We hear of, but fortunately do not hear, the "united harmony of a hundred hands," which may be a strict estimate, but is more likely a round figure. The main volume of noise, however, must have come from the artillery. There were cannon everywhere. Loud discharges saluted the King as he embarked. Loud discharges accompanied his voyage, and welcomed him at London Bridge. Several gun-brigs had been brought from Woolwich to contribute to the row ; and it is solemnly recorded that among the vessels particularly distinguished in the line were two barges of the Lumber Troop, stationed at Paul's Wharf, with a military band on board and twenty-one brass guns, "which they continued to fire at intervals from twelve o'clock in the morning until his Majesty's debarkation at Somerset House"—that is, until seven o'clock in the evening. This discharge "seemed to attract the King's attention," and he affably acknowledged that he had heard it.

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At the new bridge was a splendid pavilion, its pillars adorned with flags, shields, helmets, and massive swords, and at the four corners, standing on broad pedestals, groups of men in armour. Their Majesties' seats were beneath a canopy of state, crimson in colour and backed with plate glass. From the pavilion an awning extended about 500 ft. along the bridge, sheltering the tables for the guests. Thence could be caught a glimpse of the view on the river, conspicuous in which were the barges of the City Companies, gilded and glittering. The flags which billowed out from the bridge are worthy of a moment's notice. Besides the flag of England, there were the black eagles of Russia and Prussia, the keys and mitre of the Pope, the emblazoned shields of Venice, of the King of the two Sicilies, and of Spain, the banners of America and of Trinity House.

Four hours before the Royal party were expected the tables began to fill. An entertainment to while away the time of waiting was provided by a military band, by German minstrels (not, one hopes, the German band which was to become so familiar in later years), by the celebrated Siffleur, and by a still more celebrated performer who played tunes upon his chin with his fists. It will by now have dawned upon the reader that the chief item in the opening ceremony was a gigantic feast. To miss its immensity would be a pity. Mr. Leech, the proprietor of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, who was the appointed caterer, had stored in neighbouring premises, among much else, 840 dozen of the choicest wines, 300 turtles and chickens, 150 hams and tongues, 40 sirloins of beef and 350 lb. of pineapple.

On the King's arrival the Lord Mayor (afterwards to be made a baronet) fell on one knee and presented the Sword of State, which his Majesty returned. Mr.

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Jones, the chairman of the Bridge Committee, was in attendance to answer any question the King might ask. He and his colleagues wore a uniform dress of blue coats, white waistcoats, and white trousers. While the King was viewing and approving the bridge, and presumably while Mr. Jones was carrying out his task of enlightenment, that intrepid aeronaut, Mr. Green, ascended from Southwark in his balloon, to come down, as appeared later, in the parish of Charlwood, twenty-nine miles from London, and there to be hospitably received by the Rector. "It is certainly," said the King on landing, "a most beautiful edifice, and the spectacle is the grandest and the most delightful in every respect that I ever had the pleasure to witness." He and the Queen, as they walked over to the Surrey end of the bridge, threw medals to the spectators on each side.

At dinner the King's health was proposed by the Lord Mayor, and the Queen's by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter. As Sir Claudius was a member of the City Corporation who had become notorious for tactlessness, it is surprising that so important a toast was entrusted to him. Perhaps he was strictly prohibited from uttering more than a conventional form of words ; perhaps he was a man who got his own way in spite of everybody ; or perhaps he was a kind of Oliver Goldsmith with qualities that rose superior to blunders. The end of the story will testify that even at the opening of London Bridge he could skirt the verge of the ludicrous. A gold cup was presented to the King, who, in proposing "The Trade and Commerce of the City of London," praised the bridge as "a most extraordinary instance of the City's skill and talent," and before leaving at six o'clock toasted the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The skill and talent of those who had engineered the bridge were honoured by complete silence. But here it may be

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recalled that the design of John Rennie, who died in 1826, had been carried out by his son.

After the King's departure things began to be lively under the awning. A day or two later it was explained that the worthy Mr. Leech, in his anxiety for the plate, had taken pains to employ waiters of high respectability. They were no ordinary servants; many of them were the proprietors of reputable taverns. The unhappy consequence was that no wine was forthcoming for Aldermen who had borne the heat and burden of the dinner without sharing in its material delights. The chairman of the Royal Entertainment Committee, having been on his legs all day and become very thirsty, was reduced to begging a glass of wine from a bottle discovered in a waiter's hiding-place. Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter ran about in a vain effort to find champagne for his family and friends. The highly respectable tavern-keepers were looking after themselves. They were "all blind drunk."

A man fell into the river and was drowned. A member of the Mercers' Company had his pockets picked of a gold watch and £70; and, as it was considered he should have known better than to take so much among so many, he received little sympathy. Otherwise the day passed off without a cloud. The Police, by contrast with the custom of the period, were generously commended for their handling of the enormous crowds.

Next day, being Tuesday, the new London Bridge was opened to the public, some 200,000 of whom walked over to the Surrey side, and were much displeased at not being allowed to return the same way. It was an early experiment in one-way traffic, and was unpopular. In a worse piece of ingratitude everybody, from highest to lowest, seems to have shared. Old London Bridge was forgotten. The only mention

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of it occurs in the statement that at nine o'clock on the Monday night the barriers were removed and it was again available for traffic. In a few months it was pulled down, and became a memory.

EASTWARD IN 1810

THE following is an abstract of diaries kept during an eventful voyage to India in 1810 by a Mr. and Mrs. Welland. Mr. Welland, a servant of the Honourable East India Company, was returning to India accompanied by his wife, a favourite niece, the latter's friend, a maid, and manservant. The extracts from the diaries are untouched except in punctuation and the standardisation of proper names.

Leaving Wimpole-street on the afternoon of February 27th, they reached Portsmouth next day and went on board their ship on March 14th. The *Ceylon* formed one of a convoy of 16 vessels in charge of H.M.S. *Northumberland* and other warships. The nine weeks' voyage to the Cape was, so far as risk from the enemy went, uneventful, although in the light of recent discussion it is interesting to know that the longest day's run was 190 miles, and the average for the voyage 107. Other dangers threatened, as the following entries show:—

"April 14.—By telegraph, were informed of the Small Pox being on Board the *Hugh Inglis*, of which two men had died."

Despite the fact that "four men were lately inoculated with the Small Pox," matters got worse, and on May 6th the commanders of all the Indiamen, except the *Hugh Inglis*, came on board, "to consult on the malady of the small pox on board that ship, as to the propriety of her going to the Cape. That disorder

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was said not to have been known there for the last 40 years, when it swept off more than 30,000 Inhabitants." The commanders of the *Northumberland* and *Euphrates*, on being ordered to continue to the Cape in place of the *Hugh Inglis*, remonstrated, but "their arguments were overruled."

"May 21.—Saw the Cape Land, beat off during night, and early in the Mornng. of the 22nd entered Simon's Bay and dropped Anchor at 10 o'clock."

Two days later they landed, and, in a coach and six small horses, drove to Cape Town, admiring on the way "the ground strewd with numerous Flowers of the Trefoil, Purple, White and Yellow, and beautiful heaths." They found lodgings at Mr. De Waal's, No. 2 Strand Straat, for which, with their board, including Cape wine, they paid three Spanish dollars a head. The three weeks' stay was occupied with visits to places familiar to all present-day travellers—Kirstenbosch, Rondebosch, Newlands, The Kloof, Camps Bay, and Constantia—where "the Wine Cellar is of great extent and contains three kinds of Wine. The Frontinach and White and Red Constantia. Of these the Frontinach and White Constantia are considered the best." The travellers did not neglect their more serious duties :—

"April 27, Sunday.—Went to Church, which was crowded with Military. Mr. Halloran preached on the subject of drunkenness, which was well calculated for his Congregation, but the discourse was rather long being extended to about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour."

Mr. Welland thought that the inhabitants appeared "to be acquiring the manners of the English very rapidly, particularly the younger branches ; many of the Men purchase Commissions in our Regts. and the Women not appearing averse to form a union with our Officers. The Women have pretty Countenances and considering the disadvantages under which they

labor have very good manners." The King's birthday afforded him further opportunity of improving his acquaintance with the latter :—

"At nine o'clock repaired to the Ball, given at the Govt. House in honour of our good King. The Rooms were crowded, exhibiting a display of both Dutch and English. The former fine Girls, modestly dressed and well behaved. The English Ladies, particularly those of the Fleet, of rather ordinary appearance, excepting four or five who were of a superior order."

A visit to the camp of French prisoners preceded the return journey to Simon's Town, where they embarked ; the *Euphrates* struck heavily in False Bay and was left to follow on. After sailing (in the opinion of Mr. Welland) unduly far south, they reached latitude 36. The commanders, by a majority vote, decided to take the inner passage—namely, that by the Mozambique Channel—which brought them in close proximity to the "French Isles" (Comoro Islands).

"June 14.—Unlucky it turned out we should have so determined . . . for, early in the Morn'g. we descried three Ships which afterwards proved to be two French Frigates and a Corvette. With these we engaged, first with the *Minerve* and *Victor* (corvette) for about three hours, and an hour more with the 3rd. Ship, the *Bellona*, from $\frac{1}{2}$ past two to seven, when we struck and were taken possession of, and the next Morn'g. we saw the *Bellona* with the *Wyndham* in charge. The *Astell* during the night contrived to make her escape. We had seven Men killed and 27 wounded—among the latter were Capt'n. Minton and Mr. Aldham severely, and Coll. Marriott slightly. The *Wyndham* had 4 killed and 9 wounded. I have written a narrative of the particulars of the Action together with some suggestions as to improvement in fighting India Ships, but doubt if I shall make use of it tho.

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it were to be wished that some rules and instructions were laid down for the occasion by professional Men."

Is, one wonders, this document preserved in the archives of either the Admiralty or the India Office ?

" July 5.—We anchored in the Harbour of Joanna (Comoro Islands), where we continued to repair our damage until the 17th, when we left that place, in order to proceed, as we are given to understand, for the Isle of France (Mauritius)."

On August 15th, " the anniversary of Buonaparte's Coronation, the Emperor's health was drunk on all the ships and their guns were fired." Mrs. Welland adds that " the *Minerve* sailed round the Fleet with the Band of the 24th Regt. playing on her Poop, all the Ships had their colors hoisted and altogether displayed a most Triumphant scene." On the 17th the French talked with the utmost confidence of reaching Mauritius without being in the slightest degree molested by English ships. " Is not this," she says, " proof that our Frigates, which are supposed in England to be completely Blockading the Place, must be extremely neglectful ? We are now five Ships in Number, one a French Frigate mounting 50 guns, which has already done great injury to our India Trade. The *Minerve*, one of the finest Frigates now in the service, captured from the Portuguese, two Indiamen and the *Victor*, corvet—yet these men from experience assert that we shall all get in safe to their Port, which we are taught to believe is guarded by *seven* or eight English Frigates, etc." Every preparation was made in anticipation of an attack from the English vessels known to be in the neighbourhood. Although Mauritius had been officially captured by us in the same year, and Lord Farquhar had been appointed Governor, the island was by no means in full possession of the British, and French men-of-war

were still a grave source of mischief to Indiamen and other merchant vessels. On August 19th the ladies, together with the English officers, were again ordered to be in readiness to descend to the Bread Room at a moment's notice ; Mrs. Welland methodically records that, as " the Biscuits were expended we shall have more room than we had last time—our Husbands, thank God, with us."

" August 28.—Isle of France, on shore. This last week has been such a scene of Agony—Distress and mortification—that it was quite impossible for me to write, or to be employed in any way but in the eventful circumstances of every moment, which have been most fully occupied. On Monday 20th at 11 o'clock a strange sail was seen, but we remained in a state of anxiety for some time, not knowing whether it was English or French. We were, however, ordered down to the Bread Room and most of the Gentlemen with us, where we remained about an hour, when we were sent word we might come up, for the Ship had shewd French colors and had answered all the signals. We ascended out of this vile hole and were amusing ourselves looking at the land and Ships which were now very near us, all our Fleet entering Port in full sail, the Commodore quite triumphant with his prizes. I was with W. at the Qr. Gallery window, when to my astonishment I saw several guns fire from the Frigate opposite to us, and *Balls* fall into the sea at a short distance from us. I said to him ' there is surely some mistake, for they never would fire Balls if it is a salute for the Commodore.' I had scarcely spoken when Saunders came in to us and said, looking quite alarmed, ' all the others are already in the Bread Room. I hope I am not alarming you unnecessarily but I think you had better go.' We ran out upon Deck when we heard a cry in French ' Run for the Ladies, put them down, for she has hoisted English

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Colors and they are firing upon us from the Fort ' (this was a small point we were obliged to pass coming in and which I now find is called L'Ile de Passe). Every person English now descended into the various parts of the Ship below water—we heard the firing of every ship as they passed, and at length were glad to find that our Anchor was dropping. We shortly after were called up, and when the confusion and bustle was over, we were let into our own Cabin, told that the little Fort Passe was taken and guarded by the *Nereid*, Capt. Willoughby, that we had one man killed, none wounded. The *Minerve* 4 killed, 16 wounded—*Bellona* and *Victor* unknown ; the *Wyndham* when she saw how *we* were molested in getting in, kept out, and has been taken by us and carried into Bourbon. Capt. M. was in such a dreadful nervous state from his visit to the Bread room, etc. etc. that he conjured Mons. Moulac to let him go on Shore ; he accordingly ordered a Boat immediately and sent me word (with his accustomed attention) that if I wished it our party should also go. I requested to speak to him before I decided—he came looking jaded and uncomfortable. I said as he understood the navigation round the Island, I would depend upon *his* telling me whether we ran any risque of our other Frigates coming round and having an action in the night, for *that*, I thought, was more than I could just now bear. On his honor he assured me it was impossible and that the next morning early we should go on Shore, for he certainly believed that we should not be attacked, that Bourbon was in our possession and a number of our Frigates surrounding the Island."

After further alarms, preparations were made to send the prisoners ashore, and, no English attack being forthcoming, on the morning of August 22nd the ladies, without their luggage, were placed in a boat armed with the following passport from the ship's com-

mander : “ Je Récommande à mes amis les Dames Welland—Elles le méritent.—Moulac.”

The Wellands and their party found the shore crowded with armed French soldiers. Eventually two officers took charge of them, but not before their “ more valuable Articles and small parcels had disappeared.” These officers conducted them to a wooden house, outside of which they waited until “ two Aides-de-Camp, dressed in rich Cavalry uniform,” led them to their place of confinement. They “ handed us all the way with the elegant manners and all the ceremony of the most polished Courtiers, but, to our great surprise and no less mortification, when the Door was opened we found ourselves in the same apartment with Col. Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. B., and Mr. and Mrs. L., where we were told we were to remain. All our remonstrance proved vain—that we were too much fatigued, had not slept the night before, and should be glad of any kind of an apartment to ourselves, particularly as the Col. and others who arrived before us now occupied the only places upon which we could recline. They bowed and scraped to the ground, hoping for *to-night* it was possible for us to be satisfied, and with smiles and most complacent shrugs left the room—two Gentlemen kindly left their Beds, such as they were, lay on the Floor with W., and we occupied *their* places with their Wives. We slept but little, our Mattrasses being made of the husk of the Bootah, or Indian corn, and full of fleas.” In these miserable circumstances the prisoners heard firing at sea, which continued with the utmost violence during that night and the whole of the next morning.

“ August 25.—This morning we are all sadly depressed. Instead of our four Frigates, the *Sirius*, *Magician*, *Iphigenia* and *Nereid* getting the better of the *Bellona* and *Minerve* with their Prize the *Ceylon*, they have all fallen or been destroyed one after the other.

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The *Nereid*—Capt. Willoughby—who understood the navigation of the Bay perfectly, offered to lead the way, to which Capt. Pym, of the *Sirius*, who is Commodore of this Squadron, with some difficulty consented. She accordingly succeeded in getting in, but injudiciously placed herself exactly between the *Bellona* and *Minerve*, with the *Ceylon* near in front to support them—thus situated—she was battered to pieces, without the other Ships being able to render any assistance. She contended for 6 hours and was then obliged to strike. The *Magician* and *Sirius* got aground within reach of the fire from the Batteries which did great execution. To save them from falling to the Enemy they were at length set on fire and deserted by their Crews. The *Iphigenia*, it is apprehended, may have suffered the same fate. Their Crews may escape to the L'Ile de Passe but the want of water will perhaps soon compel such a number of men to surrender. We are obliged to listen to all this dreadful intelligence related by Frenchmen. Of course we hear it in the most disastrous point of view for us. I must, however, in justice acknowledge that we have not been pained by witnessing any triumph, either of manner or conversation, indeed so far otherwise, that until certain intelligence was given by Dupperie's Servant this morning, *our* Gentlemen could not believe that we were not successful. Our Soldiers and Sailors, who have frequently landed on this Shore, have harassed the People and destroyed their Property so much that their terror now seems very great of the English."

Next day it was reported by English survivors that Captain Willoughby, notwithstanding the loss of an eye and other grave injuries, had "sat the whole time during the Contest upon Deck giving his orders." Before coming to action he had nailed an English Jack to each of his masts. "I wish," writes Mrs.

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Welland, "this nonsense had saved his ship," which lost three hundred men in killed and wounded. Another officer from the same vessel told the Wellands that the squadron had been in the habit of making incursions, by means of landing parties, to a considerable distance inland, adding that none of the French military they met would ever stand. It was understood that the principal reason for such operations was "to distribute Proclamations to the People to prepare them for our Troops arriving, offering them in terms of Peace the restoration of all their property if they would lay down their arms and vice versa." Mrs. Welland waxes eloquent about "the Vanity of including Mauritius before it has been taken, or even attacked," which seemed to her "more to partake of the volatile French than the Sober English and has, I understand, tended to exasperate the minds of all the inhabitants, and will, I fear, render our Captivity strict and disagreeable in every respect.

"In the Evening Mr. Young, Surgeon of the *Nereid*, came over to explain his situation to the Guard. The French will not allow him to remain with Capt. Willoughby except a short time whenever it is necessary to dress his wound. He was dreadfully agitated when he actually found that he was to be treated with such strictness, and under any other circumstances his manner would have been very amusing, sawing the air with his arms, pulling his Hair out by the roots and exclaiming 'Is this treatment for one of His Majesty's Officers,' etc., etc. The Guard seemed quite astonished—threw down his fire-lock, crying 'ma foi'—and at length seemed very glad when he had the poor man safe in the Guard room."

On August 26th the single men were marched off separately and the ladies, being supplied with "four Pallenquines and a donkey," also started on a twenty-

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five miles journey. *En route* they overtook the men of the *Nereid*, together with English soldiers and their wives and children—"a most saddening sight." In the difficult passes the parties got separated and Mrs. Welland spent many hours "at the mercy of the Caffrey Bearers," who, however, "pulled me a wild Citron and gathered some wild Raspberries which was my only sustenance for 24 hours."

Next day these bearers caused amusement by calling out in bad French—"Give way for the English Lady who has come all the way from Grand Port and is now nearly arrived at her journey's end," while "one of our Sailors cried out, looking at me, 'French colors over English, by God.'" Established at Port Napoleon, one of the first persons to address them was "a Genteel looking Man in a blue Uniform in the French Service," who gave them news of England down to May 1st. He further said he was "well acquainted with the strictness of the Navy Laws," and added that "Commodore Pym on his arrival at Home would be tried by Ct. Martial and shot." All held him to be Irish, as he had at once inquired if there were any of that nationality among the officers taken; a Mr. Ferrers, however, felt certain that he was Sir Samuel Egerton Lee, who had been obliged to leave England some years earlier for debt.

Discipline was afterwards somewhat relaxed, and the wives and daughters of the French officers did their best to make the captivity of Mrs. Welland less onerous. She, on the other hand, did not "feel ambitious of an indiscriminate acquaintance, having heard that the Revolutionary style of Matrimony has been adopted here, and the Women by no means correct." The Wellands' servant, Anthony, was offered liberty, every comfort, and twenty dollars to go over to the French. Similar approaches made to the British soldiers were, in certain cases, acceded to,

and Mrs. Welland records that, while the 24th Regiment "were steady to their King and Country," some of the 33rd proved otherwise. In conversation with a French woman the explanation of their strict confinement was forthcoming :—

"The last time there were English Prisoners here they were treated with the greatest hospitality ; Dinners, Balls, etc., were given for their gratification and they had their full liberty to range about as they pleased. The return they made, was to go upon the Ramparts, take plans of them, and make Drawings of all the principal Works and points of any consequence in the place. Therefore the Govr. decreed, from that time, that all Prisoners should be put under that constraint of which you now complain."

The next month was passed in watching the unfortunate natives "yoked like beasts of burden to carts, with broad belts across their chests, or chained together carrying long bundles of Bamboos" and in attending French entertainments—when Mrs. Welland objected to "grown Men and Women dancing La Russe or Waltzes." On one occasion hopes were raised that the frigate *Africaine* was off the coast ; this was the ship to capture which the French General, De Coigne, had stated that he would give up all the English frigates in his possession. Sad to relate, the *Africaine* had been taken, after a terrific engagement, by two French frigates.

"The Conflict was, we hear, dreadful. Captain Corbett lost both legs, lay on the Deck trying to encourage all around him. A number of fine young Men Volunteered from Bourbon, and now stood forward to board the *Ephigenia*, but were repulsed—a second attempt met with the same reception. They now were forced to strick, and, even thus circumstanced, it is said here that Corbett was heard to cry out 'Shame ! shame !' About 200 were made

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Prisoners—but from not being able to get out all the wounded, Humanity obliged the Conquerors to abandon the Ship, as she was in too disabled a state to bring her with them.”

At the end of October, when at last it appeared probable that the prisoners would be exchanged, Mrs. Welland recorded her views upon the people of Mauritius thus :—

“ During our stay it was impossible to form any idea of the Country, the People, or style of living ; such was our situation. At first totally deprived of liberty, and the whole time without Clothes fit to appear in society. In a private way we dined out three times ; and as far as we could judge, neither the comfort, or elegance of setting out a Table is understood—Meat, Soup, Fish, and sweet things all put on the Table at once, and according as you make your selection of a Dish, it is taken off to the side Table for the Servants to carve (which of course is ill done by negroes) and a plate, full of whatever it may be, handed round. While eating Fish, meat or anything else, you are frequently asked to take (to our minds) the most uncongenial kind of mixture, such as olives—the bottom of a raw Artichoke, or Prawns—and the Gentleman next you will take a patty in his *fingers* and put it beside your plate to be in readiness. I have heard of men of Vulgar Manners picking their Teeth with their fork, but the first time I have seen this was by a genteel looking Frenchman at the Isle of France. The general manners, however, of the People are good, independant of that most unnatural Custome of kissing so indiscriminately as they do. Men in meeting or parting invariably kiss each cheek, and strange it seemed in the extreme to us when Mons. Randeaux (a little Fat pompous Gentleman, answering in figure to the description of Sanco Panca, and in manner, to Molier’s ‘ Bourgeois Gentle-

homme ') stretched himself up to W. and Capt Hughes of the 24th (whose face is ornamented with a large pair of whiskers) to kiss them the Evening we parted."

Other, and less attractive, traits of the enemy are revealed in the following passage :—

" Mons. Mourg (one of the Officers whom we knew after our Capture, belonging to *La Minerve*, and who from his skill with all kind of Weapons, we used to call Mourg Courageux), walking quietly down the Street met two young navy officers ; they without provocation struck him a *slap* in the *face* (*so english that*) he challenged both immediately—the Navy Lads wished to avoid such prompt proceedings and answered—' no no, to-morrow Morning will do '—but the courageous Mourg could not sleep upon a blow, drew his sword, killed the first, and, without sheathing it, made the remaining witness of this act draw in his own defence, killed him also ! This was all told with an air of triumph, and as if all present would agree in his own sentiments, and say Mr. Mourg was perfectly right and Manly in what he did. He was next to me, and, as if calling for my opinion, turned and said—' when a man receives a blow, nothing but to kill the Person from whom he receives the insult ought to satisfy him.' "

They parted on good terms with their captors, Mrs. Welland presenting M. Moulac with a brooch and the recipient declaring, " You *shall* have your Piano if I can get it." Calcutta was reached on November 22nd, after a rough voyage in a small vessel. A considerable land journey awaited them, relieved by reading *Clarissa Harlowe* (" very *profitable* study with which I am much amused ").

" December 5.—Passed Plassey. Our conversation naturally turned upon the Battle, Ld Clive, etc. There is a Building and Grove of Mangoe Trees which marks the Place, but nothing is there in the surrounding

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Country to admire—all a flat and a tiresome sameness throughout.”

Thus ended a journey that, even by contemporary standards, must be adjudged unusually eventful.

PIONEERING IN WEST AFRICA

ON July 19, 1832, the first expedition to open up trade with the interior of Africa by ascending the River Niger set out from Liverpool. It followed hot upon the discovery by the brothers Richard and John Lander of the lower course and mouth of the river ; a discovery which so fired the imagination of a young Scotsman, MacGregor Laird, that he at once resolved to take advantage of this “ broad highway ” to open up the country to British commerce. He was full of zeal and of high moral purpose, and in opening up legitimate trade he hoped also to deal a powerful blow to the traffic in slaves. In the loss of life it entailed—of 51 men who went out 42 died—the expedition proved a tragic undertaking. But the Niger was ascended and the possibilities of trade demonstrated. The first, and costly, step had been taken, and the commerce which developed from later enterprises of Laird provided the groundwork upon which, years afterwards, Sir George Goldie founded Nigeria—the greatest of all the British protectorates in Africa.

It was an adventure of youth as well as faith. When the Lander brothers returned to England from West Africa in the summer of 1831, MacGregor Laird was but twenty-two. The younger son of William Laird, the founder of the Birkenhead firm of shipbuilders of that name, he was born at Greenock and educated at Edinburgh. Already he had had experience in his father's business. but now, with some Liverpool

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friends, he formed the African Inland Company and set to work to build ships suitable for navigating the Niger. The enterprise, in his own words, apart from more solid advantages, presented "the irresistible charms of novelty to the ardour of youth." And the vessels he built had their novelty ; they were two small paddle-wheel steamers, called respectively the *Quorra* (Great River) and *Alburkah* (Blessing). Of these the smaller, the *Alburkah*, was an iron ship of 55 tons only. It was designed by Laird himself and was the first iron vessel to make an ocean voyage. The Liverpool folk were enthusiastic about it, but grave and learned men declared that naught but disaster could overtake the *Alburkah*. Her rivets would be shaken loose by the sea ; the tropical sun would bake the crew as in an oven, if indeed they had not already been killed by lightning inevitably attracted by the material of which the ship was constructed.

MacGregor Laird was not perturbed. He went his way and the *Alburkah* triumphantly vindicated his faith. There was nothing haphazard in what he did. Richard Lander was asked and consented to lead the expedition, and the goods for barter with the negroes were selected by him. Ivory and indigo seem to have been the chief things expected in exchange—palm oil could be got on the coast without the trouble of ascending the Niger. A brig, the *Columbine*, bought to act as depot ship, was to be stationed at the mouth of the river.

Captains and crew were selected, "all picked men of 25 to 35 years of age," and the little flotilla set out from port with the sympathy and good-will of the public. MacGregor Laird was himself in the *Quorra*, as was also Lieutenant William Allen, R.N., taken at the request of the Admiralty to make a survey of the Niger (though the Admiralty had not found a penny of the considerable expense incurred). Captain

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G. L. Harries, R.N., was in command of the *Quorra*, and it is interesting to note that the first mate was named Goldie, and it is no unlikely supposition that he was a member of that Manx clan to which Sir George Goldie belonged. As he looked at their athletic and powerful frames little did Laird think that in a few months all save three of the crew of the *Quorra* would be dead. Every measure then known had been taken to ensure the health and comfort of officers and men, but the "deadly miasma" of the West Coast they did not know how to combat. Two deaths occurred in the *Quorra*—that of Captain Harries and that of the second engineer—just as the Niger was reached ; and it was with some melancholy reflections that, on October 19, 1832, his twenty-fourth birthday, MacGregor Laird took the *Quorra* and *Columbine* across the bar and found himself in the river of his desire. The *Alburkah*, in which was Richard Lander, arrived the next day, and all the high hopes of opening up "Central Africa" to the commerce of Great Britain were to be put to the test. "Central Africa" to MacGregor Laird meant the whole basin of the Niger—he contemplated trade with Timbuctoo by the river—and from the Niger eastward by the Benue to Lake Chad (the Sea of Soudan he called it), and even to the Nile.

Lander had been chosen to command the expedition in the Niger, but as the *Alburkah* and the *Quorra* were often separated, MacGregor Laird in the last-named vessel was left to act alone. With difficulty the two little steamers made their way up the Niger to the confluence with the Benue, at which strategic position Laird had planned to found a settlement. The man designed to take charge of the settlement was, however, already dead. It was some little while before the junction with the Benue was reached that pestilence struck the *Quorra*. Every man on board

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fell ill with fever, and in seven days thirteen men died; in the same period the *Alburkah* lost two men, and other deaths followed. Laird himself was repeatedly stricken by fever and "craw-craw," and for the rest of his life his health suffered.

Meanwhile trade with the natives had proved disappointing; the ivory brought for sale was much less than had been expected, the indigo offered was full of dirt. But death, disease, and disappointment did not quench the spirit of either Lander or Laird. Lander tried (unsuccessfully) to get up the Niger to Boussa; Laird, the *Quorra* being fast aground on a sandbank, took a small boat up the Tchadda (Benue)—which river he was the first white man to ascend—in order to visit Fundah (Panda), whose king might do much to facilitate trade. Fundah was reached, but the king refused to trade or to let Laird depart. In his enforced stay he found a friend in a great gossip, a native barber and physician—in both capacities he served Laird well. He was, wrote Laird in his journal, "the very *Times* itself of Fundah; and his wife was no less communicative." In the end Laird got away by the ruse of discharging "four beautiful two-pound rockets" and six blue lights, at a solemnly prepared palaver. "The effect was perfectly electric; the natives had no idea of what was coming, and fled in all directions. The king, filled with terror, threw himself on the ground before me and, placing one of my feet on his head, entreated me to preserve him from harm."

Back in the *Quorra*, MacGregor Laird, satisfied that he had sufficiently tested the capacity of the country for trade, determined to return. On the way down he met Lander, who had been to the coast and was now about to make another attempt to reach Boussa. They parted on July 27, 1833, never to meet again. Laird reached the mouth of the Niger at the end of

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August. Later he embarked in the *Columbine* (which had lost three out of eight from fever), which he navigated himself, and on New Year's Day, 1834, arrived home in Liverpool. Lander meanwhile had been down the Niger again and was once more ascending that river when he was attacked by natives, was wounded, and removed to Fernando Po. There he died on February 6, 1834, the last to perish of the African Inland Company's expedition.

The melancholy mortality list and the poor trading returns of that expedition for a time daunted the Liverpool merchants. Nevertheless Laird maintained his faith in the soundness of his project, though he henceforth held that ships in the Niger should be manned by Africans, the officers alone being Europeans. Interest in the Niger soon revived ; a Glasgow merchant, Robert Jamieson, in 1839 built and sent out the steamer *Ethiophe*, which under Captain Beecroft ascended the river until stopped by the Boussa Rapids. Commercially, however, this enterprise fared no better than Laird's. Next came the imposing and ill-fated Government expedition of 1841 designed, in the words of Queen Victoria's Sign Manual, " to make such arrangements considered desirable with the Chief Rulers to obtain their concurrence in the suppression of the Traffic in Slaves, and in the establishment of lawful Commerce " between British subjects and the natives.

The expedition, which was under the personal patronage of the Prince Consort, consisted of three vessels—the *Albert*, *Wilberforce*, and *Soudan*, all iron paddle-steamers which, it is interesting to note, were built for the expedition by John Laird, the elder brother of MacGregor Laird. Captain H. D. Trotter, R.N., was in chief command, and the *Wilberforce* was under Commander William Allen, who as lieutenant had accompanied the MacGregor Laird expedition.

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Besides the crew and a number of scientists the ships carried a party of Africans who were to be settled at some convenient spot on the Niger to establish a model farm. The ships reached and ascended the Niger, and a strip of land on the west bank of the Niger at the Benue confluence was purchased from its owners, sovereignty being formally ceded to Queen Victoria (the first acquisition of land in the interior of West Africa by the British Crown). Possession was taken at once, the house, stores, and model farm furniture were landed, "and a gay tent, which figured at the Eglintoun Tournament, was set up as a temporary residence for the superintendent." As for the suppression of slave-trading, many chiefs were favourable, but said that they were powerless against the raids of the Moslem Felatahs (Fula), raids which continued until, over sixty years later, Sir F. D. Lugard imposed peace.

Indeed, the Government expedition accomplished little, for the deadly ravages of fever compelled the early abandonment of the river. The *Albert*, which stayed longest, was only sixty-five days on the Niger. Of 145 Europeans carried on the three ships 130 were attacked by fever and 40 died, while the total deaths, in an average complement of 303, numbered 53. The mortality would have been greater but for the timely help in bringing the *Albert* down the river given by Captain Beccroft in the *Ethiope*. The model farm languished and was abandoned within a twelvemonth. The schemes for ameliorating the condition of the natives seemed likely to end in failure.

MacGregor Laird was, however, persistent. He had, indeed, on returning from West Africa, turned to his shipbuilding, and in 1838 the *Sirius*, sent out by a company of which he was one of the founders, was the first ship to cross the Atlantic entirely under steam. But from 1848 he devoted himself entirely to West

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Africa and undertook a regular service to the ports on the coast as far as Fernando Po, which he considered the jumping-off place for the Niger. In 1854 he sent out a small steamer, the *Pleiad*, under Dr. W. B. Baikie, which ascended the Benue 300 miles and brought back a cargo which sold for £2000. The great triumph of this expedition was that, though 118 days in the river, Baikie returned without the loss of a single life. This result was achieved, chiefly, from the use of quinine as a preventive of malaria, and also from taking as few Europeans as possible. The *Pleiad* had only 12 whites aboard, while the black crew numbered 54. Highly encouraged, and with some help from Government, Laird now started a series of regular voyages up the Niger. Baikie—with the rank of consul—again went out. At the Benue confluence, where Laird had designed to establish a station in 1832, Baikie founded Lokoja (the suggested name of Laird's town has not survived), where he settled, and for five years—the only white man—was chieftain, doctor, teacher, and parson to a growing community, as well as being scientist and philologist. Truly a man after Laird's own heart.

In the midst of his activities, and while preparing another expedition, MacGregor Laird fell ill, and on January 9, 1861, he died, aged fifty-two. This happened at a period when his ventures needed most careful attention. He knew that he had not resources enough to accomplish his aims with any fullness, but he had hoped to make headway sufficient to induce others to carry on the work. However, after his death the opening up the Niger seemed to lose its attraction; Baikie, too, died and his consulate was abolished. Indeed, the British Government and public had grown weary, and the total abandonment of the West African settlements was contemplated. Nevertheless, where Laird had shown there was good trade to be

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had other merchants—mostly Liverpool men—ventured their cargoes, and gradually British commerce with the lower Niger grew to noteworthy proportions. Then again there came another young man with a vision. It was in 1877 that Sir George Goldie, whose family had interests in the river trade, first visited the Niger. His vision was wider than that of Laird ; not only would trading stations be established and agriculture fostered along the Niger and Benue and slavery itself be put to an end, but the whole vast region should be added to the British Dominions. That vision held, and, by uniting all the trading interests and with the aid of a Royal charter, was translated into fact, though it was left for Lugard to reduce the Fula emirs to order and finally to stop their slave raiding. One soweth and another reapeth, but to-day the Niger presents much the scene MacGregor Laird had pictured ; steamer and canoe going up and down carrying precious cargoes and doing trade on either bank with negro communities who are secure in their holdings, no longer have cause to dread the slave-raider, have freedom for development on their own lines, and, in fact, enjoy many of those benefits which it was Laird's aim to ensure for them.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS

ROOKS AND ROOKERIES

Rooks are, in my opinion, the canniest of all the birds. I wonder that their habits are not more often or more closely observed. Perhaps they escape just because they are so familiar. People see them very often ; so often, in fact, that they are taken for granted. A rookery is such a common sight that it attracts none of the attention which is lavished on other birds on account of their rarity, their song, or their beauty. The rook is common, he does not sing, and his appearance is about as unbeautiful as any bird's can possibly be. So he passes generally unnoticed. Occasionally a question arises about the desertion of some rookery or the refusal to desert some other rookery, and occasionally someone observes a rookery in an odd place, such as Gray's Inn ; but that finishes the interest. It begins and ends with the fact of a rookery.

No one seems to notice what an odd thing a rookery is or what goes on there. It is, I believe, always near human habitations and exceedingly public. Rooks do all their building and nesting operations and rear their young in full view and close proximity to human beings ; and they are the only birds that do this. Others are more or less shy in the matter ; they shun observation, whereas the rooks court it. They choose a public place ; and they do not nest in evergreen trees, but in branches without a leaf. You can watch all their proceedings, at least until the young are hatched. And they are persistently noisy about it ;

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they seem bent on drawing attention to themselves. Yet for the rest of the year they are extremely shy and always post a sentry, who gives notice of any suspicious approach. It is very difficult to get near them when they are feeding in the fields. This is clearly their natural inclination, and it makes the contrast of the rookery the more striking. The only explanation of the unique publicity of this remarkable institution that I can think of is that it serves for protection, which comes to an end, however, when the young rooks become shootable about Whitsuntide. That is accepted as a disagreeable but inevitable necessity, which would not be avoided if a remoter site were adopted for their gregarious nesting.

The rookery itself would well repay the observation that it does not get—believe one who has tried it. I know nothing about the courting, but the birds pair off in March and start building. The nests differ to an astonishing extent, as do the builders ; the result depends on their efficiency, their industry, and their honesty. Some birds, perhaps young ones, are hopelessly inefficient. They may be industrious in seeking materials but inexpert in putting them together. I have known a nest take three weeks to build and then it was only half a proper nest. I have seen another perfectly finished in three days. There is still more difference in honesty among the birds. Most of them are all right and work away at their own nest with properly collected materials. But here and there is a thoroughly dishonest pair. They are too lazy to go out collecting and simply hang about waiting for an opportunity to steal the material collected by others. There seems to be a certain etiquette about this business of stealing, but all their ways are full of etiquette or laws, for the breaking of which heavy penalties are exacted. I have known both birds incautiously absent themselves at the same time from

BIRDS AT PLAY

a half-finished nest. In a moment there was a rush of other birds upon it, and in three minutes not a twig was left. That seemed to be held quite legitimate. But building in the wrong place is severely punished. There was a tall elm tree in my garden in full view of my writing-table, and one year a pair of rooks came and built there ; it was at some distance from the rookery. The first egg was laid on Easter Sunday quite unmistakably. A few days later, when both birds had gone off to feed, I saw a big rook swoop on the nest and break up the eggs with his beak. The hen bird on returning tried to settle down but abandoned the attempt and they deserted. The following year they came again, but this time they had a companion. I called him my friend, Mr. Black. He did nothing, but remained with them the whole season and helped the young ones to fly. The next year there were more nests ; the new situation was evidently allowed.

I have never seen the solemn trial and execution of a criminal described a few years ago in *The Times* by Lord Galway and Mr. Cyril Edwards, but I have no doubt the latter was quite right in asserting that the crime was building in a sapling only ten feet from the ground. Rooks are exceedingly particular about the place and do not allow any exceptions to the common rule. They will readily desert a rookery and start another, generally because of some unsoundness in the trees, which they detect early ; but it must be done together. On the other hand, they will cling to a chosen spot with the utmost tenacity, which yields only to the repeated firing of a gun.

BIRDS AT PLAY

MANY birds seem to possess a sense of fun—an idea of playing games with each other, and even of per-

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petrating a practical joke. The crow family are most gifted, one would think, with bird humour, and in particular the jackdaw—have we not the “Jackdaw of Rheims”?—and the chough. A tame chough I knew well many years ago was never weary of tweaking the house dog’s tail as he lay asleep, and then instantly taking cover; on his native sea-cliffs, too, the chough is a most amusing fellow. Even the stately raven unbends, especially in spring-time, and engages in drolleries with his mate. The starling, also, is on occasion full of whimsies, as anyone can testify who watches him with his kind. I have seen one oyster-catcher bump into another standing happily in a doze on one leg and knock him over.

But seagulls are birds that do not, on first thought, readily associate themselves with humorous fancies. The bigger ones have such a cold, baleful eye, and look too sinister for play, and yet it is of one of them, the herring gull, that the following incident is related.

On a certain chimney of a house near a southern sea-cliff is a revolving cowl that appears to be unusually loose; it spins round with a very slight wind. This cowl is beloved of herring gulls that congregate thickly in this neighbourhood, and the precarious seat is seldom for long untenanted, though there is only room for one at a time. In a gentle breeze a gull will maintain its balance in fair comfort by a judicious shifting of its feet as the cowl revolves at an easy pace. But a sudden gust or a stiffening of the wind causes a more rapid spinning, and then the fun begins. In a moment or two the gull, in spite of clever foot-work, finds its equilibrium completely upset: there is a loud squawking and a wild flutter of big wings; then off it goes with great commotion in ludicrous disarray, and another is ready to take its place, and yet another as each, despite its struggles, loses its balance in turn. The efforts of the competitors are punctuated

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by loud cackling cries from the gull spectators who cluster on the adjoining house-tops. Whether marks are scored and the game is won by the most agile and lasting performer one cannot tell, but it almost seems so. Gulls, like other creatures, get tired of a game. After a spell of these gymnastics they all fly off in search of food or some other amusement, and for a while the cowl is deserted.

A favourite diversion with many species of gulls, as also with rooks and crows, is to carry crabs, mussels, and other shell-fish from the beach to some height and drop them on stones or hard sand beneath. (In this same way did the eagle of old drop the tortoise on to the ill-fated bald head of Aeschylus in mistake for a stone.) The bird follows swiftly, reaching the ground almost as soon as the mollusc. If the shell is broken, well and good; the contents are then speedily devoured. But if not, there a bark of disappointment, and the prey is carried up once more. This process is repeated sometimes for an hour, numbers of gulls being engaged in it at the same time.

Some gulls have a habit of padding with their feet—one might almost term it dancing—on wet sand or mud uncovered by the ebbing tide in order to attract worms to the surface. I have watched both herring and black-headed gulls perform these antics, several together strung out in a line. Once while so engaged two herring gulls emitted queer grunting sounds at regular intervals, so this performance became a veritable “song and dance.” It is an odd custom, but, judging by results, not unprofitable.

In many places where gulls are fed frequently some of them become very familiar, sidling up and taking—snatching, perhaps, is the better word—food from one’s hand. Some years ago the inhabitants of a cottage in Sark succeeded in taming a herring gull to an unusual degree. It came very often for food

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at all times of the year, pattering about inside the cottage as well as around the garden. In winter, when doors and windows were shut, it tapped imperiously at the window. On being let in it made for the hearth and warmed itself at the fire between the cat and dog, who from long habit made no attempt to molest it. My informant, an eye-witness of this eccentric behaviour in a gull, was told that the bird had been coming to the cottage for twenty years. Perhaps it does so still.

BULLS

I READ the other day that a man had been fined for keeping a bull in a field across which a footpath ran. The bull was not stated to have injured anybody, and it was merely his presence that constituted an offence against the public. I did not know that this was the law, for I thought that, as a dog is allowed a bite or two, perhaps a bull might be allowed a toss or two before he or his owner could be proceeded against. It is a relief to find that this is not so.

For bulls are one of the great drawbacks to the proper enjoyment of a rural life, especially in a grass country. It quite spoils your appreciation of the beauties of some meadow, bright with buttercups and cowslips, when you notice between you and the nearest hedge a bull, which is looking at you fixedly. There is something peculiarly grim and hostile about the expression of a bull, with its thick neck and small roving eye, and one can never feel at ease in the presence of that mixture of fierceness and stupidity. If it has a ring in its nose, as many bulls have, it makes the matter worse, for the ring, while it affords no protection whatever to you, may be a badge of ill-

BULLS

temper. The question is what is the best thing to do should the bull behave in an uncomfortable way.

Never having been chased by a bull, I find no answer in my own experience. I say "never" without feeling any necessity to touch wood, because now I am sure I shall never be chased, for the simple reason that, whatever the attitude of the bull, I certainly could not run away for any distance or with any prospect of escape. Anyhow, I have been told that it is a bad thing to run. A dignified walk, becoming gradually more rapid, is, I understand, less likely to excite the bull to pursue. If you happened to be accompanied on your country ramble by a professional bullfighter, he might, perhaps, enjoy the position, and dance in front of the bull, or throw his cloak over its head to divert its attention. Possibly a man of ordinary agility might do something effective with his coat. A bull with his horns draped by an aquascutum could not, one fancies, see very well in what direction you were going. I wonder if it could wind you—I do not mean take your wind, for no doubt it could do that, but get your wind, as a stag does, and follow you by scent. I hope not, though some bulls look malicious enough for anything.

Incredible as it sounds, there must be some people who, from familiarity with bulls, regard them with what looks like contempt. I remember once in the dusk of a summer evening standing with a companion at the gate of a small field which held a large bull. The bull stood solitary and menacing. It was apparently ill at ease, for it made from time to time a low booming sound, a rumble either of discontent or of annoyance. We were congratulating ourselves upon having a stout gate in front of us, when from the hedge there came into the field a small boy, who might have been ten years old. He had no stick or weapon of any kind in his hand, and he whistled

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cheerfully as he approached the bull. Then, dealing the huge beast a friendly punch in the ribs, he said, "Come on, you old fool." The bull received this salute apparently with relief, and at once followed the child out of the far gate and back to the farmyard, where, I suppose, it wanted to be.

The same indifference was shown by a man whom I overtook on the road. He was driving before him nine bulls, and I was in a motor-car or I certainly should not have attempted to overtake him. He walked along in a casual manner, smoking a pipe, while before him careered the bulls, not bullocks, which are mild-looking animals, but big, thick-necked bulls. His assistant was a black collie dog, to whom the man left the entire control, such as it was, of the bulls. This dog was amusing himself by barking incessantly and snapping at the heels of the bulls. They kept trying to turn and catch him, but long before the bull had got half-way round the collie had danced to the other end, yelping with delight. It was a most chaotic scene, and as the man was driving the bulls into a town, I could not help wondering what would happen when he got them into a populated street.

Whether this more passive or less antagonistic feeling of men towards bulls is reciprocated by bulls towards men is not so certain. One reads and hears of incidents which cause doubt whether reliance can be placed with security on the docility of a bull. What happens, I should imagine, is that farmers watch their own bulls carefully, and are prompt to get rid of them if they show signs of turning nasty and mischievous. That must be the only way of dealing with them. In fact, the only bull in which I felt as if I could place permanent confidence was a champion Shorthorn which was led into a yard for me to admire. Not ~~only~~ had it, for a bull, an amiable

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face, but its body was so ponderous and its legs so small that, even had it wished to be unpleasant, I thought I might have managed to get out of its way.

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It will never be my luck again if I live to be a hundred, for of course it has to be luck. Who in his senses would be on a river with the idea, or even the hope, of seeing an otter catch a fish? He would be an optimist who expected to catch a glimpse of that nocturnal poacher, unless on a day with the hounds. The enthusiast who set himself out to see him capture his food supply would soon enjoy the reputation of either a crank or a poacher. How then did I see it?

It is essentially a trout stream : you might fish it season after season and never kill any other kind of fish. But in November salmon run up from the sea to spawn in its higher reaches. The time of "salmon up" is always about the same date in the month and long familiarity with it enables me to anticipate the event. A mile up-river a weir carries the winter-swollen water over a bed of planks, green with river weed and slippery as ice, down a three-foot fall into the pool below. Over them the waters rush in a mad race and thunder into the pool. The water for several yards under the weir is white, an angry seething swirl of soapy froth and bubbles : the air above is white with spray. Farther out little whirlpools career round and about and play disappearing tricks with dead sticks and other river débris.

The only way up to the spawning beds above is to leap the weir. And that is what I was there to see. It was a favourable night. A bright moon was shining through the leafless alders on the other bank,

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flooding the river with a white light. I found a seat on a stump opposite the weir and just above water level, so that the silver of the leaping procession should have for background the dark bank opposite and not the scud and froth of the pool. It gave me a perfect view of both the pool and the weir and beyond them a fairly good view a hundred yards either way. It was a cold and ghostly light and there was a nip of frost in the air, and my thoughts ran on tales of Canadian trappers and beaver, and Alaskan rivers so tight with salmon in the spawning season that bears simply walked into a shallow part and took their fill.

The run was on when I arrived. Salmon after salmon took a flying leap from out the pool. Some fell short, to try again, others landed on the treacherous planks. Most of these with a tremendous effort wriggled and scrambled their way to the top and over, their Rubicon crossed; quite a few were forced down again by the current and fell with a "plop," inaudible above the roar, back into the pool. They fell head first and tail first, and the big ones made a splash above the boiling cauldron like a geyser spout. At times there were three or more fish on the planks together, squirming, splashing, fighting as though for life, and the water pouring over their fins made liquid silvery fans in the moonlight. More than once a beaten fish in its passage down carried the next competitor with it, and both took the dive together.

The spectacle held me spell-bound, and I sat on that stump, silent and motionless, so long I might have been part of the moonlit landscape. And still they went on leaping. Hundreds must have accomplished the feat and passed well up-stream, but there were hundreds more to come yet, and I was loth to leave the scene until the flow at least showed signs of abating. My attention had been riveted chiefly on the upper end of the pool, where the fish left the

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water, and the weir, the points of interest being the leap and the scramble up the planks and slither down again. The lower end existed, in imagination only, as the place from which they took a run, so to speak, to acquire the necessary momentum. That part of the performance was under water. Now suddenly from that direction came a shrill whistle, followed by another in a slightly different key. Otters. Now for some fun. For some minutes I could see nothing, but in the general volume of sound there seemed a subtle change. I fancied I could detect a swishing and splashing there, as of heavy bodies darting swiftly hither and thither cleaving a hissing passage, but could not be sure of anything in the general uproar. Then a dark form broke the surface near the middle of the pool and swam down-stream and across to the other side. It waded through the shallows to the water's edge, dragging something heavy. As soon as it left the water the moonlight on its silvery scales told me everything. The poacher carried its victim up the shingle to a flat boulder and after a cautious look round started in to make a meal. When I inspected the fish later I judged its weight at nineteen pounds. Only the back of the neck had been touched.

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LIKE *chevaux de frise*, unmoved in a barrage, the hedgehog was found amid the barking of dogs. After one child had claimed it for having seen it first, and the other for having picked it up, it was declared *ferae naturae* to still the strife, and admitted to the family of animals which lives confusedly in and between the two contiguous houses of the children.

Having been put on the floor of the nursery of one

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house, where within a few minutes of its arrival it had eaten a saucer of bread and milk, ignored a cat and refused to unroll in any hands but those of the child who had carried it home, it was let loose in the kitchen of the other house under the inquisitive watchfulness of the united family of animals, even the rabbit having been brought in to share the spectacle. It over-ate itself and was carried dormant upstairs to the drawing-room, for fear that the animals, in the absence of their masters, might violate the *Pax Britannica* which rules over dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, tortoises, lizards, and snakes and harm the new-comer.

A short time afterwards a visitor would have been astonished to see a hedgehog calmly lying full length in front of the fire, as if he had been a cat long established in the home.

We could now begin observations, and the first thing we noticed was that, as there are hard bricks on the hearth, the hedgehog lay on his stomach, since no doubt his prickles would have interfered with any other position, with his legs stretched fore and aft, heaving all the while with his breathing, and looking, but for this movement, like some dead animal spread-eagled, or a skin made into a mat.

After sleeping some time he awoke to carry out some echinal explorations, but, these not being allowed, he showed no objection to lying on my lap while I examined his strange structure and tickled his stomach.

Having spent the night in a place of safety, he was restored early in the morning to the kitchen, where the children, on coming down, were much astonished to see four cats and a hedgehog quietly eating pieces of cold mutton from the same plate as if they had for ever been companions. The meal finished, however, fun began. Looking like some huge bug, the hedgehog explored every inch of the kitchen,

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followed by the cats, each of whom having in turn pricked either a paw or a nose soon decided to keep a safe distance. The bull-terrier, long accustomed to attend grazing parades of rabbits and guinea-pigs on the lawn, when he has the habit of licking the piglets, tried licking the hedgehog, to remain as much astonished as disgusted.

A cry now arose that the new beast must have a name. But, as I have never found any name deliberately given to stick to any of our animals, I was content to suggest "Stachelengro," which, I have read, is the gypsy word. The gypsies, it is said, eat hedgehogs and cook them by wrapping them in clay, which, hardening in the fire, comes away with the prickles.

The name "Stachelengro" has not stuck, of course, but the first part, obviously of German and not gypsy origin, has been promptly made into a verb by the family. To "stachel" is to roll up instantly, spiky and resistant to all arguments, exposition of facts, or any blandishment whatsoever, and stand most offensively on the defensive from the first outset of any discussion or approach of discussion. "Stacheling" is certainly quite common among humans who are aggrieved and determined not to be convinced, but Stachelengro himself has almost lost the habit now. It is wonderful to find how smoothly his thorniness lies down when he is pleasant and accommodating, and how he can be stroked like the softest of animals. Even when busy about his rushing explorations, if caught hold of, he only snorts and tries to pull away, "stacheling" only when the children put him in one of my shoes, into which he would not fit, if unrolled.

The first sign of incipient rotundity is a snubbing of the nose, following by the closing of the eyes, the lifting of the hair and prickles (they are the same—they blend into one another) over the brows, followed then by quick progress towards the final spiny sphere.

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The spikes then no longer lie all smooth and parallel, but, like the iron filings whose arrangement in a magnetic field has suddenly been disturbed, point away at all angles.

Stachelengro has now learnt not to upset a saucer of milk by standing on the edge. He knows where the warmest corners are, and in these he sleeps—but not rolled up. He spends his time between sleeping and violent exploration.

When the children are at home he is carried up to the nursery and put to bed in a doll's cot, covered with blanket and equipped with pillow. Gently heaving, with his little hands clasped together, and his nose a bit turned up, for he is slightly rolled, he lies in his well-fitting bed quietly sleeping for many hours. When left to find a sleeping-place of his own accord, he thrusts his way between the folds of a blanket laid down for the cats, who consider his behaviour that of a practical joker. If the cats are on the blanket already, he will go round and round them until he can find an entry for his nose—the thin end of a spiny wedge.

But he does not only sleep. He grows cheekier and cheekier every day. We had herrings and put a plate of leavings on the floor. Stachelengro marched off with a herring bone as long as himself into a corner, but, having eaten the tail and finding the backbone unmeaty, he returned to the plate at which the cats were now busy. His method of getting his fair share—and a bit more—was quite simple. He marched into the middle of the plate and covered as much food as he could with his hair-fringed, spiny body, while four bewildered cats stood round puzzled. I have seldom seen a better argument against disarmament.

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

THERE is little danger to-day of our omitting to "praise famous men and the fathers that begat us." In the welter of commemorations, centenaries, and even millenaries, the more immediate danger seems to be the other way. Are we not rather inclined to render the honour of posthumous exaltation to persons whose title to a pedestal is rather questionable? But no such questionings can arise in the case of Captain John Smith, "sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England, who departed this life the 21st of June, 1631." I quote these words from the tablet erected to his memory in the historic Church of St. Sepulchre's "over against Newgate, Holborn, London," where John Smith was wont to worship, and where he is buried. The memorial tablet does not stop short at sober prose, and the poetic epitaph is so quaintly yet withal so succinctly descriptive of John Smith's career that I quote some lines from it :—

"Here lyes one conquered, that hath conquered
Kings,

Subdu'd large Territories, and done Things
Which to the world impossible would seem
But that the Truth is held in more esteem.

"Shall I report his former service done
In honour of his God and Christendom?
How that he did divide from Pagans three
Their heads and lives, Types of his Chivalry.

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“ Or shall I talk of his Adventures Since,
Done in Virginia, that large Continent ?
How that he subdu'd Kings unto his Yoke,
And made those Heathen flee, as Wind doth
Smoke ;
And made their land, being of so large a station,
An Habitation for our Christian Nation.”

It is not, however, on his adventures in Hungary and the Balkan lands, or his services there rendered to “ his God and Christendom,” that John Smith’s fame rests. Those adventures are stirring enough, and they are faithfully recorded in Mr. A. G. Bradley’s excellent biography, where they may conveniently be read. We recall the memory of John Smith to-day because, where many gallant Elizabethans had failed, he succeeded ; because, save for his courage, endurance, and resource, the foundation of an English colony in the American Continent might have been still further—perhaps indefinitely—postponed ; because to him, more than to any other single man, the great nation which now people the United States of America must look with reverence and gratitude as their founder.

The romance with which history has surrounded the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower* has perhaps tended to obscure the achievements of the Virginian pioneers, and in particular of him who was the first to bear the proud title of “ Admiral of New England.” Would even his name be known to the “ man in the street ” to-day but for his doubtfully authenticated association with Mrs. John Rolfe, who, somewhat surprisingly finds a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as Princess Pocahontas or Matoaka, “ daughter of Powhatan, an Indian Chief in Virginia ” ? Be that as it may, to Captain John Smith we owe it that, after several unsuccessful attempts on the part of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir

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Humphrey Gilbert to establish a permanent settlement in Virginia, the enterprise was painfully achieved.

Like many of the men who have rendered great service to his country, John Smith came of good yeoman stock. Born at Willoughby, a Lincolnshire village, just eight years before the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Smith early developed a passion for adventure. It was abundantly gratified. To the Low Countries he went a-soldiering before he was seventeen. Then, after a series of escapades in France and Italy, he took service under the Emperor in the Turkish Wars. There he earned much contemporary notoriety, if not lasting fame, as the slayer of three Turks one after another in single combat. Later on he was left for dead upon the field of Rothenthurm, was found by the Turks and carried off into slavery, but eventually escaped, and, after further adventures in France, Spain, and Morocco, returned home in time to join the little band of settlers who in 1606 set out for Virginia.

In the work of colonisation England was sadly behind. For just over a century the Portuguese had been possessors of a great Empire in India and the Far East. The Spaniards had made vast conquests in the West Indies and South America. But although Cabot's voyage from Bristol was virtually simultaneous with the expeditions of Columbus and Vasco da Gama, it was not followed up. England was not ready for maritime enterprise. The sixteenth century awoke in her a new spirit. The Protestant Reformation opened new paths hitherto closed to her by Papal decree. The Elizabethan sea-dogs went forth with the Bible in one hand and a cutlass in the other and did mighty deeds ; and are they not recorded in the *Chronicles of Hakluyt* ? Yet no permanent conquests were effected ; all attempts to found an oversea colony of Englishmen failed. When the great Queen

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died there was not a single Englishman living under the English flag in any land overseas.

The day of the Chartered Company had, however, come. Queen Elizabeth had herself granted a charter to a company of merchants trading with the East Indies. But their objective was trade, not settlement. The patent granted by James I to the Virginia Company was specifically intended to encourage permanent colonisation. Yet if John Smith had not been among the little band of 105 intending settlers, the enterprise of 1606 would have added one more to the lengthening list of lamentable failures. The company on board the three little vessels was a "mixed" one. The men were not of the stuff of which successful colonists are made. There were murmurings and mutinies before the long voyage was ended ; and among the mutineers was Smith himself. Here is his own succinct account of a somewhat mysterious matter : " Such factions have we had as commonly attend such voyages, that a pair of gallows was made ; but Captain Smith for whom they were intended could not be persuaded to use them." He escaped the gallows, but remained in irons until the expedition reached Virginia.

The voyagers landed on the shores of Chesapeake Bay on April 26, 1607, and, having spent a fortnight in exploring the country, they founded a settlement to which, in loyalty to their King, they gave the name of Jamestown. " Heaven and earth," wrote Smith, " seemed never to have agreed better to favour a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation." That might be ; but it was a long time before the settlers could endorse Smith's optimistic diagnosis. The infant settlement was assailed by every kind of misfortune ; troubles with the natives ; quarrels among the members of the Council (whose names were revealed only after landing) ; listlessness and

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idleness among the emigrants ; a shortage of food ; prevalent sickness and many deaths. Before six months had passed half the emigrants had succumbed to typhoid and malaria. All accounts agree that but for the energy, resourcefulness, and enthusiasm of Smith the whole enterprise would have ended in fiasco.

Smith himself was for some time a captive in the hands of the Indians, and (according to his own account) was saved from a cruel death only by the intervention of the " Princess " Pocahontas. The braves were surrounding him, their clubs uplifted to batter out his brains, " when Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death ; whereat the Emperor (*sic*) was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper." The accuracy of Smith's account of this episode has been hotly disputed ; but what does it matter ? We know that by some means or another Smith escaped the fate which imminently threatened him ; that the lady ultimately embraced Christianity, and married, not the hero whose life she had (or had not) saved, but one John Rolfe, who arrived in Virginia in 1610 and introduced the regular cultivation of tobacco ; that Rolfe brought his bride to England, where she died (1617) ; and that Smith had meantime got back to the settlement at Jamestown, where (1608) he was elected President of the Council, and promptly set about a thorough reorganisation of the plantation.

From the outset the whole enterprise had been hopelessly mismanaged ; but even Smith could do little with such men as formed the nucleus of the settlement, " being (as he wrote) of such tender educations and small experience in martial accidents, because they found not English cities, nor such fair houses, nor at their own wishes any of their accustomed dainties with feather-beds and down pillows,

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taverns and alehouses . . . neither such plenty of gold and silver and dissolute liberty as they expected, had little or no care of anything except to pamper their bellies."

His sarcasm was not misplaced. Yet Smith himself perceived the possibilities of the situation, and was confident of saving it, if only the Council at home would enlist and send out a better and different type of colonist. "I entreat you," he wrote, echoing the language of Bacon (or did Bacon echo his?) "rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, diggers up of tree roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have here." The Council responded; the Company was reorganised; a new charter (1609) transferred virtual control from the Crown to the stockholders; leading statesmen—Lord Salisbury and Bacon among them—began to interest themselves in the Company; and Lord Delaware, a man not only of high position but of high character, was sent out as Governor. Five hundred fresh colonists of the type demanded by Smith preceded the new Governor.

Smith had saved the infant colony; but only by the narrowest margin. Pending Delaware's arrival the new colonists refused to acknowledge Smith's authority, and behaved with the foolishness characteristic of raw Englishmen in other people's territories. Provoked by their behaviour, the Indians attacked them, and once more the colony was saved from annihilation only by the tactful intervention of Smith. But once again he nearly lost his own life.

"Sleeping in his boat accidentally one fired his powder bag, which tore his flesh from his body and thighs, 9 in. or 10 in. square, in a most pitiful manner, but to quench the tormenting fire frying him in his clothes he leapt overboard into the deep river, where, ere they could recover him, he was nearly drowned."

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But he was destined to die in his bed—though not yet awhile. Badly maimed, he left Virginia for home in October 1609, and never returned to the colony he had nursed through its infantile disorders.

Yet Smith never lost his interest in colonial enterprises. The years between 1610 and 1617 he devoted mainly to exploration in the country to which he gave the name "New England," though he never succeeded in establishing a settlement there. He offered his services to the Pilgrim Fathers in 1619, but they suspected him of Laudian leanings and declined them. Smith's latter days were given, if not to literature, at least to authorship. He produced some maps and many pamphlets—a list of which is printed in Professor Arber's reprint of his *Works*. His autobiography, if questionably accurate in detail, is eminently readable, and with his numerous pamphlets furnishes an invaluable account of the early days of colonisation in America. To Smith himself, and such men as Smith, unconquerably buoyant in temper, "hoping all things, enduring all things," "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," the Empire owes a debt incalculable and, I trust, unforgettable.

SAMUEL PEPYS

By ANTHONY C. DEANE

THE tercentenary of Samuel Pepys * invites us to commemorate a great book and a greater man. Strangely enough, the man has been both intimately revealed and effectively concealed by the book. Eulogy of it seems needless, for *Pepys's Diary* is not

* This article was written in commemoration of the tercentenary of the birth of Pepys (Feb. 23, 1633).

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only among the classics of English literature but among the few classics which all readers honestly enjoy.

Yet what do they know of Pepys who only the *Diary* know? Almost everything, they may be tempted to reply: more than they know of their living friends. Each detail of the day from "up" to "so to bed," his work and play, his love of and squabbles with his wife, his lapses from virtue, his taste in books, music, food, clothes, and sermons, his "vows" against theatre-going, his 321 visits, within the *Diary* period, to the theatre, his magnificent zest, his insatiable curiosity, his little vanities and subterfuges—these, and hundreds of other such matters, are set down with a candour that makes the *Diary* a perpetual astonishment and delight. Inevitably it is the concrete details which leave the strongest impression upon the average reader. When, for example, a day's patient toil is recorded: "Up and to my office, where busy all the morning, and at home to dinner. It being Shrove Tuesday, had some very good fritters. All the afternoon and evening at the office, and at night home to supper and to bed"—it is not the perseverance but the pancakes that are remembered. At the close of the *Diary* the reader's feeling towards Pepys is often that of affectionate contempt. A lovable though vain little man, he thinks: an unimportant if industrious clerk in a Government office, lax in his morals, but kindly, vivacious, observant, and beyond question a most entertaining gossip.

If that may pass as an imperfect snapshot of the diarist, it is a mere travesty as a portrait of Samuel Pepys. The *Diary*, we must remember, was begun before his twenty-seventh birthday and ended when he was thirty-six—May 31, 1669, being the date of the final entry. But he was to live for another thirty-four

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years, and it was the period between 1673 and 1690 which was to establish his true greatness, to witness his magnificent work, his alternating fortunes of high success and heart-breaking defeat. Within those years he was twice a prisoner on charges of treason ; so far the malice of his enemies prevailed. Also he was twice Secretary of the Admiralty—and in that position virtually controller of the Navy—twice Master of the Trinity House, a deputy lieutenant, a Governor of Christ's Hospital ; he was proposed, though he finally declined to stand, for the Provostship of King's College, Cambridge ; he was Master of the Cloth-workers' Company ; he was a member of Parliament. This is scarcely the record of a nonentity ! Such men as William Coventry and John Evelyn were among his closest friends. Such men as Sir Isaac Newton, Kneller, and Dryden corresponded with him about mathematics, painting, and poetry. Yet neither his friendships nor his remarkably wide range of interests could divert him from the real business of his life. With a score of hobbies he had a single passion, which was the well-being of the Navy. For upon this, as he was wise enough to perceive, depended the future of England.

In his work for the Navy, and through the triumphs and reverses accompanying it, Pepys had the unfailing aid of two highly efficient comrades. Both were men whom he had befriended in early days. William Hewer entered the Pepys household, as something between a secretary and a house-boy, at the age of seventeen. His great business ability, together with Pepys's backing, gained him a high place in the Navy Office, and when political changes had ejected him from the service of the Crown he became a director of the East India Company. With part of his large fortune he acquired at Clapham what Evelyn terms "an excellent, useful, and capacious house," where he

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lived "very handsomely and friendly to everybody." In that house Pepys stayed during his last months of illness, and there, in the presence of his old friend, he died. Hewer had well performed the promise of a noble letter addressed to Pepys when the Revolution of 1688 was about to turn him adrift: "You may rest assured that I am wholly yours, and that you shall never want the utmost of my constant, faithfull, and personall service, the utmost I can doe being inconsiderable to what your kindness and favour to me has and does oblige me to; And therefore, as all I have proceeded from you, soe all I have and am is and shall be at your service." Such was the quality of the devotion which Samuel Pepys inspired.

The other friend was Sir Anthony Deane, shipwright and Commissioner of the Navy, whose indebtedness to Pepys was justly emphasised some time ago by Professor Callender. With Pepys he represented Harwich in the House of Commons, and "how few seaports in England," quoth Pepys, "had two burgesses to serve them in Parliament qualified like Sir Anthony Deane and me!" This trio, then, addressed themselves to the tremendous task of regenerating the English Navy. Pepys's resolution, courage, and limitless energy directed the whole movement. In particular he addressed himself to matters affecting man-power and discipline. It was he, to name one detail, who in 1677 brought into being a regular establishment of naval chaplains. Hewer's business abilities were specially useful in the department of finance and organisation. Deane's task was to design, build, and repair the greatest possible number of ships at the least possible expense.

It is difficult to exaggerate the degradation to which the fortunes of the Navy had sunk at the end of the Third Dutch War in 1674. Its strength was depleted, its stores were empty, its officers were undisciplined,

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its men were at the point of revolt. For this they were scarcely to blame, seeing that their pay was withheld for months and even years. Ultimately they received it from the Admiralty in the form of "tickets," and they were lucky if they could induce usurers to discount the tickets at 40 or 50 per cent of their face value. Large numbers of sailors literally starved to death. As for their dependents, one instance will illustrate the official standard. In 1674 a woman with a large family, whose husband had fallen in action, begged that the tickets he had left might be cashed, and the Admiralty minute recorded that her request had been granted as "an extraordinary charity." Such was the state of affairs with which the reformers had to cope. On his forty-fourth birthday Pepys made a long speech in favour of a measure providing for the building of thirty new ships, and this measure was sanctioned by Parliament.

By 1679 the Navy had been restored to order and efficiency. But by 1679 the enemies of Pepys, Deane, and Hewer—and zealous reformers are certain to arouse fierce hostility—were able to enjoy their turn of success. The Titus Oates affair gave them the handle they needed. For six weeks Pepys and Deane were imprisoned in the Tower, on a ridiculous charge of treason for which no evidence could be found. A new Admiralty Commission was appointed by Charles in one of his most freakish moments of irresponsibility. Intimately versed in naval affairs as he was, on this occasion of set purpose he entrusted them to incompetent men in order that he might have the pleasure of chuckling over their blunders—"sporting himself with their ignorance," as Pepys said. He and Deane found work in such company impossible. (Sir Anthony's letter of resignation, written at Windsor after an interview with the King, is now, 250 years later, at its place of origin.) The harm done by this

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new commission in five years, as described by Pepys, was confirmed by the evidence of Bonrepaux, an expert sent over by the French Admiralty. In April 1679 there were 76 ships in sea-pay, with 12,040 men. By May 1684 there were but 24 ships, with 3070 men. The Navy debt of £305,000 in 1679 had increased to £384,000 by 1684.

Had Pepys been other than as resolute and courageous a patriot as England has ever known, at this point he would have abandoned his efforts. He had been treated shamefully by the King, imprisoned by his enemies, vilified by scurrilous pamphleteers. He had laboriously restored the Navy and seen his work undone. Possessed by this time of ample means, he could have retired to pursue happily his many hobbies and to enjoy the society of his friends. But he would not take this course. Instead he toiled ceaselessly, and with ultimate success, for the appointment of yet another commission, "for the Recovery of the Navy." He brought Hewer into it; he forced the reluctant Sir Anthony to serve. Deane had tasted more than enough of public life, he was now earning a far larger income by private practice as a designer of merchant ships, while he had a family of fifteen children and was "not without expectation of more." Yet he could not resist Pepys's insistent demand. Of the other commissioners Pepys had no great opinion. The enterprise must have failed, he said, despite "my daily eye and hand upon them," if "the whole work, conduct, and care of it had not been upheld by two of our number only—namely, Sir A. Deane and Mr. Hewer."

Indeed there was no exaggeration in Pepys's claim that it was this commission "which raised the Navy of England from the lowest state of impotence towards a lasting and solid prosperity." An impartial inquiry ordered by William III reported that in two and a

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half years, six months less than the allotted time, three ships had been built, twenty rebuilt, sixty-nine repaired, numerous storehouses and docks refitted, and the whole work "done with great exactness, sufficiency, and frugality."

The Revolution involved the final downfall of Pepys and his comrades, as men that had been "too well affected" to James. In 1689 Pepys, Deane, and Hewer were again arrested, and Pepys suffered a further period of imprisonment in the following year. After that there remained for him a further thirteen years of life, by no means without happiness, yet of enforced retirement and increasing weakness. Of these there is no need to speak. But his work endured. It seems not too much to claim for him that the supremacy of the English Navy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries would have been impossible but for his heroic labour in the sixteenth. At the Admiralty he was not forgotten, and an official document of the year of Trafalgar fitly describes him as "a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that relates to the business of the Navy, of great talent and the most indefatigable industry." So to view him will not be to under-value the inimitable charm of his youthful record. Yet our gratitude would be partial and inadequate indeed if we thought of the diarist only when we commemorate the life and work of Samuel Pepys.

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By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, O.M.

ON September 21 [1931] delegates from all parts of the world will assemble in London to do honour to Michael Faraday. A hundred years ago, in the autumn

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of 1831, he made the most striking of his many discoveries. For that reason the present time has been chosen as fitting for the commemoration of his work as a whole. There are to be ceremonies in Faraday's honour at the Royal Institution where he worked, and elsewhere. The Albert Hall will be occupied for ten days by an exhibition of his researches and their consequences. Round his statue in the centre will be grouped the apparatus which he used and working replicas of his experiments. The rest of the hall will be divided into sections, each displaying some industrial development of his work. The British Post Office provides illustrations of the modern methods of transmitting intelligence, including an automatic telephone exchange in operation. The British Broadcasting Corporation contribute the machinery of a new regional transmitter. Various industrial combinations show each the products of their business, dynamos, motors, transformers, and all the machinery of the electric transmission of power, apparatus for the domestic uses of electricity, means of electric lighting, lamps and their construction, electric furnaces, applications of electricity in chemical engineering, dyes and other products of organic chemistry, and so forth. These varied exhibits represent industrial activities in this country which are based, some almost entirely, some less directly, on the researches of Faraday. . . .

What, then, it is natural to ask, was the nature of Faraday's work? Why have its consequences been so great? And why this universal respect? If we try to answer these questions we must bear in mind that the material consequences are only one element of our problem. The exhibition will be, indeed, an arresting object-lesson. It will tell us how very great has been Faraday's share in shaping the circumstances of our modern life. It will show us the extent to

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which the country is using and living on the results of his work. Less obvious, but very real and essential, is the story of Faraday's influence upon science and upon philosophy. Deeper still is the ethical significance of his life and work.

Let us take the simpler matters first. The actual discovery which Faraday made on August 29, 1831, was that electrical currents could be generated, in bodies capable of conducting electricity, by altering the magnetic conditions in the neighbourhood of these bodies. For example, the motion of a magnet towards or away from a coil of wire tends to make currents run in the wire. The apparatus of August 29, 1831, was rather more complicated than this, but was similar in principle. The original apparatus and a replica of the experiment will be shown at the exhibition.

Faraday had found a new way of generating electrical current. Previously the experimental philosopher had relied upon the old frictional machine, from which electricity was generated by the rubbing of a silk pad upon a glass plate, or had used the more recently invented and still primitive electric battery. The currents which Faraday obtained from such apparatus as he could make were feeble indeed, judged by modern standards. He had constructed the first dynamo, but it was in magnitude a toy. There could have been no thought in his mind, then or for years afterwards, of the consequences of what he had done. Generations of electrical engineers were yet to make their successive contributions to the design of electrical machinery; and still its development proceeds.

But Faraday had made the first step into a new field of knowledge. He had got hold of an entirely new idea. It is important to realise, however, that his discovery was not accidental. Something of the

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sort had been looked for before. Faraday himself had made an unsuccessful search in 1825. At that time Oersted, Ampère, and others had shown that electric currents had magnetic effects, and it was generally supposed that in some way or other a magnet should have electric effects. Reciprocity was of such common occurrence in Nature that it might well occur here also. Faraday had now been successful in finding it.

The full understanding of the relations between magnetism and electricity was not, however, to be reached in one day. Many years of hard work were spent by him in exploring the field which he had entered. More than once his health gave way under the strain. It is not at all necessary in this sketch to follow his researches into all their further unfoldings. The final result was a certain picture of the interweavings of the electrical and magnetic forces which is sometimes spoken of as his theory of the electromagnetic field, or, more briefly, of electromagnetism.

Faraday liked to describe himself as an experimental philosopher. He had, indeed, no command of mathematics : his thoughts and words were fashioned on his observations in the laboratory. The laws which summed up the results of his work were therefore expressed in general terms, which nevertheless were perfectly clear and convenient for practical use. On this foundation the electrical engineer has built all the modern devices for the transport of energy, light, heat, and intelligence, and in general the means by which electricity is brought into the service of man. Nothing could have been done without exact knowledge of the conditions under which electricity and magnetism react upon each other. It is not the single experiment of August 29, 1831, that has been the cause of so much ; it is the series of researches of the following years. In them Faraday drew together

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the experiments of Oersted and Ampère, his own first discovery of 1831 and all those that he added to it, and so framed his self-contained theory.

The mathematician has reared his structures on the same foundation. When Clerk-Maxwell put Faraday's conclusions into mathematical form, he found it possible to draw an inference of vast importance. It appeared that electric and magnetic influences must take time to travel. If, for example, a magnet is moved, its influence on conductors—as already stated, such an action tends to set electricity in motion—~~is not felt instantly at all distances~~. It travels as a wave, and, as Maxwell found, its velocity is exactly the same as that of light. The conclusion is that light is electro-magnetic in character. The train of thought thus started led to the modern development of wireless communication through the work of physicists such as Hertz, Righi, and Lodge, and engineers such as Marconi.

If now we look a little more deeply we see that these relations between electricity and magnetism affect not only those applications of electricity in industry which we see about us everywhere, but also the infinity of the operations of Nature over which we have little control or none at all. Light and heat are Nature's greatest agents for the transmission of intelligence and power, and their properties are based on the electro-magnetic relations. Chemical actions are at bottom electrical. So are the processes of life. These things are not obvious ; but as experiment and reasoning drive their way forwards, the more clearly does it appear that all the manifestations of Nature's forces, as Faraday termed them, are linked together, and that the links are electrical.

Faraday's researches were inspired, as he tells us, by the conviction that such unity existed. His experiments were successful so often because his inspira-

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tion was true. When he failed it was for technical reasons. That which he sought was sometimes out of the range of the apparatus of his day, as when he tried to establish a relation between gravity and light, heat, or electricity. That had to wait for Einstein.

Lastly, there is an ethical side to Faraday's work which is of the deepest interest. He was one of those men who, having great talents, devoted them to the general service. A lucrative consulting practice sprang up suddenly when he began to be famous, but he ended it at once when he found that it interfered with his researches. His private charities are known to have been large. The following quotation will serve to indicate his attitude. It is taken from a letter written to the Deputy Master of Trinity House, to which he was long attached as scientific adviser :—

“ In consequence of the good will and confidence of all around me, I can at any moment convert my time into money, but I do not require more of the latter than is sufficient for necessary purposes. The sum, therefore, of £200 is quite enough in itself, but not if it is to be the indicator of the character of the appointment ; but I think you do not view it so, and that you and I understand each other in that respect.”

The devotion, restraint, and wisdom which are implied in this letter are the qualities which, over and above his genius as an experimental philosopher, have earned for Faraday a world-wide reverence.

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN crowned a life of high achievement by an heroic act of self-sacrifice in an endeavour to rescue a fellow-explorer with whom not

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long before he was in bitter controversy.* He left a record unapproached, in its range and its successes by that of any of his contemporaries in the same field, for to him belong the triple honours of being the first to make the North-West Passage by ship from end to end, the first to reach the South Pole, and joint leader in the first crossing of the North Polar Basin by air. These were the high peaks in his thirty years of Arctic and Antarctic work, in which also there were some brilliant failures, and they give him a place that is unique among the explorers of the North and South. If originality of conception was not his chief quality, his capacity for bold and resolute execution was unsurpassed. He was, moreover, a born leader of men.

Born at Borge, Smaalenene, Norway, in July 1872, Amundsen was still in his 'teens when Nansen returned in triumph from the first crossing of Greenland. The lure of the Arctic possessed him, not for the first time, and after a vain attempt to join Nansen's *Fram* Expedition, he threw up his medical studies, and began training for Polar work as an ordinary seaman on a Norwegian sealer. Physically he was well equipped for his chosen calling—tall, strong, with nerves of steel, and dauntless courage. Norway, moreover, has produced few finer ski-runners.

His first chance came when, at the age of twenty-five, he was engaged as mate of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition of 1897-1899, led by Adrian de Gerlache, and it was during this voyage that he matured his plan of combining the accomplishment of the North-West Passage with the greater aim of re-locating the position of the Magnetic North Pole, fixed by Sir James Clark Ross in 1831. Nansen

* When General Nobile's airship *Italia* was wrecked on May 24, 1928, in returning from the North Pole, Amundsen chivalrously volunteered to go in search of him.

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approved the project, and in June 1903 Amundsen left Christiania Fjord on the first of his great adventures. It was not a leap into the unknown, and, given a suitable vessel, favouring conditions, and ample supplies, the task was well within the range of possible achievement. Amundsen accomplished it with six companions in a three years' voyage in a thirty-year-old herring-boat.

Following the advice of experienced Scottish whaling captains, he took the *Gjøa* safely through the dangerous ice-pack of Melville Bay (the north-east extremity of Baffin Bay), through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, and then struck south into Peel Sound and Franklin Strait, the scene of the greatest of all Arctic disasters. Amundsen had the same good fortune as accompanied him later in the Antarctic. Where fearless British navigators had their passage barred by impenetrable pack ice, the Norwegian found open water, and stood south with all sail set and engine working at full power. There were hours and days of extreme peril. Fire broke out on board and the little ship had a narrow escape from destruction. Navigation at times was hazardous in the shallow, fog-bound channels, and the *Gjøa* was all but wrecked on a reef. But before the middle of September—three months after leaving Norway—Amundsen had manœuvred his way through James Ross and Rae Straits, and anchored the vessel in a small harbour on King William Land, which he named Gjøa Havn.

Here the expedition spent two winters of intense cold, the temperature running down at times to -60° and -70° F. During this period they carried out one of the two purposes of the voyage by re-locating the Magnetic North Pole on Boothia Felix, and proving the theory that it is in continual movement.

Leaving Gjøa Havn on August 13, 1905, and taking

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the channel indicated by Sir Leopold McClintock in 1859 as the true North-West Passage, Amundsen met with continued good fortune. He picked his way cautiously through Simpson, Dease, and Dolphin, and Union Straits, and before the end of the month emerged in the broad waters south of Banks Land, where he fell in with an American whaler from the West. The third winter was spent at King Point, on the American coast, from which Amundsen travelled overland to Fort Yukon and Eagle City, and despatched the news of his success.

There are few, if any, parallels in exploration to Captain Amundsen's second and more dazzling achievement. After his first success in the Arctic, his ambition was to emulate and improve upon Nansen's Expedition in the *Fram*. He was prepared for a drift of four or five years, and calculated that by starting it farther east and north than Nansen did his, the vessel would make a truer course for the Pole, and the prize of centuries of effort might fall to him before Peary won it for America.

This hope proved vain, for in the spring of that year Peary reached the Pole, and the main value of Amundsen's Expedition would thereafter lie in the thorough examination he proposed to make with modern instruments and equipment of the oceanography, meteorology, and magnetic conditions of the Arctic Basin.

With this declared purpose in view Amundsen sailed from Norway in the summer of 1910. The great British expedition led by Captain Scott had left England the same year for the British sphere of exploration in the Antarctic, with the attainment of the South Pole as one of its chief objects.

When he reached Madeira, Amundsen announced to his party his intention to alter the destination of the voyage, and instead of making for the North, to

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proceed to the Antarctic and attempt the conquest of the South Pole. To solve the problem of the South Pole was his new ambition, but, much as he wished to acquaint Captain Scott with his decision, he refrained from making it public lest he might be prevented from carrying it out.

When Amundsen's startling move became known in England some months later, there were many bitter comments on his stealthy intrusion into a field of Antarctic research which Britain had made peculiarly her own, and on the concealment of his intentions from Captain Scott, and charges of not "playing the game" were freely levelled against him.

The personal issue assumed a secondary place to the brilliant success which Amundsen won. By the first days of 1911 the *Fram* had entered Ross Sea and landed the shore party at the Bay of Whales on the great Ice Barrier, some four hundred miles east of McMurdo Sound, where the Scott Expedition almost simultaneously had established its base. It was only when the *Terra Nova*, cruising along the Barrier, came upon the *Fram* that the British party became aware of Amundsen's arrival on the scene, and that a formidable competitor for the South Pole honours had appeared in the field. Astounding as was the discovery, Captain Scott did not allow it to disturb the ordered course of his own plans.

Amundsen's journey to the Pole, begun on October 20, 1911, stands out in striking contrast to the magnificent effort of Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1908-1909, and Captain Scott's second and successful but fatal attempt. For courage, endurance, and resolution the work of these two great pioneers of Antarctica has never been surpassed, yet the one had been compelled to halt within 100 miles of the Pole, while the other, after attaining it, perished with all his companions on the return to the base.

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On the other hand, Amundsen's journey was likened by Nansen to an Easter pleasure trip on the mountains. The good fortune that attended him in the North favoured him in the South. Instead of the devastating blizzards that dogged the British parties on the Barrier and the plateau, the Norwegians enjoyed months of singularly fine weather with only an occasional storm. They travelled much more lightly, with dogs instead of ponies hauling the sledges, and every man was a skilled ski-runner.

Good luck attended them also in their choice of route. From their base on the Barrier, where the winter months were comfortably spent, the course lay over an unexpectedly smooth surface, perfectly suited to their mode of travel, and it was not until they reached the junction of Shackleton's South Victoria Land with the Barrier that their difficulties began. Yet the ascent of the great mountain range that guards the Polar plateau was accomplished in four days. Blizzard, fog, and a treacherous surface, called by Amundsen the "Devil's Dancing Room", delayed their progress, but as they neared the Pole and passed Shackleton's farthest in $88^{\circ} 23'$ conditions became perfect again, and on December 14, 1911, on a boundless field of level snow, they planted a silken Norwegian flag at the South Pole. They were then fifty-five days out from their base and had covered nearly 900 miles.

Five weeks later Captain Scott and his four companions reached the coveted goal. Their worst fears were realised. They found the Norwegians' tent with a note asking Captain Scott to forward a letter to the King of Norway. There can be little doubt that this blighting discovery had its effect on the gallant British party, and it was as bitterly disappointed men that they set out on the disastrous return journey to McMurdo Sound. Amundsen retraced his steps at

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an average speed of over twenty-two miles a day, arriving at his winter quarters on January 25, 1912, with himself and all his party well.

Besides its spectacular triumph, Amundsen's journey added materially to the knowledge of the Antarctic. It determined the extent of the Ross Barrier, carried as far south as 88° the mighty mountain chain that probably extends as an Antarctic Andes across the continent towards Graham Land ; and amplified the geological surveys of King Edward and South Victoria Lands.

It had been Amundsen's intention to proceed direct from the conquest of the South Pole on his original plan of a North Polar drift. This project he now abandoned for the time being, and returned to Norway to prepare afresh for the venture. It was not until June 1918 that he sailed again from Christiania on board the *Maud*. Instead of entering the Arctic Ocean by Bering Strait, he followed Nansen's route by the North Cape and the Kara Sea, hoping to enter the pack farther east than the point where the *Fram* was frozen in.

The initial difficulties of this expedition were in striking contrast with the smooth success of his other ventures. In the first season he got no farther than the vicinity of Cape Tcheljuskin, where he spent the winter of 1918-1919. In the second summer the ice conditions were again too much for the ship, and Amundsen was compelled to spend the winter of 1919-1920 at Aion Island, 120 miles east of the Kolyma River. Defeated for the time being in his effort to enter the Polar drift, he remained frozen at Aion Island until July 1920, when the *Maud* arrived at Nome, Alaska, for repairs. Though the main objective had not been reached, Amundsen by passing Bering Strait had completed the navigation of the North-East Passage—a feat achieved by only one

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earlier expedition, that of Baron Nordenskjöld in the *Vega* in 1878-1880—and had thus added another to his tale of Polar triumphs.

In August Amundsen set out again, only to meet with another reverse, for the ship went ashore on the Siberian coast, and the third winter was passed at Cape Serge. The summer of 1921 found him at Seattle, still determined, despite misfortune, to pursue his plans.

Leaving the *Maud* at Seattle, Amundsen returned incognito to Norway, and matured the new mode of attack on the Polar Basin on which, at the beginning of June 1922, he sailed once more from Seattle for the North. He provided himself with a specially designed aeroplane, for he had conceived the bold idea of a flight across the North Pole. His plan was to take his ship to Point Barrow, on the Arctic coast of Alaska, and there to begin an aeroplane journey over the Polar Basin. A stormy summer and autumn, however, wrecked his plans.

Amundsen, however, had by no means abandoned his determination to fly to the Pole, and he now elaborated a new scheme—namely, to start from Spitsbergen, fly to the Pole, and return by the same route; and arrangements were made to make the attempt in 1924. Untoward circumstances prevented this project being carried through in 1924, but he was more successful the following year. He left Tromsø for Spitsbergen in April 1925, and on May 21st left King's Bay, on the north coast of that island, for the North Pole. The flight was made in specially built flying-boats, and there were two machines, the second being in charge of Lieutenant Dietrichsen.

The machines had covered 600 of the 700 miles when they were forced to come down on the ice in 87° 43' N. lat., 10° 19' W. long., having seen the horizon as far north as 88° 30'. One of the machines

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was hopelessly jammed in the ice and had to be abandoned, and it was only after twenty-four days of incessant effort that the party succeeded in getting the other to rise. Eight and a half hours' flying, partly through fog, brought them to North East Land, Spitsbergen, where a small vessel picked them up.

This misadventure convinced Amundsen that the airship is better suited than the aeroplane for the transit of the Arctic Ocean, a theory confirmed by his voyage in the *Norge I* in May 1926, though subject, perhaps, to modification by Sir Hubert Wilkins's great flight in 1928 from Point Barrow to Spitsbergen.

Two days after Commander Byrd's return from his aeroplane journey to the Pole, *Norge I* started from the same base at King's Bay, Spitsbergen, with Point Barrow, Alaska, as objective. With him were Umberto Nobile, the designer and builder of the airship, Lincoln Ellsworth, and Lieutenant Riiser-Larsen, both of whom had taken part in the aeroplane trip of 1925. The airship passed directly over the Pole, and seventy-two hours after leaving Spitsbergen landed safely at Teller, a small village on the Alaskan coast.

The flight had its perils and discomforts, but it was accomplished without mishap to ship or crew. Its practical results were important, for, besides demonstrating the feasibility of airship transit across the Polar basin on the shortest route from Spitsbergen to Asia, it opened up a large section of the hitherto unknown Arctic, and contributed materially to support the theory that no large land mass exists between the Pole and Alaska.

That expedition was understood to mark the close of Amundsen's active days of exploration, for he had reached the age of fifty-five and had spent the best part of thirty years in the regions of the Poles. But the call to the rescue of his former colleague proved

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irresistible, and starting from Tromsø on June 18, 1928, in the ill-fated Latham seaplane piloted by the French officer, Captain Guilbaud, he went North once more and for the last time.

SIR RONALD ROSS

1. *Memoir*

SIR RONALD ROSS, whose discovery of the exact relation between malaria and mosquitoes made him one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, was born on May 13, 1857, at Almora, India. He was the son of General Sir C. C. G. Ross, a distinguished Indian Army officer. After education at a private school, he studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and soon after qualifying entered the Indian Medical Service in 1881. His routine duties were arduous, and, as he explained in his *Memoirs*, published in 1923, the authorities gave him few opportunities and less encouragement for research work.

Malaria was then the greatest scourge of residents in the tropics, not only from its direct toll of life, but from the interruption it caused to normal life and work and its debilitating effect on the strongest constitutions. The prevailing theory attributed it to a kind of miasma from marshes, plainly most abundant in the rainy seasons and in low-lying ground. Many persons, from armchair theorists to African negroes of experience, had suggested, or believed, that mosquitoes might disseminate the poison, but there was no experimental evidence. From 1878 to 1880 Laveran, a French physician, had been working on the blood of malaria patients and had identified the living germs of the disease as microscopic animals

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belonging to the Protozoa. He had also found that the parasites appeared in two phases, an asexual phase, coincident with the acute stage of the fever, and a sexual phase, the fate of which was unknown.

Ross was deeply interested in malaria, and on a visit home consulted Sir Patrick Manson as to a line of investigation. Manson had discovered that mosquitoes absorbed the filariae of elephantiasis from the blood of patients, and suggested that they might also absorb the malaria germs of Laveran, but thought that, even if they were so absorbed, new human victims must acquire the germs by swallowing the infected mosquitoes or germs passed by them into water.

Ross returned to India, and after patient and baffling researches, made his first great discovery ; a particular species of mosquito did absorb malaria germs when they sucked the blood of patients, and these germs went through definite and hitherto unknown stages in their life history within the body of the insect. The next step in Ross's investigation was more difficult, and even more novel. Adopting another suggestion from Manson, to whom he gave full credit, Ross studied the malaria of birds, already shown by Laveran to be due to a similar organism. He traced the progress of the absorbed germs to a stage in the stomach, and then to a further stage in the salivary gland. When the infected mosquito pierced the skin of a healthy bird it passed the malaria germs with its saliva into the bird. The malaria organism, as was afterwards confirmed in human malaria, was not passed directly from victim to victim by the mosquito as by a dirty instrument, but went through regular stages of its life history in the insect, of such a nature that it did not become immediately infective to a new host for a period of twelve days in the case of human malaria.

Thus Ross traced the malaria germ from victim to

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victim, showed precisely how the mosquito acted as the carrier, and what changes in the germ took place in the insect. His brilliant scientific success was followed by a long period of scepticism and official delay most trying to a man of Ross's ardent temperament, and partly the cause of what might be called the impatience with which afterwards he pursued a tenable claim that biological discoveries of advantage to humanity were as deserving of pecuniary reward as inventions which could be patented.

In 1899, when the scientific side of his discoveries had been completed and acknowledged, Ross left the Indian Medical Service, and, after a journey to West Africa arranged by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, in the course of which he identified the malaria parasite in malaria patients and mosquitoes, he became Professor of Tropical Medicine in the University of Liverpool. In 1900 the Liverpool School issued its first memoir, *Instructions for the Prevention of Malarial Fever, for the use of Residents in Malarious Places*. The memoir was largely the work of Ross himself, and went through many editions. In 1901 Ross visited the United States to lecture on malarial fever and mosquitoes. This was the first of a number of missionary visits to malarious districts in many parts of the world, including Panama, in which he examined, advised, and reported on malaria control.

Meantime, honours came to him. In 1901 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, receiving later the Royal Medal. In 1902 he was Nobel laureate and prizeman for medicine. He was made C.B. in 1902, K.C.B. in 1911, and K.C.M.G. in 1918, and received many distinctions from British and foreign universities and learned societies.

In 1907 the Colonial Office sent Ross to Mauritius to study malaria there, and in 1913 to Cyprus for the same purpose. In the first year of the War he was on

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active service in Alexandria, and in 1917 he was appointed by the War Office Consultant on Malaria with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, when he formally retired from the Liverpool School. After the War he was appointed Consultant in Malaria to the Ministry of Pensions, and also engaged in private consulting practice. But his health was not good, and he had many other interests.

After a strenuous campaign for public support, he founded the Ross Institute and Hospital for Tropical Diseases at Putney Heath, of which he was the Director-in-Chief, with the design of making it a centre of treatment and research as free as possible from the official trammels which he himself had found irksome. It was opened by the Prince of Wales in July 1926. Ross also undertook the editorship of *Science Progress*, and made it conspicuous among scientific periodicals for its vivid reviews and accurate summaries of the progress of research in the different branches of science. To *The Times* Ross contributed many psychological essays and some mathematical discussions of great interest.

Ross was a man of unusual type, who might be described as an amateur who happened to be a genius. He had no specialised training in biological research, and yet, working without the encouragement of enthusiastic colleagues or the equipment and opportunities of a modern laboratory, he solved a problem of extreme complexity, and deserved the highest scientific honours, apart from the circumstance that the solution brought an enormous benefit to suffering humanity. He was not a trained mathematician, and yet his mathematical work was original and ingenious. His excursions into philosophy and psychology revealed a sane purpose struggling in the meshes of disorder. The *Memoirs* told the story of his life and work with direct vigour, and, although he girded at

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the unnecessary difficulties put in his way by dull authority, he gave generous acknowledgment to all who had helped him.

It is, however, as a poet and writer of romance that Ross found enthusiastic admirers, though it cannot be said that his gifts were widely recognised. His *Poems* (1928), a collection of pieces new and old, range from romantic wildness to a polished formality, and good critics have found in them the fundamental thought as well as the music of true poetry. So, too, with his *Fables and Satires* (1930), a selection from earlier work, which is full of gay fancy, wit, and wisdom, and *Lyra Modulata* (1931). But some of his admirers believe that all but the best of Ross's verse was excelled in moving splendour by passages in his prose romances, especially *Spirit of Storm* and *Child of the Ocean*. *The Revels of Orsera*, a work of extraordinary imagination, was republished in 1930.

II. *Leading Article*

The death of Sir Ronald Ross * removes the greatest figure in British medicine. For, though it is now many years since he made the discovery which is rendering the tropics safe for the white man, the importance of that discovery transcends any other since Lister introduced his system of antisepsis. To say this is not to belittle the pioneer work of Manson, the "father of tropical medicine." Manson broke new ground and offered suggestions to Ross and others which were fruitful of good. But it was Ross alone who achieved the discovery that the parasite of malaria fever is carried by the female anopheles mosquito. That discovery stands by itself. To have suggested that mosquitoes may be the vehicles of malaria is to

* Sept. 16, 1932.

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have made a valuable contribution to the theory of epidemiology; to have found the particular mosquito which is the vehicle is to have changed the face of the world. The number of types of mosquito is large, and each type has its own habits of life and reproduction. Power to cope with the disease came only when it was possible to direct attention to one special type and to take measures for the destruction of that type on a great scale. Ross placed this power in the hands of his fellows; the years which have elapsed since he made his discovery have served only to confirm its truth and show its value, while his methods have been used and have proved fruitful in every part of the world.

The story of Ross's labours is one of the most inspiring in the annals of science. He told it himself some years ago, in his *Memoirs*, with a becoming modesty which happily did not withhold the essential details. He had examined, microscopically, so many types of mosquito that his eyesight threatened to fail. He had achieved nothing; none of these insects showed in their tissues or organs the parasite of malaria for which he was searching. The monsoon was about to break and the weather was suffocating. But, lest the draught from his punkah might blow away his precious flies, he worked on without relief of any kind, toiling far into the night and becoming almost delirious with the effects of the heat. Still the quest remained unrewarded. His strength was beginning to flag when there alighted near him a mosquito of a type which he had not yet examined. He caught it. As it happened the boys whom he had engaged to catch mosquitoes for him brought in others of the same type on the same day. A few days later Ross's microscope showed him in the bodies of these new flies the organism for which he had sought so long and so gallantly. He was accustomed to make

SIR RONALD ROSS

a record of his feelings in poems written while these feelings endured. That night he celebrated his discovery in his wonted fashion. The poem is included in his *Memoirs*. The rest of his life was devoted to enlarging and completing what he had begun. It was passed in an obscurity which is likely in the future to occasion surprise as well as regret. The truth is that Ross lacked the qualities which set Lister on a pedestal during his lifetime. He was not a man made for the commerce of his fellows. He was shy and timid and hid these qualities under a mask of indifference. Only those who were privileged to share his intimacy were in a position to realise the excellent balance and originality of his mind and the goodness of his heart.

To the end of his life he believed that too little had been made of his discovery as a means of eradicating malaria. His last years were full of effort to awaken a more active interest in mosquito control and in methods of prevention. He criticised, for example, the rigid adherence to drainage systems as the only way of destroying the breeding-places of the anopheles mosquito, and expressed the view, based on the work of younger men, that drainage may actually encourage the breeding of mosquitoes in certain areas. King Edward's phrase : "If preventible, why not prevented ? " was constantly on his lips and in his mind. It may be that he over-estimated the powers of Government, and that his demands were too high ; but it was difficult to escape from his logic, and more difficult still to justify the existing state of affairs. That malaria is a preventible disease is certain ; that it remains a prevalent disease cannot be denied. Ross held that the waste of life, of health, and of wealth occasioned each year by malaria was greatly in excess of the expenditure necessary to put an end to it. He did not spare his opponents, and took no account of the bitterness which his attacks and

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challenges often aroused. Future generations will not hold him in less honour on this account. They will admire the innate pugnacity of the man as much as his genius, his patience, and his high moral courage. It is probable that they will also supply him with his complete justification by carrying out on a great scale the measures he advocated so long and so earnestly. One thing is certain—namely, that Ross's service glows with an imperishable lustre. He slew the dragon and delivered mankind from immemorial bondage. His name will live as long as the names of Harvey and John Hunter, of Jenner and Pasteur and Lister, of Manson and Bruce and Leishman.

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SIGNS OF SPRING

THE first clear signs that the great change of Spring is fully under way are conveyed to other senses than that of sight. We commonly speak of looking for the early signals ; and no doubt the first primrose in the hedge-bank, the widespread crocus in the garden, the greening mist over the larches, and the ruddy flush on the elms are things which never fail us as marks whereby to measure the rising tide of life. But in hearing and smell we find, less consciously, perhaps, than in sight, but with peculiarly subtle powers of association, evidences for the new birth.

There are, no doubt, manifestations which can hardly be assigned to any particular sense ; things not easy to describe, but unmistakable to anyone who spends much of his time in the open—such as a touch in the air when the wind has suddenly gone south after a spell of raw and smoky north-east, an exhilarating quality quite beyond the effect of a mere rise in temperature ; and there are flushes of warmth and kindlings of light to which the whole man seems to respond rather than any single organ. It may be that nose and ears together contribute a good deal more than the eyes do to our perception of Nature. We wake some morning in March to consciousness of a scent in the air not known for nearly a twelve-month, an atmosphere to be guessed at, rather than analysed, as compounded of the breath of stirring vegetation, of wind from southern seas and from tracts of the Continent warmed by an earlier spring than

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ours, with exhalations from the soil as it crumbles and settles under the breeze after its winter tillage by frost and rain. With these may come at their several hours other more definitely recognisable odours, each with strong associations, the aroma of fresh-turned earth under the spade or the plough, of young grass pushing up through the bleached tangle of the pastures, the scent of fir-bark under the warmth of steady sun, of primrose-tufts in the lane, of wet fields drying in the fresh wind, of the smell of the first soft shower which darkens the dusty patches on the ploughland or waysides. Some of these, well-remembered notes in the scale of scents, added to the general breath of pleasant air, assure us some morning when we lean from our window or make an early round of the garden that, whatever counterstrokes Winter may have in store for us, the Spring has begun its main advance.

The part of our noses in the reception of impressions, curiously vivid and permanent as their function is in associative power—

“Smells are surer than sights or sounds

To make your heart-strings crack”—

has hardly received all the notice it deserves. The use of hearing in the same connection is a much better understood approach to the natural world. The voices of birds are the classical accompaniment to the vernal airs : the message of lark, cuckoo, or nightingale needs no enlargement. But there are other bird notes, heard with unfailing response in the first doubtful hours of Spring ; such are the melancholy cry of plovers as they wheel and tumble over wet fields, a music as plaintive for the south as the pipe of the curlews is for the north : the hoarser clamour of the rookery, which has abandoned its sportive gyrations high up in the chilly blue of February and is busy among the growing nests in the elm-

SPRING TROUT-FISHING

tops ; the loud excited repetition of the missel thrush in the tossing boughs on a stormy morning ; the meditative *sotto-voce* warble of the blackbird in the dead calm of the first mild twilight, a strain which makes it hard to believe, while we listen, in the theory that bird-songs are meant as a defiance, a warning-off of rivals from an appropriated pitch or nesting-ground.

There are other sounds of early Spring besides bird music, signals awaited year by year by those who attend to the humbler performers as well as the principals in the concert. There is the sudden twang of a humble-bee as he speeds in wide zigzags across the garden, and the note of the hive-bees, shrill with an oddly peevish intonation, as they work with restless energy in the crocus-cups ; from the pond comes the many-throated chorus of the frogs' yearly festival, which might be a burden if it were not so brief ; and, perhaps most moving of all in its associative power, there is the first quavering bleat from the thatched wattles of the lambing-pen.

SPRING TROUT-FISHING

WHEN April comes it should mean, in a perfect world, Easter holidays ; and Easter holidays meant, how many years ago, the first of the trout-fishing. So, even now, if it was your habit to look forward each year, through the Lent Term with its colds and its east winds, to the Easter trout-fishing, April will take you again in spirit to the waters you loved best, whether it was Welsh lakes or Wharfedale—the bare, open hills of Berwickshire, or the wooded combes of Devon.

They were all alike in some ways, yet how different ! In all dreams of spring holidays one remembers the

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peculiar deadness of spring heather, the bracken bleached and pressed thin by winter snow, primroses, wood anemones, bright sunshine, strong cold wind—and generally, alas ! low water, with trout few and small. It is wind, bitter wind sweeping in from the North Sea, and racing white clouds, and yellow-white grass that one associates with Berwickshire at Easter—and fine and hard it made you. But, of all the fair places, give me the West Country for April. Not that there, too, you would not often find drought and the dust flying from the red ploughlands ; and on the open forest a wind that blows through you ; but, even on those days, in sheltered places there is a glow from the sun very different from the cold brightness of the North.

And if, as often happens, the wind is from the West and there has been rain, the little trout will rise briskly to the Blue Upright, and the Half Stone, and the March Brown. You may have the luck to be on one of the little brooks that run from the Quantocks through the rich red valley. In places the stream will be out all over the water meadows. It will be wet going in the lush, springing grass, and the depleted brook will not here be much use to the fisherman, though he will pick up a trout here and there, more especially where each runner pours back into the main channel. But, where the valley narrows and the waters are all again collected to wind through a little wood, you may get a basket of fish with some half-pounders among them if, keeping well out of sight, you can switch your flies under the alder bushes, or let them drift round corners, and practise other wiles of the complete brook fisher.

Or you may, equally happy, find yourself on Barle or Exe, bigger rivers but smaller fish. Here, though for a long time, till you come to the open moor, you will make your way up-stream through great wood-

SPRING TROUT-FISHING

lands, it will be easier fishing. For you must wade (but carefully, over slippery ledges and moss-grown stones) and so will have more room to cast. No fat pastoral valley this, but all rock and gravel. And though the little fish, so brilliantly red-spotted, are greedy enough—be careful not to keep any salmon parr—you must stalk them carefully and use fine tackle in the clear water. And, most important of all, you must know where to find them or your bag will be a small one.

Then, as likely as not, as you are silently casting or while you rest for lunch, your back against an oak where you can watch a pool, you will see the bushes shaken on the far bank, and out will come the hunted stag taking his way for the open forest up over—a marvel of graceful movement. Then the great hounds—two, three, or more—strung out and mute as is their wont, noses down, and totally absorbed in the scent. That may be all that you will see of the chase, for the field will have passed by rides higher up the wood. But you will go back to your fishing, gladdened by the silent passage before your eyes of wild strength and beauty. And, if the water is very low and the little trout very difficult, perhaps you will borrow the farmer's pony for the next day and ride or hunt yourself.

It is the double delight, the chance of a hunt—at any rate, the sight of a stag—as well as the chance of trout, that makes Easter holidays in the West Country stand out so splendidly in memory across the years. Wales was delightful, but in those days there was much poaching, the trout were few, and the fishing often a farce. Memories of Wharfedale in spring are blurred by autumn visions—doubtless we caught trout in Easter holidays, but the autumn grayling were easier for unskilled hands and eyes. Berwickshire cold and healthy, was almost too exhausting,

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and Berwickshire could give one a good hunt ; but hunting there was not the whole life of the people, day in and day out, as in the West. There, in the West Country, so it seems as one looks back, everything was a month earlier than elsewhere. There was more water to fish in and plenty of trout to catch if you could do it. While, above and beyond all, there was the glorious chance of a hunt.

So, though ecclesiastical vagaries may put Easter in March, in April, when Easter holidays should be, I turn my eyes to the West.

BLUEBELLS ON THE DOWNS

FROM Goring and the banks of the Thames to White Horse Hill over Swindon runs the line of the Berkshire Downs, as fresh and open a sweep of hills as any in the South of England. Along the crest the Ridgeway dips and rises, commanding the whole Oxfordshire plain as far as the Chilterns in the east, and the foothills of the Cotswolds in the north-west. On the higher parts of the downs themselves only occasional beech copses interrupt the endless stretch of turf that serves as sheep pasture, and here and there as a training-ground for racehorses. South of the crest the beeches are more frequent, and the comparatively fertile valleys, with their crops, and red plough, and cattle, set off the monotony of the downland turf in austere but pleasing contrast.

The crest of the hill where the road from Wantage to Hungerford crosses the Ridgeway has been described by Hardy as the coldest place "in Wessex, when a north or east wind is blowing." Those who know the downs will testify how bleak this road can be in early spring. But by May the "last frost" is gone,

BLUEBELLS ON THE DOWNS

the leaves have appeared on the trees, and the lambs in the fields. Not many miles from the Wantage road, and close to the village which Hardy called Marygreen, a wood, thicker and larger than most on the downs, lies gently tilted away from the north wind. Passing by this wood on the outside the wanderer over the downs would notice the graceful architecture of the beeches, the brightness of the young leaves, and the profusion of grass and foliage by the roadside. But he would not suspect any richer sign of spring than he had seen in a dozen other beech woods dotted along the downs.

Yet if he happened by good luck to follow one of the grassy tracks leading through the trees he would come on a carpet of bluebells of almost unbelievable brilliance, stretching away between the beech trunks to the farthest limits of the wood. Bluebells have an unearthly and almost feverish beauty. Picked, they are nothing ; seen in isolation, without contrasting colours, the intensity of the blue is overwhelming and dazzles the eye ; growing singly they are but one of the many flowers that May brings into the hedges. But stretched in a carpet under the soft green of the young beech leaves, with a bright sky above and sunshine filtering through the trees, they surprise the eye with an astonishing manifestation of the effect that pure brilliance of colour and simplicity of pattern can create. Deep purple in the shade, almost sky-blue in the sun, they seem to radiate a sheen or lustre as well as fragrance into the air. A blue mist hangs over them ; and under the compelling power, as it were, of this dominant blue, every hint and trace of colour within range comes vividly to life. The grey-black of the beech trunks turns almost to the purple of grapes, as if reflecting the bluebells. The green of the leaves shines so brightly as to be almost golden ; and even the sky grows clearer. Bluebells,

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like the sun itself, seem able to infuse into the world a multiplicity of colours that were not seen before.

At the end of the wood a moss-covered bank bounds and, as it were, frames the purple haze ; and beyond are ploughed fields sprinkled with young crops, sheep and lambs half hidden by a ring of hurdles, a dew-pond, a church spire on the next hillside, and away over the rolling slopes of the lower downs the ridge of Savernake against the sky. On a May afternoon, with the scented south-west wind whispering in the trees and high summer clouds sailing overhead, all suspicion of human clamour and hurry seems singularly remote and without significance. The contented cooing of pigeons in the trees, the bleating of the lambs, the ceaseless, full-hearted larks' song, blend and alternate with the rustling wind in a sound more peaceful than silence. Suddenly a rabbit runs over the bank out of sight, and all is still again. For a moment it seems to the imagination as though the whole sweep and contour of the downs, the leaves and hedges, and birds and fields, had been made for nothing but to serve as a stage for the budding and bursting of the bluebells.

ONE JULY DAY

I HAD been a rebel against July till life on the hills converted me. It seemed a spiritless month, neither high summer nor early autumn, and in any case unworthy to appear in the same calendar with February. July made herself very fair this morning, unforgettable.

I went through the wood that crowns the scarp, past trees standing in sleep, dead green, cool, and suddenly emerged on the bare crest of the ridge with the wide vale below me. Here the path runs through

ONE JULY DAY

furlongs of pink willow, and to-day the spikes were cut against an azure horizon. Such sky as could be seen was the colour of pale larkspurs, and the sun's rays were caught and refracted by layers of thin cloud that showed the satiny gleam of oyster shell where light was almost breaking through.

In the fields flanking the grass road at the foot of the hill oats and barley were drowsy white and looked silken against the sturdy corn. Massed and single trees stood in tender silhouette, silver edged. The scene was like a wash drawing of the old school, restrained, impersonal. Not a leaf was stirring ; except for a couple of pigeons in the deep wood and a forlorn peewit on the flats, there was no bird's note. On a day like this, it seemed, you could catch the rolling year at a standstill, see the summer, heavy with life, at rest, turmoil of harvest not begun, ground frost unthought of.

Two nights' rain had filled woods and lanes with odours, and my suspicion that July could be a month of strong scents was confirmed. For days I had been tracking down separate and delightful smells. The hunt began soon after sunset one evening when I went out to the steep little grassy scar by Portways, where one can look unchecked across the vale toward the Berkshire hills, and flung myself cheek down to the turf to watch dusk creep over the fields.

In a few minutes I must get up to trace that scent, vaguely familiar. Dusk rolled up unregarded while I checked off wild thyme, wild mint, other minute downland plants, grass : none of these. Nor was it bramble, gorse, and wild raspberry that crowd about the wood boundary, though here that tantalising scent was stronger. But here, also, the wood is barred by the keeper's gate and winked on by the keeper's little window.

A chill wind came up out of the west and set me

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walking quickly home, glad to draw curtains and blow up a smouldering log. Toward midnight my dog's restlessness took me out again. Something in the wood, an arm of which crowds up to our gate, was calling her. On the doorstep, fresh from indoor smoky warmth, that scent once more assailed me, and it seemed now to hold the tang of a seashore. From the black reaches of the wood came the scufflings and rattlings in the undergrowth that had disturbed Gipsy. I told her it was only a badger digging for ants, that to-morrow we would trace the scoops. We went a little way in, Gipsy excitedly pulling at her leash. I dared not let her have a badger hunt of her own ; some pheasant would be sure to wake up and **make** a fuss.

She persuaded me to go a little farther, and must have been surprised at my sudden chuckle. I had found my scent : new bracken, acres of it over-running the wood floor, the tips damp and curled. It seemed incredibly stupid that I should have forgotten that herby, salty tang from the wet days of last July, when it was all-powerful in the woodland. There were other scents, too ; every kind of bush speaking in the tender, damp air, oaks showering down a perfume. There is little rest for anyone who starts tracking the odours of July.

On this pearly grey day I went flower-hunting on the Icknield borders, which are heavy with blossom and as fair as many a garden bed. There were scores of old friends to greet, and gay among the newcomers two delightful yellow weeds the children called buttered eggs and my lady's bedstraw. After walking with my eyes on the ground for over a couple of miles I suddenly looked up and found I was in sight of two large fields, chalky, stony, which I remember as having lain fallow for several seasons.

One was now thinly planted with tiny saplings,

ONE JULY DAY

wired in. The other, still on holiday, had spent its time most profitably in turning itself into a vast garden, bright at this season with dog-daisy, scabious, harebell, ragwort, yarrow, campion, cornflower, poppy. Over the stony ground heartsease ran, small as pimpernel. Grasses of countless kinds, with heads gleaming like dove's breasts, mixed with the weeds, and it seemed they had equal right to be called flowers.

The hedges had an oddly rusty look, though every leaf was green. There was no need to ask was July here, seeing the hairy husks of beech nuts, wayfaring-tree berries, tawny and brown, hawthorn mottled over, rose bushes untidy and spotted where the pale stars were, elder still cream, turning ragged. Whitebeam and sloe had pride of place, the berries of the one an entrancing pale green, like that of young apples, the others a sheen of dusky blue.

On the upward slopes I met the old woodman. Any day ends happily that sets me talking to him. He is upward of eighty, still sound in wind, limb, and brain. He has no idea to what extent he is a survival, and would be shocked if I told him that now and again he slips out of prose into poetry. We spoke of flower time and harvest time, and he mounted for a few minutes his dear hobby-horse—the subject of the would-be farmer, a man with no experience, who thinks he can take over a farm as he would a shop. To one such he had been speaking, and indignation was still sore within him.

“He laughed at me,” said the old man, “when I told him harvest would come six weeks after you saw the wheat blowing. He thought wheat never flowered. It does—tiny little flowers you can scarcely see. I’ve known days when the wheat was blowing and there was a strong wind scattering the flowers away, and it was like smoke over the corn.”

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SUMMER TWILIGHT

THE pleasantest time in a day of cloudless summer heat comes after sundown, in the hour of broad shadowless illumination which sinks imperceptibly into twilight, when the warmth still radiated from the sunburnt soil meets the cool-settling air of evening, and the first of the dew-fall sends abroad fresh sweetness from flower and leaf reviving after the heat of the day. The air is dead calm, and all colour is unwontedly luminous, responding in strange variations to the last of the sunset glow, amber or pearl-white or pale green barred with fine threads of scarlet.

Though the whole landscape answers to the influence of the hour, while the woods mask their sombre green under a flush of bronze, the hillsides redden with a dusky glow and the level fields in shadow take on a tint which is more blue than green, it seems that the changes are most vivid, the spirit of the time most potent, in places where the country shows most markedly that happy, chance-come mingling of Nature with the works of men, blended in a harmony beyond analysis, which is the main element in the English scene on its civil side. Farmsteads, cottage plots, the walks and borders of the less ambitious gardener, the thatched roofs and grey gables of village lanes, elm-girt greens, are the places on which the last hour of summer daylight falls most happily. Country work, which is a full half of the mingled charm, is still going on ; the light fails from minute to minute, but it is not too dark yet, nor too cool, for shirt-sleeved labours in overtime in the cottage plots, or for the bringing in of another, and yet another, load from the hayfield to the stackyard.

SUMMER TWILIGHT

The children find daylight enough to defy bedtime with one more romp among the haycocks ; the boys at cricket on the green can see the ball for another over or two yet.

The dead-still air has an unusual carrying quality, and yet seems to bring into tune all the medley of sounds which it bears—the creak and jolt of the hay-wagon, the clink of harness, the whine and rumble of the well-winch as the bucket goes down, the cawing of the rooks making for home in straggling file, the treble of children's voices, and the undertone of talk on the rick-top.

When the dusk thickens so that the worker can hardly see his seed-drills or distinguish weeds from crop, there is still time to get into one's coat and stroll round the garden paths, considering the flowers which seem to shine with an inner light, the yellow lamps of the evening primrose gleaming out of the shadows of the border, the white pinks cresting its edge like a line of breaking surf, the larkspurs, spires of coloured darkness seen against the fading west. There is time to smell the damask roses in the dew, the heavy scent of the white lilies, the first whiff of the night stock opening as the dusk comes down, the breath from the white panicles of the elder-flower glimmering on the dark mounds of the bushes along the hedge, all coming and going by momentary turns on imperceptible currents, now warmer, now cooler, of the night air, while over them all hangs the universal atmosphere of the hay.

Beyond the garden looms the mass of the farm buildings, mossed and lichened roofs and one broad chimney-stack sending up a vertical plume of wood smoke in the windless air, and the vague bulk of the half-built hayrick, with the figures of the men on the top, dark against the sky, pitching and spreading with a certain leisureliness befitting the last minutes

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of the long overtime after the burning day. The twilight deepens, and it is at last time to knock off ; the workers come down from the rick and untackle the horses, leaving one wagon still loaded to wait till to-morrow. The narrow crescent of the moon brightens low down in the clear spaces above the sunset, and one large star after another pierces the deepening blue overhead—too few and scattered yet to give the shapes of the constellations. They are answered down below by the lights which kindle one after another in the cottage windows, marking out the winding line of the little street and the two farmsteads planted among the closes and gardens of the village.

It is not the hour in which to ask about the lives which go on behind those windows : it is enough to take unquestioned the deep calm of the time, the moving beauty of the place, the peaceful elaboration of a way of life under the hand of time, without even a thought of the world of haste and noise in the midst of which they have had the fortune to survive. That world may yet engulf the little oasis, knowing not how much it owes to the green nook and its hidden spring.

AUTUMN FROST

THE first sharp frost of autumn leaves an indelible mark. It has been later than usual this year. Before it comes we may fancy that summer will linger on, in hardly perceptible decline, through its successive festivals of St. Luke, All Hallows, and St. Martin, to expire somewhere not far from Christmas : when one morning we wake to find the prospect white with unmistakable rime, we know that the end has come.

AUTUMN FROST

Whatsoever of pleasant weather the fall may hold for us—and even November can show days comparable with almost any in the year—summer is dead and gone. In the open country the touch of five or six degrees of frost does not bring any very obvious signs of destruction : there is an end at once of blackberries which have hung on southern corners of hedge sides, and of the mushrooms which have tempted to expeditions in morning dew : the yellowing leaves, which scattered unwillingly before the equinoctials, fall in pattering showers in the windless air ; the bracken shows broader patches of rusty brown among its green. But in gardens, with their mingling of growths from all climes, the ravage is sudden and sweeping. A night turns the half-hardy and tender subjects to shrivelled skeletons or blackened rags ; the flowers which had made the borders gay with brighter points of colour—dahlias, begonias, geraniums—are eyesores to be got rid of promptly ; the blooms of even hardy things, with their softer autumnal hues, the Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums, are bleached and dragged ; the roses, generous with their late flowers, are nipped in the bud. The gardener on his morning round knows that once more his harvest is over and the work for the coming year is due.

In the incalculable variety of our climate there are no means of guessing when the fatal hour will fall. When September is in, any clear twilight with a raw northerly air threatens the catastrophe. After dark, when stars glitter keen on a sky without a wisp of vapour to check the evaporation, and the moon rises red but bitter-clear, the weatherwise can almost feel the chilling down of the earth's surface and foresee only too well the wreck which daylight will disclose. On the other hand, mildness may reign up to the edge of December, and vegetation may sink in natural

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decay. There are seasons when a very passable bunch of roses may be gathered to keep company with the Christmas holly, when the crocus-spears are pushing up before the marigolds and pansies have scattered their last petals on the ground.

The first raid of frost, early or late, may vary very much in strength—a mere reconnaissance or a sweeping assault. Sometimes the first view from the window leaves us between hope and fear. The silvery sheen is there, chilly and crisp across the lawn ; but the dews of midsummer, those drenching condensations which do so much to save the parched crops in drought, in the dead calm before sunrise often counterfeited the deadly rime ; and the phenomenon may prove to be only one of those precipitations (to use the phrase of the weather forecasts) which rustic pessimists are so ready to count as “ frosts.” Only on a later review, when the sun has cleared away the moisture, will the foliage show, intact or drooping and blackened, whether freezing-point “ on the grass ” was passed during the small hours. At another time there is no room for doubt : the grass is furred with a heavy greyish rime, the shrubbery leaves hang filmed with ice, the gossamer threads are stretched in thickened festoons along the hedges. There is no need for any exploration of the garden in order to discover that the thermometer sank to somewhere near 20° during the night. The gardener’s solitary consolation is the thought that he can now begin the work of the autumn clearance with a good conscience, undistracted between the claims of lingering beauty and the needs of preparation for another year.

In the slighter visitations of frost, exposure and the lie of the land often produce curious differences of degree. It may happen that the open meadows are stiff with rime while inside the garden walls there is no more than a heavy dew. A current of air will nip

RIDING HOME IN FIFE

all vegetation in its path, while in the lee of quite inconsiderable shelter there is immunity from its bite. But when the air is still it is the low and sheltered grounds, particularly those near water, which feel the frost, while the hillsides but a hundred feet higher and half a mile away may wholly escape. In chill-settling autumn evenings we often see patches of mist lying here and there along a valley-bottom, sometimes so shallow that we can walk through them knee-deep as over a ford. The spots which these cover are the places of early frosts, and the hill-top dweller may enjoy an additional month of summer if his plot escapes the one night's chill which wrecks his neighbour's hopes in the plain below.

RIDING HOME IN FIFE

WHO rides home? Not many nowadays. Most hunting folk have a car waiting at some cross-road, and whisk off, snug in fur coats, heedlessly flinging reins to a groom, who, knowing little of the fortunes and stresses of the day, can hardly be blamed if he bustles tired horses home. With a small establishment and a chauffeur-groom this generally means that the gruel will not be ready, the mash too hot or too cold, the harness-room fire may be out, and all the ritual uncomfortable for both beast and man. Accordingly, though motoring on to meets, I always hack home, even though it involves leaving hounds early and a long ride. I really enjoy it. It seems a more honest finish to a day's hunting.

If one shortens the day thus, there is not often the chance of company ; but if company there be, what fun to talk things over ! There is something in the atmosphere of riding in company that seems to break

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down all barriers of shyness. People feel natural and gay and do not trouble to disguise their thoughts or pretend to be anything they are not. Even if they never meet otherwise, an easy intimacy arises that is reached in no other way. So, riding home, one talks or is silent, jogging along steadily, till good-nights are called at some road-end.

If the way is long and you are alone it is best to start briskly, before the fizz is off your horse, and later to take things quietly and bring him in cool and settled in his mind. I always allow mine a few mouthfuls of water half-way if he is not warm, and, despite a lifelong controversy with grooms, I find it does no harm and freshens him up wonderfully. It is pleasant to turn into a farmsteading. A ploughman or the grieve pokes a head out of a shed to see who goes there, and gives greeting, asking what the day's sport has been. "May I give my horse a drink?" say I. "You're welcome! Wait er' I draw a pail fresh for ye. Ane o' the cart mares has a touch o' the cauld, an' it'd mebbe smit your powney drinkin' out the trough." (In our parts anything under seventeen hands is a pony.) Then on again "twixt the gloamin' and the mirk." In mid-December night falls soon. The wet roads that shone Prussian-blue in the morning sun are faded to a soft lilac, melting into veils of dusk. It is not cold, and if you are tired you can take your time. There is always something funny or beautiful to think about—a bubble big as a polo ball squelched up by a hoof in boggy ground, floating away unbroken, unheeded, faintly glimmering; the astonished face of a small boy on the road with a basket of fish when a hound, passing with the pack, deftly put a paw on the edge of the creel, whipped out a silvery herring, and pattered on; or some vision of pied bodies and waving sterns on the farther side of a bracken "den." One is often

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splashed with mud to the eyes (but do not clean boots signalise a blank day?), and the muddier I am the happier. It delights the cottar children. One day a little boy on the way to the back door with a message saw me dismounting and said to the cook in an awe-struck voice : " There's an awful dirty lady just come in. Who's got to clean her ? "

" As the day lengthens the cold strengthens " is a true saying, and the homeward trek is often a chilly business, especially as almost all roads to my home lead downwards at the last, and downward at a walk I have to go, with a skin of ice forming on the puddles, and a biting wind removing feet and hands from all consciousness. I have to seek consolation in the view of the distant Grampians covered with fresh snow, lit by the low rays of sunset, every fold and corrie thrown into relief and glowing with a luminous pink. Well do I remember one bitter afternoon returning by the coast road to St. Andrews. It was February and snow still lay in sheets on the shady side of the den at Cambo, while snowdrops on the other showed a more living and tender white. An icy blast greeted us on the shore, where a high tide was breaking on the rocks and filling the little bay with froth and spray. A few eider duck were bobbing about in it. The sea outside was coursing along in waves dark and heavy as lead, frilled with white—cruel as wolves' teeth. Out on the horizon four or five tramp steamers followed each other, racing for shelter in the Forth, smoke streaming, noses cocked high, sterns hidden by the sea-line, and the whole width of the sky was chequered with grey flurries of hail showers. If the cold can grip like this on shore, what must it be on board these comfortless old " gabarts " ?

Towards the end of the season foxes are hard to find in Fife. The ground is too dry, and sometimes in March there are days of almost parching warmth.

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On one such day, so long we stood about in a clearing of a big covert, where the broom pods were popping in the sun, that a fox slipped away and met his end almost before we knew he was afoot, and we were nearly all left. I said to our Irish huntsman reproachfully, "You might have given us a blow!" "Blow, ma'am? I blew all across two fields and then I needed all my breath, for hounds was runnin' like shmoake! I'll tell you what it is, you ladies, you know, you ta-a-lk too much. A day like this now, you should listen. Too much conversa-a-tion." A very just reproof, administered with the engaging charm of his race. As we came home that day there came over a garden wall a strong whiff of violets. Someone, of course, quoted the proverbial epithet, and I realised that it was time the year's hunting was at an end.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH

IN Northumberland and Durham we take our ploughing seriously, and a crowd of 400 from as far as thirty miles have come to see the ploughman's championship decided. There are seven competitors and they have to plough in turn in three styles—with the bare swing, with swing and disk, and with wheels.

It is our boast that there are few ploughmen in the South of England who could take part in such a contest, since there the plough is nearly always wheeled. But in the heavy land of the Border wheels would clog too frequently and even break against the submerged rock if we relied exclusively on them. It is for this reason that the ancient, difficult art of bare swing ploughing is preserved in the North.

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The competitors drew lots for their "sets"—the plots of earth, each measuring 100 yards by 15, which they are to plough. Championship rules ordain that ploughs must not exceed four feet from point of share to end of mouldboard, so competitors are debarred from using the large "digger" plough with which some are more expert after a specialised training.

The rules are few and simple. Each ploughman is required to break his own furrow and plough not more than six inches and not less than five inches deep. Each competitor must set his own plough. The land is to be ploughed in its natural state, and it is stipulated that the rotation of styles shall be first with the bare swing plough, then with the aid of wheels, and lastly with the disk or skeith—a little wheel placed just in front of the coulter.

The ploughmen have six hours in which to plough their "sets." Two are veterans who have been winning prizes for their ploughing for well over a quarter of a century. One of these is the champion himself, a tall, red-faced, wind-bitten man of fifty-six. On the next set is his greatest personal rival, a man two years his senior, but out of championship ploughing for five years. He soon shows that he has lost little, if any, of his skill.

These two men, the oldest in the contest, plough with astonishing endurance. A six-hour task such as this, up and down, hour after hour, the 100-yards-long furrow, handling the "stilts" of a heavy plough while remorselessly stung by a biting wind, calls for liberal strength and stamina. Above all one marvels at their patience. It is ploughing in slow-motion. They refuse to hurry. The day is theirs. They can afford to be prodigal with time.

Very early in the day jackets were stripped off and sleeves rolled above elbows despite the harsh cold, which none of the competitors appears to feel, al-

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though it is cruel to us who watch. Yet though they move slowly within a narrowly circumscribed area, the ploughmen are active. They peer to left and right, bending low, then quickly straightening their backs, searching for signs by which to keep their furrow straight.

They chatter continuously to the pairs of bonny Clydesdale horses which pull their ploughs. Many of the competitors have had to borrow both ploughs and horses locally because in these cramped times even champions of the furrows cannot afford the cost of transport for their implements. The strange beasts respond perfectly to the ploughmen's horse-language, which to urban ears is as meaningless as a dog's bark. The strong, quiet horses move in perfect step, starting, stopping, veering to left or right instantly on the word of command.

Since it is the object of ploughing to break up the soil and provide a good seed-bed, the ploughmen aim at cutting long, straight, unbroken furrows with a knife-edge to the ridges but with strong firm bases, so that the land will not sink beneath the weight of snow and rain. The finest ploughed land is that which provides the best seed-bed. To that end are their efforts aimed.

And now the last of the green has been turned and the field lies cut into long scarcely-varying furrows like rich, black corduroy. Still the wiseacres and experts, the men whose pride it is to pick the winner an hour before the end, are baffled. It is anybody's match. One of the judges has already made up his mind and urges his decision vigorously, but the other two shake their heads. They stride across the ridge-tops, breaking down the knife-edges with their heavy boots. It seems a pity to destroy so wantonly the product of hours of loving toil, but the judges are testing in the homeliest, most practical way the

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strength of the furrows to resist the weather. The test is decisive.

At this moment the sinking sun bursts from behind a cloudbank and floods the new-ploughed field with a cloak of shining gold. It is at once a benediction, a blessing, and a prophecy : another generation is at hand able to preserve the fruitfulness of English earth.

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HOLIDAY IN THE SAHARA

The following articles by Mr. William Donkin and Mr. Norman Pearn, two Londoners of twenty-one, describe their crossing of the Sahara from north to south by a route not normally used by caravans. The journey of over 1700 miles was undertaken in the heat of the summer and was carried out with a strict eye to economy.

1. *A Hazardous Journey*

WE left cosmopolitan Algiers on the evening of May 7th, and after spending two days in changing trains, waiting for trains, and travelling in them, we arrived in Tuggurt on May 10th. Here we bought four camels for £30 and engaged our guide of last winter, Mohamed ben Seighir, to lead us to Wargla, some hundred miles to the south-west. Mohamed was a sympathetic and energetic man, who fortunately had a buoyant sense of humour.

Glancing back the next day at the pale minarets and buff walls of Tuggurt sinking behind the sands, while the groves of palms darkened with distance, we did not fully realise that we were launching into a thirsty nothingness, since this had been the scene of our experimental journey last December. During the following four days our bare feet and bare arms were much burnt by the brilliant sun. This area of the desert is beautiful and well pastured with bushes, many of which were in flower. The next two days we followed a valley of great beauty with low hills on its distant western side, red hills that burn in horizontal sunlight, and that changed to purples and blues at the setting and rising of the sun.

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These days are well remembered. Poor Mohamed blushed with shame through his bronzed skin after he had fallen from his camel, which dragged him, feet hitched in the saddle and head bumping on the ground, for several yards over earth that was none too soft. Donkin fell, too, taking a header over the roaring camel's head and plunging with unbelievable fortune into a patch of soft sand amid howls of laughter from the guide and two other nomads travelling with us at the time.

After a stay of five days in the oasis of Wargla, necessitated by our having to obtain special permission to get through to Fort Flatters and to wait for guides, we left in the company of two Arabs, both of an extremely temperamental nature, to tackle this first *mauvais pas* of our planned route. Two days out of Wargla we stopped at a well with an encampment to enable the camels to reinforce themselves with the good pasturage of the valley. We remained there for three days while a vicious wind whipped the sand through everything, demolishing the tent on several occasions. However, the hospitality of the Arabs was comforting. It was extraordinarily interesting to watch an Arab skin a goat without slitting it up the middle, so that the skin may be used for carrying water.

Two more days brought us to a well set in complete barrenness, dreary beyond conception in the white heat of the summer sun. At this well we filled each of our fourteen goatskins, loading them on to the camels, which had been given as much water as they could drink. This supply had to last us for the next six burning days, where we should find no well for refilling. An amusing incident occurred when the wind bellowed into the vast *sirwal* (Arab trousers) of Kouider, one of our guides, tossing them into the unknown during the starry night, thus causing much

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heaviness to his heart the following dawn and much loss of time in a fruitless search for the transported garments. Fortunately he had a spare pair.

Then we launched on the waterless track. The route lay along a flat plain of gravel, while on either side separated by some eight miles were lines of dunes, some many hundreds of feet high, which give an appearance of a valley to this flatness. For 180 miles we should be without water, and though in winter this can be achieved without danger, in summer it is a great strain on the best beasts. We travelled many hours, by day and night, often until 2 A.M., then off again at 4. During the late morning or early afternoon a hot wind blowing from the untouchable sand would take vigour out of camels and men alike. Far too much of the very rare clumps of pasturage had been consumed by locusts, and on the fifth day there was nothing for the camels to eat. It would have been fatal to allow the camels, skeletons as they now were, to go on in the burning heat of the midday without a drink, so the guides decided to pour a kettle of our water down the nostril of each beast. This fortunately saved the camels, and the next morning we reached the Hasi Tanezruft. The peace of lying by that well sipping its foul water after the strain of the preceding days is almost impossible to convey in words. Neither did we forget that last year forty Libyan Arabs lost their way on this route and died from thirst.

Two days later we reached Fort Flatters, the most lonely of fortresses, where we stayed six days, waiting for guides to lead us to Amguid. The loneliness of such a place as Fort Flatters speaks madness to the morbid ear. Two years is the period for which the *sous-officier* has to be isolated there, and to work through that length of time without calamity is no mean achievement. We were told of one officer who,

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upon being relieved, was found with a piece of string and a bent pin fishing sardines from a tin.

We journeyed for several days over a flatness that melts at all the cardinal points into the paleness of the sky, though occasionally a line of low hills broke the monotony. After six days we came into a mountainous region and thence till far south of the main group of the Hoggar we were seldom out of sight of a peak. It is hard to describe the difficulties and hindrances we met with at Amguid in our efforts to secure a guide and camels. There is at this well a Tuareg chief who, we were told later, has a reputation over a good section of the Sahara for his cussedness. After two days' diplomacy we managed to get going again, heading southwards with mountains all round us, mountains that are very beautiful in the morning and evening light. Our food throughout consisted of whatever we could buy—flour or wheat, which we ground to make bread, vermicelli, oil, pepper, salt, tea, sugar, and, when available since the date season was over, as many kilogrammes of this nourishing fruit as we could obtain.

Ten days' trek brought us to the high Hoggar in the region of Ideles. We rose steadily. Our guide, the younger son of the cussed chief, was a youth obviously following in his father's footsteps. He led us up a steep narrow gorge, then up a zigzag scree slope until we attained the pass at an estimated altitude of 9000 ft., just to the west of the peak In Taraine. From here we looked out over 100 barren peaks, many fantastic, some as perpendicular and spectacular as the Dolomites, a vision that presented almost a fairyland of peaks, so surprising are their shapes, their colours, and their barrenness.

Three days later, after exciting descents down seemingly precipitous flanks and gorges, we arrived on July 11th in the oasis of Tamanrasset. We were

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very hospitably received and entertained during a stay of nine days at the French outpost. It is impossible to speak too highly of the invaluable help the French authorities gave us throughout the whole journey, and of the truly French hospitality we received in every oasis at which there was a French outpost. On no occasion were we submitted to mistrust or suspicion, and never did we receive any hindrance in the carrying out of our plans.

Between Tamanrasset and Agades there are roughly 500 miles of desert ; 350 of them are desert of the driest and most dangerous type. The final 150 miles has some vegetation in the valleys, trees being mostly of the mimosa type. Water is not scarce, and travelling is safe and comparatively easy going. We had engaged two guides, both Tuaregs of the Dag Rali tribe of the Hoggar, and had hired four camels, of which three proved inefficient at one time or another. On July 19th we set out and made for a well to the south-east, a well about which there was doubt whether any water remained. One of the camels fell ill, since the heat in this southern area of the desert, which is dry and windswept, is astounding. Another of the camels had to be beaten on when he fell from thirst. Fortunately we found water in the well, though pasturage throughout was almost non-existent. Down in these southern stretches five days is about as much as a good camel can manage, and without food hardly that in summer. Living in the desolation of drifting sand that covered the ground and swept through the sky, in parched heat, and in utter un-earthliness, made it impossible for one to imagine that shaded brooks and sunshine gleaming through leaves existed in other latitudes.

Between this well and the well of In Guezzam a wind-blown sand obliterated the view of the low hills that showed the way across the flat stretches, and twice

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the guide frankly admitted himself lost. The second time there was anxiety owing to lack of water in our goatskins, but fortunately a fresh breeze cleared the sand fog and calamity was avoided. On this occasion one of the camels was so tired and thirsty that he staggered, burdenless, eyes shut for three days until we reached the well of In Guezzam.

From In Guezzam to the next well was four days' journey over a flatness that melts into the sky all round. It was a mystery how our guide could lead over this waste without a track or a rise, especially at midday, when the sun gave no indication of the line of march. As we found a few clumps of pasturage, these four days were less gruelling than previous ones, and the camels were not over-exhausted by the great heat. At this well began the region of pasturage, but it is also a region of rain, risen from the Sudan, and we were soused for five days by a tornado. Once this tornado was preceded by a storm of purple dust, a purple hissing darkness that smothered all of us in gloom, allowing a visibility of about five yards only. It was the most spectacular and astonishing storm we had witnessed, awe-inspiring in its approach, overwhelming at its height, and comforting as it receded, when the rain had made the ground firm.

It was on one of these days that a camel went mad. Our Tuareg guide on the bucking mass of insanity which he was vainly trying to control certainly provided a display of superb camel-riding. The madness was due to some abdominal disturbance which almost killed the beast, though after we had bled him at the nose he recovered sufficiently to wobble onwards again on his shaky limbs. Twice we almost lost camels in deep, squelching mud, deep up to a man's hip, and only after hours of work were the beasts turned on their flanks, slid roaring and kicking over the mud, to rise again on firmer ground amid thanks

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to Allah. After crossing a gorge of rushing water caused by daily downpours we arrived on the morning of August 12th at Agades.

Agades at one time had nearly 20,000 inhabitants, but fear of marauding Tuaregs has reduced the population to 2000. The town is desolate in its appearance owing to the ruins of deserted mud hovels, while carrion vultures wheel high over the wooded gorge. We remained five days awaiting the subsidence of the water before setting out to Kano. As far as Tessawa we employed camels, and travelled in comfort through the bush country, despite the wounding of a baggage camel. This was luxury travel, and three days from Tessawa we reached an area of villages where we could buy eggs and milk.

At Tessawa we dispensed with camels, hired horses for ourselves and oxen for our baggage, and, travelling *via* Katsena, we arrived on the morning of September 11th at the town of Kano—just four calendar months since taking leave of Tuggurt.

II. *Peoples of the Desert*

When we are young we do not reason why we are attracted to something ; it is sufficient that we are pulled by an indescribable desire. The attractions of desert travel are many. It has divers subtle and remote pleasures which are very difficult to delineate. The greatest lure is, in the words of the French, *la lutte* ; the wrestle with conditions. *

Conceive a few men loading goatskins to the flanks of their camels at a well lost far in the desert, with before them a stretch of many days' journeying over waterless and completely desolate vastness ; think of the sun rising in a haze of sand, allow for baking, sand-laden winds to hiss parchingly through the tightly

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contracted nostrils of the mechanically moving camels; let barrenness and apparent sameness for days on end convey the impression of the trust that must be laid in the guide, who must calmly and unerringly lead his companions to a hole in the sand many hundreds of miles away that contains water, without a mark or track to direct him ; then one will be able to grasp the feeling of the travellers that all must co-operate so that this ship of life can traverse the wastes of death to reach a well of dirty, bad-tasting water, dug in a distant valley of the great desert, without calamity intervening.

The apparent monotony of the desert and its apparent simplicity enable one to appreciate its complexity. There must be few who have ever seen dunes who could have failed to admire the clear-cut lines of the piles of sand, and to watch the fresh morning sunlight strike the ridges of the ripples while their little valleys are still plunged in blue shadow. The great bare peaks of the desert are almost overwhelming in their strength of shape and colour, and even when trekking across that absolute flatness, when the changelessness melts all round for days into the paleness of the sky, the very simplicity is in reality far from monotonous.

It is estimated that only one-tenth of the whole of the Sahara is sand, for the real sandy desert, which so many conceive to be the appearance of the whole Sahara, occurs only in certain areas which Nature has made dumping grounds for sand. Some of these areas, called Ergs by the Arabs and Igidi by Tuaregs, are vast ; others are comparatively small. In the central Sahara is the range of the Ahaggar mountains, the highest peak of which is Tahat, with a calculated height of approximately 10,000 ft., while the second highest, by name Haman, is a dark, rocky spike that would offer excellent problems of climbing to a winter

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visitor. The Arabs run over the *hamada* and sands to the north of the mountains, while on the southern side the black races have risen into the desert, and there are many tribes which have suffered much in the past from the overpowering Tuaregs.

The Saharan Arabs, as a race of men, appear decadent, with emotions and intelligence that seem for the most part to be depraved. Their dress is flattering and conceals many defects. It would often amuse us to gaze at the protruding tops and backs of their heads, when they happened to take their turbans off for readjustment. The average of handsomeness is not high, not nearly so high as among the physically beautiful Tuaregs. The hand of an Arab is bony, and the fingers are long with square tips and stubby nails, which give an ape-like look to the hand as a whole.

The men are intelligent, and the children too. One little Arab boy in Biskra asked us in broken English : " Do you speak English or are you American ? " They are philosophers that have in most instances gone a trifle stale, and it is obvious to many an onlooker that their poor " Allah " is far too often the recipient of responsibility for untoward happenings that might so easily have been avoided by a few minutes' cool forethought.

They eat, naturally, with their fingers. At a dinner we gave to Mohamed, our guide from Tuggurt, in a little hotel in Wargla, he devoured a quail, so called, in two enormous mouthfuls, bones and all, and not being content with that he stretched over with a wicked grin on his whimsical face, and took and crunched up all the bones of the birds we had politely consumed with the civilised aid of knives and forks.

To lead us to Fort Flatters we had two guides. One of these was a vigorous, temperamental little fellow with a snub nose, and because he was always bobbing up and bobbing down, both mentally and bodily, we

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nicknamed him "Tiddlewinks." His real name of Kuider ben Messaud ben Ameur gives little indication of his unlordly appearance. He complained on several occasions of an ill stomach and we dosed him successfully, which gave him great faith in our abilities as medicine men. When he asked for an eye lotion for his sore eyes, neither he nor some of the nomads at the well where we were camping at the time were content until the concoction was so strong that their eyes stung when it was applied. Permanganate of potash and sticking plaster were their constant demand for the slightest scratch. The simple Tuareg, on the other hand, hygienically medicates his wounds with camel dung. The saliva of a Tuareg has also great healing properties on the wounds of camels.

South of Fort Flatters we came into that part of the Sahara where the Tuaregs are the dominating race. Tall, slim, with brown eyes and jet eyelashes, they have the olive complexion of an Italian, though their beauty of physique far surpasses the European in its sleekness, perfect modelling of features, hands, and feet, and the rhythm of all their movements is undeniable in its suppleness and beauty. Their pride in their race surpasses the pride of the Arabs, and although, with their dark veils drawn down over their eyebrows and up over their noses, they give one a feeling of suspicion and apprehension as their bright eyes gleam at one through the slit in their veils, yet, on firmer acquaintance, one can feel that their intelligence, which shows itself much in the delicate shape of their neatly formed hands, is even greater than the intelligence of the Arabs, though it is far quieter. Their intelligence and reserve lead them, too, to say one thing, while their hearts often mean another, and it is thus difficult to know exactly where one is when dealing with the Tuaregs, should one meet an objectionable type.

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Once we were trying to hire camels from a Tuareg chief north of the Ahaggar. He obviously had a good idea of how to extract money from strangers, and when we foolishly broke into threats in an attempt to secure the camels at a good price, we met counter-threats from the wicked old chief, who had grasped in an instant our shaky situation, quite alone in the desert. In the end we were forced to produce the money he demanded in order to rid ourselves of his pestering presence. His twenty-four-year-old son served as guide to us during the following fortnight, and he was as wicked as his father, though weak, with the result that we had many rows with the unfortunate fellow.

His favourite trick, if he desired to stop when we came to pasturage, was to say that beyond that point there was no more pasturage for many hours. If this appeared from the type of country to be true we would submit, but many were the occasions when, the following morning, we would point severely to pasturage hardly an hour on the route. Most of our severities with him were only outward, for after all it is quite amusing to reprimand people when they know you know they know that they are wrong.

It is to the credit of the Tuareg that he has a mental liaison with camels, which enables him to deal far more satisfactorily with the beasts than the Arab, who tends far too much to beat the animal recklessly and cruelly. The camel of a Tuareg is a real friend of his master, and understands the slightest touch, though naturally moods of stupidity attack both rider and beast upon occasions.

Camels are indescribable beasts, but we liked their curious ways. It is very pleasant to dig one's bare toes into the soft curve of the camel's neck, and to dig them in harder, and with jerks, in order to make him trot. The hook of a camel's head from the saddle

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is quite unique, and the rhythm of his movement is undeniable. When they become ill or overheated the guides bleed the beasts, preferably at a well, cutting slits in their nostrils.

We found many remains of fossilised trees and broken ostrich eggs in areas that are now completely barren, and in several flat areas the whole desert for leagues was covered with pebbles that are the sand-worn fossils of ancient trees. The clouds of the Sahara are extremely high. Alto-cumulus clouds, which predominate in the Sahara during the summer months, are found at an average height of about 35,000 ft., while their average height in Europe seldom exceeds 20,000 ft. On one occasion we were interested to see a type of cloud slightly similar both to cirro-cumulus and to alto-cumulus, except that it had the very definite appearance of being formed of huge vertical tubes of "cloud stuff," very high in the sky, and when we heard of Dr. Piccard's ascent upon our arrival in Kano, we speculated on the remote possibility that these clouds might be thus formed by the vertical columns of air that are found in the stratosphere. The weather of the Sahara is unique, and the University of Algiers is making a close study of it, with remarkable results, so that year by year the great desert is losing its reputation of terror, thirst, and the unknown.

HARNESSING A RIVER

THE work of heightening the Aswan Dam for the second time is now approaching completion and will be finished by October 1933. The extra thirty feet that have been added to the wall of the dam will more than double the storage capacity of the reservoir.

HARNESsing A RIVER

When the Nile flood has run through this autumn and the sluices are closed so that the reservoir may be filled, the level of the river above the dam will be raised all the way back to the Second Cataract, a distance of well over 200 miles, and more than 5,000,000,000 tons of water will be impounded, to be used during the following seven or eight months to supplement the natural flow of the Nile.

The original dam was noted even by the serious Baedeker as one of the wonders of the world. Now, after its second heightening, it is more impressive than ever. The drop from the top of the dam to water level below it is roughly 120 ft. When one stands on the wall of the lock at the western end, the mile-long sweep of masonry, disappearing into the green on the farther bank and broken every 100 yards or so by the white plume of the water as it gushes from an open sluice, is a magnificent spectacle. The water released is churned again to foam by a score of rocky islets with which the bed of the river below the dam is sown. To turn from the contemplation of the great still mirror of the reservoir above and behind the wall to the scene of turmoil below is to receive wonderfully contrasted impressions of calm and storm.

Messrs. Topham, Jones, and Railton, the firm which has completed the heightening, are very proud of the way in which the work has been carried out. They took over from their predecessors, who had had to give up when not more than 2 per cent of the permanent work had been finished, in February 1931, so that it can be said that the work has been done in three years. This is a good record when it is remembered that the original dam took four years to complete and the first heightening five. For in the present case the actual heightening was the smallest part of the work. What has taken the greatest time and labour and most taxed the ingenuity of the construc-

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tional engineers has been the buttressing. Buttresses to the number of 238 had to be built to withstand the greater weight of water to be contained in the dam. Hence it is that the actual area of masonry laid in the present contract is four-fifths of that in the original dam.

These buttresses consist of a ferro-concrete core, cased in granite. The foundations of the greater number of them had to be laid in the bed of the river. In preparing the bed blasting could not be employed for fear of unsettling the original foundations. Accordingly, every cubic metre of rock had to be taken out by hand, with pneumatic drills. Another detail which surprises the layman is that the buttresses are not built into the wall of the dam, but simply lean against it in order to allow for expansion and contraction of the material. Each buttress rests against a plate of stainless steel, which is riveted to the face of the dam. The area covered by each plate—an average of nearly 100 square yards per buttress—had to be dressed smooth by masons working in cradles slung from the top of the dam.

All this had to be done before the buttresses could be built. When it is remembered that work in the river-bed can only be undertaken normally from January to July, after the flood has gone down, it will be understood that the task of building up the actual wall of the dam to the required height was a simple matter compared with the rest. Operations were begun early in 1931 by drying out one half of the foundations. A wall of sandbags and rubble was built round them in the river-bed and the enclosure was then pumped out. This is known as "sudding." The pneumatic drills got to work in the sudded area, and in the following months, with the gangs working at full pressure, the foundations of 90 buttresses were sunk in the rock. Fortunately the flood was late that

HARNESSING A RIVER

year, and by the time the "sudd" had to be abandoned to the waters the buttresses had been built high enough to be out of reach of damage. The same thing was repeated in the other half of the river-bed in the following year.

Meanwhile work had been begun on the actual heightening. A gantry carried on steel staging was built out along the top of the old dam at the height to which the wall was to be raised, and the spaces between the staging were then filled in with blocks of masonry supplied from travelling cranes working on the gantry overhead, till the top of the dam presented the appearance of an enormous battlemented wall. Four months were allowed for the masonry to dry, and then the staging between the blocks was removed, and the open spaces between were filled in with stone in their turn, making the wall continuous. The months to come will see the last of these blocks filled in and the completion of the buttresses at the eastern end of the dam, the last half-mile of which is built on dry land.

To complete a gigantic work of this description to time calls for organisation of the highest order. More than 6000 men are employed at Aswan, and the correct co-ordination of their work is no light problem. Take the supply of stone. The dressed granite is drawn from five different quarries in the neighbourhood. Each block is cut to a particular shape and size according to the position which it is to take in the structure. There are scores of different types of block. To ensure that the right type of block arrives in the right numbers at the right place and at the right time is a task comparable to that of supplying a division of infantry with all the hundred things which it needs for trench-warfare, and entails a railway system of some thirty miles of track, although the farthest quarries are only two miles away.

IN FOREIGN LANDS

The heightening will have cost the Egyptian Government £2,600,000, exclusive of the compensation to be paid to the Nubian fellaheen who will have to leave their lands owing to the rise in the level of the Nile above the dam. This is a problem which is causing the Cairo Government some anxiety. There are between 60,000 and 70,000 families to be accommodated, and so far they are far from satisfied with the terms offered them. For Egypt as a whole, however, the additional supply of water provided by the enlargement of the reservoir is a matter of vital importance. Egypt is compelled to be constantly seeking means to provide for a fast-increasing population. Industry may absorb a small fraction of it, but the greater part will always have to find its sustenance on the land. The area of cultivable land in the Nile valley is limited, so that beyond seeking to develop such areas as still lie waste the Government must devote its attention to making the land at present cultivated more productive. For this purpose water is the first essential. The fresh store of water from the Aswan reservoir will help to fructify land in all parts of Egypt. In particular it will make it possible to give perennial irrigation to some 200,000 feddans of land which at present only receive the flood water ; this means that the cultivators will be able to raise two or three crops yearly instead of only one. Further, it will serve to extend the cultivation of rice, which is a valuable crop for export, in the Delta provinces.

OIL FROM MOSUL

THE Iraq Petroleum Company has just begun * the construction of a pipe-line to bring oil from the Mosul

* 1932.

OIL FROM MOSUL

oilfield to the Mediterranean. This is one of the most important projects of its kind which have yet been undertaken. It involves laying heavy steel pipes over a distance of nearly 1200 miles, a great part of which lies in rocky and waterless desert.

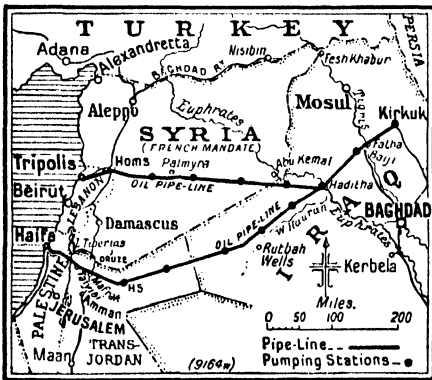
A little imagination is required to realise what this means. The pipes, each of which weighs nearly a ton, have to be hauled by motor-transport to wherever they have to be laid. When engineers are constructing a road they follow the easiest gradients and avoid inconvenient obstacles. Not so the constructors of a pipe-line. They have to work straight forward. Consequently the tractors which haul the pipes have to go up hill and down dale, over rocks and into deep nullahs, following a line drawn on a map. Every ten yards they have to stop and drop a pipe, and when their load is finished they have to go back over the same road and fetch another. With every trip their journey lengthens, until they may be plying backwards and forwards over more than 100 miles of desert between the base-camp and pipe-head.

When the pipes are strung, gangs of men dig a trench in which to bury them. Digging a trench through solid rock or loose boulders is no easy job. It calls for explosives and pneumatic drills. Then come the welding gangs, which join the pipes together and lay them in the trench. They need electrical plant and cranes to handle the pipes. All this plant is not stationary, but constantly shifting over difficult ground. The gangs of men need stores and water, the tractors need petrol, oil, and spare parts, and all this in the heart of a desert. About 120,000 tons of pipe have to be moved under these conditions, and a preliminary to it is the laying of 1000 miles of light telephone over the track to be followed, so that the working parties can always be in communication with their headquarters. Already there are 6000 men at

IN FOREIGN LANDS

work. By the middle of next year there will be 20,000. Ten million pounds is spoken of as the probable cost.

The establishment of the company's organisation for the task has caused some stir in the Middle East. At Baghdad, as well as at Haifa and Tripolis, the two Mediterranean termini of the line, people are speculating on what this enterprise will mean—what wealth it will bring to these ports, and how far the barren country which the line traverses will be opened up



for the future. The Arabs whose territory it touches must be wondering, too ; but they keep their thoughts to themselves. For the present they are clearly satisfied that it brings them work and money.

The line starts from near Kirkuk in the oil-field and runs south-west to the Tigris, crossing that river at Fatha, not far from Baiji, the railhead of the Tigris railway. Thence it continues to Haditha on the Euphrates. Here the line divides, and the northern or French fork runs almost due west into Syrian territory to end at Tripolis, while the southern or

OIL FROM MOSUL

British fork continues south-westward into Transjordan until about 37° E., where it turns north-eastward. It crosses the Jordan about twenty miles south of Lake Tiberias and reaches the sea near Haifa.

Work has been begun simultaneously from four bases—from Kirkuk, from Fatha on the Tigris, using the Tigris railway, from Mafrak in Transjordan on the Hejaz railway, and from Tripolis. The first two gangs are working westward. When the Kirkuk gang reaches the Tigris it is to leap-frog over the Fatha gang and continue along the northern fork until it joins hands with the party working from Tripolis. Meanwhile the Fatha gang will continue along the southern fork until it meets the Mafrak party.

On a recent visit to the Mafrak camp I found the work going ahead steadily. The camp lies in the middle of a great plateau as flat as a table-top. To the north are the blue ranges of the Jebel Druze ; to the north-west—a good eighty miles away—the snow-capped ridge of Hermon, but to the east the plain seems to stretch indefinitely. There is nothing to break the skyline but a string of camels making their way down to the Hejaz, or a distant trail of dust showing where one of the company's tractors is ploughing its way out to pipe-head with its load of pipes. A few months ago Mafrak was nothing but a spot on the map and a railway station, but now there is a great compound full of huts, offices, stores, and motor repair-shops, and all that is required to maintain a population of several hundred men. From it the pipes and the telephone line stretch east and west side by side.

Just beyond the horizon to the east begins the lava-belt, the most difficult area which the line has to traverse. For more than 100 miles the plain is formed from the ejections of an extinct volcano, which appear in places as solid basalt, in others as loose boulders

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of all sizes up to a cubic yard. Even when a rough track has been cleared the surface is a merciless test for wheeled vehicles, something like what a fresh patch of road metal, unground by the steam-roller, represents for a bicycle.

Over this the ten-wheel Scammell tractors with their immense balloon tires bump their way slowly day after day, carrying their ten tons of pipes, clouds of fine lava dust eddying from under the wheels at every lurch and smothering the eyes, noses, and ears of their crews. The pipes are now strung well half-way through this area, and a water-line has also been laid for about thirty miles to supply the pumping station H.5, which will be situated in the middle of the belt. This will be the last of the pumping stations on the southern fork, and will send the oil on its final stage across the Jordan valley and to the sea.

Westward from Mafrak cultivation soon begins and the line runs over rolling country which produces the best wheat in Transjordan. Following the string of pipes, one comes upon a crowd of Arab villagers gazing in awe at an immense machine, driven by a brawny American, which churns along at about a mile an hour, leaving a trench three feet deep in its wake. Its work has to be supplemented by gangs of men with pneumatic drills and explosives to deal with the solid rock. After them come the welding gangs, which, with the help of a varied apparatus of cranes on caterpillar wheels and welding plant fed from equally mobile generating units, join the ton-weight pipes together in sections of five or six at a time and lower them into the trench.

Trenching and welding gangs both work from a big canvas camp situated at Taiyibi, where the plateau begins to break away into the valley of the Jordan. Here are gathered together a hard-bitten band of men, British and American specialists accus-

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tomed to coping with waste places and gangs of native labour in the remotest corners of the earth. They are a race apart, intent on their work and apparently indifferent to their surroundings, true sons of Martha. Presently, when they have welded and earthed their pipe over a section of thirty miles or so, they will strike their camp and move on to another pitch farther on in the desert as unconcernedly as if they were laying a water main in a London suburb.

AN EMPTY LAND

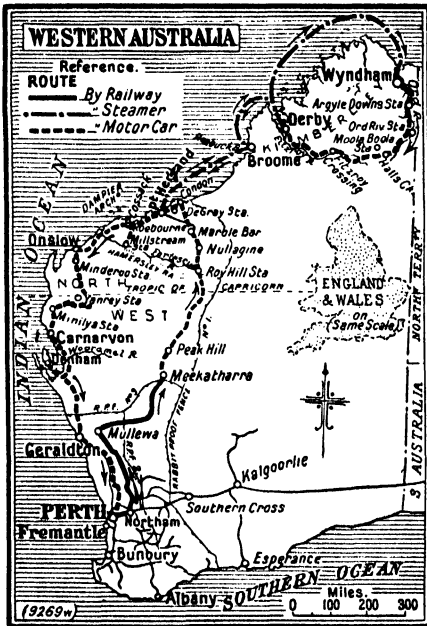
By SIR JOHN KIRWAN

RECENTLY, on the invitation of the Minister for Lands of Western Australia, the Hon. C. G. Latham, I joined him and a small party in a journey through the North-West and Northern areas of the State. The purpose of our tour was to get first-hand information for the Government, more particularly on the pastoral industry. We journeyed from Perth to Meekatharra, 600 miles by railway ; and during the eight weeks following we motored 3537 miles—mostly over little-frequented bush tracks. In addition, the party made two voyages of some 900 miles in all along the Western Australian coast.

On leaving Meekatharra, a gold mining centre, we travelled northwards, visiting sheep stations and passing through the auriferous areas of Peak Hill, Nullagine, and Marble Bar to Port Hedland. From there we voyaged in the mail steamer *Koolinda*, calling at various ports, including Broome, with its pearling industry. At Wyndham, the most northerly port of Western Australia, we left the steamer and inspected the Government freezing works. Then we motored

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up the picturesque valley of the Ord River and stayed at cattle stations belonging to the Duracks, a well-known northern pioneering family. Crossing the border into the Northern Territory, we called at



Newry, another Durack station, where de Rougemont, who was a cook and known as Grien, acquired much of the information which he afterwards used in his somewhat fantastic account of adventures in Northern Australia. Recrossing the border we continued up the

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valley of the Ord, travelled over the Antrim Plateau to Hall's Creek, the centre of the 1886 gold rush, and to Moola Boola, a Government cattle station, run mainly by aborigines for the benefit of aborigines; thence westward down the valley of the Fitzroy river to Derby, the chief live cattle export port of the State. Next we voyaged southward by steamer to Port Hedland, and there, again taking to the road, followed the coastal route southward to Geraldton and back to Perth.

The area we traversed is more than five times as large as the British Isles. Yet in the North-West and the equally fascinating North there are not 7000 Europeans, and the only other inhabitants are a few thousand nomadic aboriginal tribesmen. It is a vast lone land, unknown even to 95 per cent. of the residents of Western Australia. Many days we motored hundreds of miles without meeting anybody. People at cattle and sheep stations and in the small centres of population were of a healthy type. There were men and women over seventy years of age who had spent practically all their lives in Northern Australia and remained as full of vigour as the inhabitants of much colder parts of the world. It is not easy to generalise about the climate of so vast an area. In the southern part known as the North-West the average annual rainfall is not more than 10 in., but there is an abundance of shallow well water. In the East and West Kimberleys the rainfall averages yearly from 20 in. to 40 in., and in some parts is over 60 in. At Marble Bar, whose residents boast that theirs is the hottest place in Australia and are indignant with anybody who doubts, the atmosphere is dry and the thermometer has been known to rise to 125° in the shade; though the average summer shade temperature is 110°. Cricket and tennis are played, and the people are pictures of good health.

IN FOREIGN LANDS

In our journeyings we crossed some twenty rivers. They carry away flood waters during the rainy season, when they often come down many miles wide, but at other times are merely dry beds with chains of water holes, very deep and miles long. The whole of the country rises gradually from the coast to a height of between 1000 ft. and 2000 ft., increasing in places to 3000 ft. It is an empty country of rich resources, awaiting settlement, one of the last of the world's spaces to be filled.

The vegetation differs but little from that of the temperate southern parts of Australia. There is an extensive succession of prairie lands with grasses of high feeding value. Perhaps the most remarkable of the indigenous trees of the North is the giant bottle tree which Dampier is supposed to have had in mind when he wrote in his diary of dragon trees. The bottle or trunk is about 30 ft. or 40 ft. high and of huge girth. The branches go out from the neck of the bottle like strange, twisted arms. When the trunks are hollow they are often used as camps during wet weather, and one not far from Wyndham has served as a prison for aborigines.

These regions of Western Australia are capable of producing not only wool and mutton and beef in great quantities, but also practically all the products of sub-tropical and tropical countries. At various places we saw heavily bearing date palms and flourishing pea-nut crops. At Carnarvon we found profitable banana and pineapple plantations. Many station gardens had remarkably varied supplies, including grapes and all kinds of vegetables. At Wooramel station, near Carnarvon, was an immense orange tree, yellow with delicious fruit; an expert who was present estimated that the tree was then bearing 3000 oranges.

Perhaps the most tropical feature of the country

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we passed through is the bird life and the extraordinary brilliancy of plumage. Parrots, parrakeets, cockatoos, galaras, ibis, native companions, black swans, Java sparrows, finches, pigeons, ducks, geese, and water hens abound. At a remote homestead we met a benevolent-looking white woman cook who cultivates the friendship of wild birds and seemed to have an amazing influence over them. In her kitchen and quarters were numerous birds that flew in and out and made themselves quite at home. If called, some of them came and nestled between her shoulders and neck ; others rested on her head and hands. They did not object to being handled by her though they kept well out of the reach of other people. When she goes away from the district for a holiday, her successor cannot make friends with the birds. They fly to the door, see a stranger, and then go to neighbouring trees where they sit and mope. As we drove along we continually saw the native turkey, with its protective colouring, stately walk, and low, heavy flight. It is feared that this beautiful bird will ultimately be exterminated by foxes. Kangaroos are a nuisance on three or four stations, where they are as numerous as sheep. They eat grass closer to the roots than sheep and lessen the carrying capacity of the ground. At Bonnie Downs station, near Port Hedland, we were told that 10,000 kangaroos had been destroyed the previous year.

We had travelled only a few miles from Meekatharra when a proud mother emu with eleven half-grown young birds crossed the road in front of our car. Later we saw hundreds. Towards the end of last year emus invaded the wheat belt in the southern part of Western Australia and did damage by trampling down crops of ripening corn. Gunners with machine-guns were sent by the Defence Department to mow them down. The birds soon realised the danger and

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kept well out of the way. Their total losses were but a couple of hundred.

At more than one station homestead peacocks that had gone wild were to be seen in the neighbouring bush trees. At Millstream the party had at dinner an excellent peacock. At Nullagine wild camels were a source of trouble. One afternoon on the De Grey we shot eleven wild pigs. We saw wild horses and wild goats, and heard of wild donkeys and wild unbranded cattle. The immense spaces give ample scope for all these animals to live and roam.

Most of the old-established pastoralists have well-built, roomy homes excellently furnished and lighted and provided with ample means for keeping food cool. Wireless keeps them in touch with the outside world, and few stations are without aeroplane landing grounds. There is a subsidised air service between Perth and northern centres. Motor-cars also have done much to shorten distances and lessen the isolation of dwellers out-back. At Nullagine we found that of the seven members of the Nullagine Roads Board one lives at Nullagine, where the board meets, while the other six have to travel by motor-car an average distance of 142 miles. One of them motors 320 miles for a meeting.

The coastal waters through which we sailed abound with fish. To the south is whaling. Specially valuable is the dugong or sea pig, which is speared from boats. A curious fish called the sail fish, which is some seven or eight feet long, raises in calm weather a fin that looks like a sail, and when lowered fits into a kind of socket.

The sea in the vicinity of Broome is remarkably beautiful. It is a pale grey-blue ; sometimes a sort of jade, then turquoise ; in places there are vivid opalescent tints. The water is always clear. Some say that this exquisite colouring is responsible for the

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rare lustre of the pearls and pearl shells of Broome. We heard there much about pearling, its romance and picturesqueness. A buyer who was a native of Ceylon showed us his collection of white translucent pearls of all kinds. Size, colour, shape, and lustre were discussed with references to "perfect skin" and fine "orient." There was a single pearl about the size of a pea that was valued at £800; it had a subdued iridescent sheen. "The Star of the West," a drop-shaped gem the size of a sparrow's egg, was found at Broome in 1917, and was sold for £14,000.

But the most famous pearl that came from the locality is "The Southern Cross," a baroque consisting of nine separate pearls grouped in the form of a cross $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. It was found by an aborigine who was dry-shelling—that is, getting shells on the beach at low tide. He sold it to a youth for a plug of tobacco. The youth's father sold it for £13 to a man who disposed of it for £70. Later it changed hands for £150. Many thousands sterling were then paid for it, and to-day it is supposed to be at the Vatican.

We were told of a man in a lugger who, when opening a shell, found a large drop pearl. In his excitement he exultantly held it up between his fingers for a man in a passing lugger to see. The pearl slipped out of his hand and fell into twenty fathoms of water. A buoy was dropped, a diver sent down, and the diver on his first visit to the bottom was fortunate enough to find the pearl. It was sold for £4000. Numbers of pearls found are never reported. Many are stolen. It is only when owners of luggers are their own shell openers that they can make certain they are not robbed. Some owners are supposed to conceal pearls they find in order to avoid taxation. Book entries are rarely made of sales. It is not difficult to get rid of pearls. Buyers come from Europe with thousands

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of pounds in paper money. They don't ask how the pearls were got. The law takes every precaution. No unlicensed person may engage in pearling or the buying or selling of pearls. But the law is often evaded in so cosmopolitan a community.

Broome has been aptly described as "a corner of Asia in White Australia." Twenty-three languages are spoken. In its best days its population was between 4000 and 5000. To-day it has about 2000 people, of whom between 400 and 500 are British, and the rest Japanese, Chinese, Kopangers, Filipinos, Indians, Greeks, French, Spanish, aborigines, etc. I was told that once the population included two Eskimos. Evidently they found the climate too hot, for both died some months after their arrival. Kopangers are allowed to remain two years; other nationals as long as they are employed. The divers are Japanese, with a few Malays and Chinese.

Before the depression caused limitation of the output of pearl-shell, divers used to descend twenty to twenty-five fathoms. Now they rarely go deeper than twelve or fourteen fathoms. They no longer do much walking on the bottom, but are carried through the water in a chair under the boat. If they see shell they send up a signal. The boat is stopped and the divers pick up the shell. After a diver has signalled "up" he is raised slowly. He is "staged"—suspended in mid-water—a few times to ease the blood pressure. Thanks to the care that is taken, there has been a marked diminution in the loss of life among divers. We were assured that pearls constitute but a small percentage of the wealth of the pearling industry. As one man put it, "pearl fishing" is not done at Broome. The industry is economically organised for pearl-shell. Pearls when they are found are perquisites—gifts from the sea. The demand for pearl-shell has diminished. If the production was not carefully controlled, the

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market would be flooded and its value almost destroyed.

When motoring through the interior, we were continually reminded of the descriptions given by Captain (afterwards Sir George) Grey of his exploring experiences nearly 100 years ago in the valley of the Glenelg River in West Kimberley. To hundreds of places the following words of his would apply :—

“We halted for the night in one of these lovely valleys ; a clear stream bubbled along within about fifty yards of us. About a mile beyond, two darkly-wooded basaltic hills raised their heads and between these and the stream our ponies were feeding in grass higher than themselves. I sat in the fading light, looking at the scenery around me, which for the first time gladdened the eyes of Europeans, and I wondered that so fair a land should only be the home of savage men : wondered how long these things were to be.”

The part of the country to which Sir George Grey referred is still unoccupied ; nothing has been done to utilise it. With the “savage men” it is otherwise. A striking feature of the North-West and the North is the rapid disappearance of the natives. No coloured race is more susceptible to the evil influences of contact with civilisation. In remote parts of West Kimberley aborigines still live in a wild state and are unapproachable by Europeans, but most of the remaining natives are employed by pastoralists. They are well fed and well clothed. No one can see them without recognising the result of their generous treatment. The men are engaged in boundary riding, mustering, fencing, and ordinary work ; the women do cooking and other domestic service. In order to get their services one must maintain the whole family or tribe, including sisters, cousins, and aunts. Singularly few children are to be seen among them.

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The Government aborigine cattle station, Moola Boola, is twenty-five miles from Hall's Creek. It was established twenty years ago, and large numbers of natives live there. We spent a night as the guests of the manager and his wife. After dinner, hearing that the natives were holding a corroboree, I walked half a mile through the bush and arrived where two huge fires were burning in a small open space with trees all around. It was a weird scene. The fires were fed continually by dry leaves and bushes, causing high flames. Huge dancing shadows were cast by the light from the fires. A couple of hundred aborigines were bunched close together on the ground; they were both audience and orchestra, for they kept singing in unison a kind of chant and beating sticks together. The performance began with a burlesque on our party who had arrived on the station that morning. The performers had whitened those parts of their bodies that were not clothed, and smeared their faces with red. The leading man had a strange headgear not unlike a huge mitre. Some of his followers wore dresses in imitation of our white motor coats. Two were padded so as to have enormous paunches. In single file they walked round the audience, strutting and striking amusing attitudes. The whole programme was received with shrieks of laughter.

During the tour we saw country quite unoccupied that would provide food, clothing, and all reasonable requisites and comforts for a population as large as that of the British Isles. That it is rich in natural resources was obvious. Its mineral wealth includes gold, iron, copper, lead, asbestos, antimony, manganese, and mica. Diamonds have been found at Nullagine, though not in payable quantities. Geologists report that oil exists in the Kimberleys. In spite of the country's mining, pastoral, agricultural, and

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horticultural resources, however, the population of the North and the North-West has diminished rather than increased in recent years.

THE PEOPLES OF INDIA

By SIR WILLIAM MARRIS, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

IT has been said that the ordinary stay-at-home Englishman receives information about the races of India with much the same indifference as information about the distance from the earth to the sun. The latter makes no practical difference to him ; nor in the ordinary way does the former either. Only on rare occasions when he realises that something really important is afoot does the home-staying Englishman trouble his head much about Hindus or Moslems, Sikhs or Parsees. But the composition of a people or peoples has so important an influence on their politics that it is clearly to be desired that the main facts about India's population should be before the minds of Parliament and the electorate.

To this day the record of history is written more clearly upon the surface of India than on that of Europe. To a great extent both regions had the same experience. Waves of humanity rolled into them from outside, and earlier inhabitants of whom little is known were swept before them from the places where life was easier into the places where life was harder, from the plains and river-basins into the forests and hills. After one wave followed another, and as a rule the last wave overswept the one before it. But whereas in Europe invaders and invaded intermarried and brought about a great intermixture of blood which eventually resulted in a common civilisa-

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tion stretching over a great part of the continent, something very different occurred in India.

The invaders of India were of whiter skin than the peoples whom they encountered and felt themselves to belong to a higher scale of civilisation. Their religion, as we gather from the earliest surviving ritual hymns, was a worship of the powers of Nature conceived of as great gods of Air and Sun and Storm ; in striking contrast with the animism of the earlier peoples, who did obeisance to trees and stones and snakes. Because the invaders were relatively few, and brought few women with them, they necessarily took to themselves mates from the darker people. But the mating impulse was checked and regulated by pride of blood. The incomers sought to keep their own stock as pure as possible. There were developed innumerable degrees of blood mixture, but out of the strong resolve not to let all these be blended in a common half-colour, it became the rule that a member of each should associate and marry only within his own degree. Within certain degree-limits a man might mate with a lower woman, but no woman might take a lower mate. The invaders would take women from the inferior race, but would not give women to it. They behaved, in fact, much as white races have since behaved in contact with a lower civilisation. Such, briefly stated, is generally believed to have been the origin of caste, that rigid demarcation of human beings into dissociated strata which characterises the Hindu world and has the sanction of its religion.

Traditionally there were four great castes—the priests, warriors, merchants, and working men. The first three were the “ twice-born ” castes. They alone were admitted to the sacrifices and the reading of the holy texts. The fourth class, the Sudras, existed to serve the other three. To-day castes are to be

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reckoned by the hundred and identifiable minor castes by the thousand. Caste remains as strongly as ever a matter of birth. A man is born to honour as a Brahman or to dishonour as a sweeper ; the worst of Brahmans cannot lose his sanctity and the noblest of sweepers cannot break his birth's invidious bar, except by going right outside the pale of his religion.

To a great extent occupation is still determined by a man's caste, though various causes, such as education and travel and the development of industry and the desire for Government service, have blurred the boundary lines. The connection remains so close that some writers have been disposed to look for the origin of caste in community of occupation and to ascribe the form which it eventually took to the Brahmans' exaltation of the priestly office, which they themselves held. This theory implies that the rules against inter-marriage and the like were a purely artificial accretion invented by the Brahmans ; but it seems difficult to believe that an industrial guild would, of its own free will, absolutely close the door against marriage beyond its pale ; or that such guilds would readily submit to a code obviously framed in the priestly interest. It seems necessary to look for some more potently compelling force, such as is provided by the determination to resist the blending of blood.

Some of the more important communities like the Rajputs, the Mahrattas, and the Jats seem to be organised rather on tribal lines than those of caste as commonly understood. There is a communion of membership which transcends tribal divisions. It is possible that the two last-named peoples were comparatively late-comers into India who never fell completely into the caste organisation.

Each caste enforces its own rules by means of committees called *panchayets*. A caste man who breaks the rules by engaging in a degrading occupation, or

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eating improper food, or marrying beyond the pale, is arraigned before the caste tribunal. He may get off by paying a fine or standing a dinner. But for major offences he will be outcaste, and then none of his own caste-fellows will have anything to do with him ; nor can he get access to the temples, nor service from any of the other workers, the barber, the cobbler, the washerman, on whom he depends for necessary offices. To places where there is a demand for wives, girls of humble caste are sometimes brought by dishonest brokers, who dispose of them at a profit by representing them as of higher caste than they are. This practice may suggest the question why a low-caste man doomed to a degrading trade should not likewise go off to some place where he was unknown and give himself out as of a high caste. The answer is that unknown strangers are always objects of suspicion in India ; and that before he was accepted he would be put through tests under which he would break down for sheer lack of knowledge of the society which he sought to enter.

There is little difficulty about the precedence of the major castes. Always the Brahman comes first, and then the modern representatives of the three " twice born " communities. Below them there would be no general agreement as to the sequence. Some Sudras are " clean " ; others, though not clean, are yet not thought of as polluted. Below these, again, are a descending series of " Untouchables." In the South, where Brahmanism is strongest, the degree of pollution with which the various kinds of pariah are invested is measured by the distance within which they may not approach a Brahman.

The depressed classes are reckoned to number from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000. They used to be thought of as definitely beyond the pale of Hinduism. Their position is more ambiguous nowadays, when growing

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tension between Hindus and Moslems makes it important to each community to increase its numerical strength. But if the outcasts are to be reckoned as Hindus it is only just and proper that Hinduism should treat them better. Logic and expediency alike tend to reinforce the efforts already being made by the more generous-minded of the caste leaders to show more consideration to those beyond the pale. The movement has long figured on political programmes ; it is now actually gaining strength ; but it still has great difficulties to overcome in the shape of orthodox conservatism.

Every Englishman naturally dislikes the oppressive rigidity of caste, especially in relation to the pariahs, and is, perhaps, inclined to blame it for evils like infant marriage and the treatment of widows, for which it is only indirectly responsible. He sees caste, also, as a grave impediment to the growth of the sense of nationality, because of the way in which it contracts the radius of sympathy. On the other hand, caste must be held to have had good results as well as evil. Some observers think that caste has preserved Hindu society through many stormy centuries in a way which nothing else could have done. And it is certain that, within the narrow range of its operation, caste has the power of tightening men's sympathies and maintaining traditional morality and promoting common action. How far or fast caste is likely to decay in future it is hard to say. Reform movements in Hinduism, education, and freer travel tend slowly to erode it : and it may be that the growing desire to achieve national status will come in powerfully to reinforce these causes.

Caste, however, does not provide the only lines of division within the Hindu world. There are the reforming movements of the Brahmo Samaj and the Arya Samaj. The former, with its rejection of caste

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and the purdah system, has never laid hold of the masses, though it makes a certain appeal to quiet-minded people in Bengal. The Arya Samaj is much more widespread and militant. It professes to go back to the Vedas and to find in them authority for social and religious reform. It condemns idol-worship and the grosser ceremonial of Hinduism, but by condoning caste and maintaining the sanctity of the cow it compromises with popular ideas. It is strongly national and opposed to Christianity.

Sikhs, Buddhists, and Jains form communities which derive from Hinduism, though now distinct from it. The Sikhs, who number 3,250,000, began as a reforming set within Hinduism, but the Moslem rulers persecuted them relentlessly and they drew together into a separate semi-military community which for a time attained an empire. To this day the Sikhs, who are mainly found in the Punjab, insist so far on their separate entity as to demand separate representation in the Legislatures.

Buddhism, the outcome of the teaching of one of the great religious leaders of the world, is very strong in Burma, where its adherents number 11,000,000, but elsewhere in India it has been almost wholly ousted by the Brahmanic revival. The Jains, who have much in common with Buddhism but stand nearer to ordinary Hinduism, number only about 1,000,000.

Numerically stronger even than the Sikhs are the Indian Christians, who number 4,000,000. Their main strength is in the South of India, and in the main they or their ancestors were low-caste people or out-castes who welcomed the prospect of a kindlier life. The Parsees, numbering only 101,000, are an immigrant people from Persia, mainly settled in and about Bombay.

In sharp contrast to the more than 200,000,000 who

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are within the Hindu pale or below it, or owning affinity with it, stands the great minority community of India, the 70,000,000 people who profess Islam. Islam is a Semitic religion, brought by Semitic and Mongol invaders into India with them. Hinduism is capable of the utmost varieties ; it has no code ; it is aristocratic in outlook and separatist in tendency. Islam, on the other hand, is clear-cut, uncompromising, democratic ; the religion of a personal teacher, a book and a code. It teaches that there is one God, Who is not to be worshipped in effigy or even in symbols. It has no place for caste and regards all men of the true religion as equal.

Between faiths so fundamentally opposed there is no ground in common. To the Moslem popular Hinduism seems wicked idol-worship ; and there are times when the blowing of Hindu conches within his hearing at prayer time or even in the vicinity of a mosque sounds like an insult to his Deity. To the Hindu the Moslem is at best a stranger ; while at the worst he is an offender against the dearest ideas of Hinduism because he kills cows for sacrifice and for food. But poles asunder as they are in their religious ideas, Hindus and Moslems often get on quite well together, and even assist at each other's festivals. That the two communities have fallen much farther apart in feeling during the past few years is the conclusion formed by most competent observers, and is, indeed, generally admitted by far-seeing men on either side. But the present tension is not wholly nor solely of religious origin, though religion intensifies ill-feeling produced by other causes, such as bitter memories of the past or economic struggles in the present. And probably the main cause which has hardened and exacerbated feeling recently on either side is apprehension about the political future. If the strong and indifferent outsider in the person of the British official

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in India who has hitherto kept the peace is not going to do so in future, or even if there is any doubt whether he is going to do so, either side feels that it must spare no effort to secure its own position in the future. The very approach towards self-government is evoking some forces which tend to retard it.

To complete the enumeration of India's peoples, mention must be made of the aboriginal and half-civilised tribes, for the most part dwelling in the hills and forests, who have hitherto been generally classed as animists, though the last Census Report discards the term as inaccurate. There are some ten millions of these primitive people ; and it probably is as true to say of them in 1929 as was said in 1918, that they are so ignorant and depressed as to be unfitted for absorption into any scheme of government on an electoral basis.

THE CONQUEST OF KAMET

By F. S. SMYTHE

THE Kamet Expedition had two main objects, the ascent of Kamet (25,447 ft.), one of the greatest peaks in the Central Himalaya and the second highest in the British Empire, and the exploration and crossing of the Badrinath range, which forms the watershed of the Alaknanda and Gangotri rivers, the two parent tributaries of the sacred Ganges.

The decision to attempt the ascent of Kamet was made for two main reasons. First, it was the highest peak in the Himalaya accessible politically which afforded a reasonable chance of success, for, after it had been attempted or prospected previously by nine expeditions, Mr. Meade's expedition in 1913 had dis-

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covered a practicable route to within 2000 ft. of the summit, and had only been forced to retreat when victory was almost within grasp. Secondly, it was hoped that the expedition would result in a nucleus of young mountaineers experienced in high altitude mountaineering available for another attack on Everest, should political permission to enter Tibet be forthcoming within the next few years. Subsidiary objects of the expedition were topographical, physiological, and botanical work, and the bringing back of a photographic and cinematographic record.

The technique of high altitude mountaineering has passed through two distinct stages. Before the war little was known of the effects of a lack of oxygen on the human body. It was considered impossible for man to adapt himself to heights as great as Kamet, and even doubtful if life could be sustained at all in an atmosphere so thin that the pulse rate and respiration are increased several times above the normal. If peaks were to be climbed they must be rushed from low altitudes before bodily deterioration had time to set in. It was actually found possible to rush peaks as high as 23,000 ft. The ascent of Trisul by Dr. Longstaff, when he climbed from a camp of about 17,000 ft. to the summit in a day, is a striking example of successful rush tactics.

But such a method, when directed at a peak as high as Kamet, must inevitably fail. As Colonel Norton wrote :—

“The effects of altitude only begin to be really serious over 24,000 ft. Thus the effort required to climb from 24,000 ft. to 25,000 ft. is greater than the effort required to climb from, say, 21,000 ft. to 24,000 ft. in one day. Over 24,000 ft. the climber is made to realise that he is approaching the limit of his endurance. Mr. Meade told me that it was exhaustion due

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to rush tactics that was responsible for his defeat on Kamet."

Dr. Kellas was one of the first to realise the fallacy of rush tactics and the importance of advancing slowly from camp to camp and not continuing to the next camp until acclimatised. His attempt on Kamet in 1921 was an example of the efficacy of this method, for, by taking three weeks from his base camp and advancing stage by stage he was able to reach Meade's Col, 23,500 ft., without physical distress. Only various adverse circumstances and not altitude sickness prevented him from advancing farther.

The three Everest expeditions of 1921, 1922, and 1924 proved up to the hilt that only by employing prolonged siege tactics can the higher summits of the Himalaya be attained. Had either the 1922 or 1924 expeditions been able to acclimatise themselves for longer they would probably have climbed the mountain. As it was, some of the strongest climbers were only acclimatised fully when it was too late. The next Everest expedition, by establishing comfortable quarters and acclimatising itself before or during the monsoon season while pushing up equipment and stores, and by establishing camps deliberately, will, given average weather, stand a good chance of climbing Everest during the fine weather at the end of the monsoon.

As against this capacity of the body to adapt itself to altitude must be set a deterioration characterised by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and partial mental anaesthesia. A certain amount of deterioration at altitudes over 20,000-23,000 ft. is inevitable, but how much deterioration in the past has been due to altitude and how much to incipient scurvy from the lack of vitamin C—*i.e.* fresh fruit and vegetables—is by no means certain. This important point will be discussed later.

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Thus the problem for the Himalayan mountaineer is to hit the happy medium between acclimatisation and deterioration. Obviously this is no easy matter when every member of a party reacts differently to altitude, while weather conditions and other unforeseen difficulties are liable to upset the most carefully laid plans. It is essential, therefore, when attacking one of the greater Himalayan peaks, to do so with a party large enough to allow for two or more separate attempts and for acclimatisation lag among some of its members. A party of six climbers proved ample for Kamet, but it would be folly to attempt Everest with fewer than eight climbers.

We were able to plan our attack on Kamet armed with invaluable knowledge accumulated by former expeditions. The plan was to besiege the mountain, advancing by stages from camp to camp with halts for acclimatisation. Siege tactics have, however, the disadvantage of necessitating elaborate preparations. Every detail must be gone into. The defeat of the Kellas expedition to Kamet in 1921 shows how small a fault may wreck an expedition. One of the principal reasons for the retreat from Meade's Col, 23,500 ft., was the failure of the paraffin primus stove to vaporise over 20,000 ft., so that the members of the party were unable to cook for themselves or their coolies. Another disadvantage of siege tactics is the weather, which can scarcely be expected to remain fine over a long period of time. As events proved, we were exceptionally fortunate in this respect ; but preparations had to be made, nevertheless, for bad weather, and we set out from our base camp prepared for a six weeks' or two months' siege.

Another question which had to be carefully considered was the best season in which to attempt Kamet. Here the experiences of former parties were of little value, for Central Himalaya weather is as seasonably

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fickle as our British climate, and none can say when the finest period will occur in any given year. It is a matter of luck. We chose the pre-monsoon period, and planned to get to our base camp early in June. As the monsoon rains do not arrive at this latitude until well into July, this allowed sufficient time for the ascent. To have gone earlier would have been fatal, as bridges on the route up the Dhaoli Valley had been swept away and, most important of all, the villages from which we had to obtain food for our coolies are only repopulated by the nomadic Bhotias with their flocks and grain towards the end of May, when the melting of the snows opens the trade route over the Niti Pass into Tibet.

A Himalayan expedition is not Alpine mountaineering on a larger scale. The success of an expedition depends primarily on efficient portorage, and the actual mountaineering occupies a comparatively small portion of the total time. The expedition was fortunate in possessing in Captain Birnie a transport officer who could not only speak fluent Hindustani, but who, by virtue of his experience with hill peoples, understood the psychology of the childlike villagers dwelling in the valleys about Kamet. His work was primarily responsible for the complete absence of troubles over portorage throughout the expedition.

The main body of porters left Ranikhet on May 13th, the climbers following five days later and motoring to Baijnath. Thence the way lay for about 100 miles up and down over the foothills of the Himalaya, ridges rivalling Alpine ranges in scale. Hot malarious valleys alternated with breezy uplands. Fortunately the health of the expedition remained excellent, in spite of innumerable flies, but all water and milk had to be boiled.

Niti was reached on June 2nd. There we dismissed our Dotial porters and recruited the hardier local

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Bhotias in their stead. These proved excellent, if raw, material, and unlike many hillmen had no superstitious fears of snow or glaciers. Yaks were also employed to help to carry loads to our base camp, but these were less tractable, and frequently stampeded. We took with us comparatively little tinned meat, as we relied on buying sheep locally. In this we were not mistaken, as both domestic and wild sheep were obtainable. An essential of Himalayan travel is, however, a mincing machine.

Having established the Base Camp at 15,700 ft. two days were spent preparing for the attack on Kamet. Six local Bhotias were selected and speedily equipped for the work of helping our Darjeeling men to establish our high camps. Juniper fuel would be used for the first three camps. For the highest camps we relied on primus stoves burning a mixture of petrol and paraffin, and Meta solid fuel. Parties of men were detailed off to work between the Base Camp and Camps 1 and 2. The plan was to establish an advanced base at over 20,000 ft., provisioned and fuelled for at least a month, from which Kamet could be besieged. The climbers were to advance stage by stage, while relays of parties consolidated each camp within a day or two of its being established.

Our plan obviously depended for its success upon good weather, and in this we were fortunate. The scheme worked without a hitch, the first prolonged halt for acclimatisation being made at Camp 2 (18,600 ft.), where three days were spent before pushing on to Camp 3.

The route between Camps 1 and 2 lay up the narrow five-mile-long, trenchlike East Kamet Glacier, which is dangerously overhung by hanging glaciers. During the warm monsoon season, when the peaks discharge great ice avalanches, this route could be excessively dangerous ; but in early June the cloaking winter

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snow and sharp night frosts prevent large falls, and not once during the whole time that we were on Kamet was the route menaced.

Curiously enough, one or two of us felt at our worst at Camp 2, being afflicted with sleeplessness and headaches, symptoms which vanished at higher and lower altitudes. It would appear that there is a certain acclimatisation lag which affects some mountaineers between 17,000 ft. and 20,000 ft. Personally I feel better at 23,000 ft. than at 19,000 ft.

Camp 3 (20,600 ft.) was established with no difficulty, other than soft snow and the ascent of a steep couloir which is liable to be swept by stones. Above Camp 3 the real difficulties began, a steep 1000 ft. wall of rock and ice leading up to the site of Camp 4 (22,000 ft.). It was decided therefore to make Camp 3 the advanced base. Thanks to splendid efforts by our porters it required but a few days to convey up from the lower camps enough food and fuel for a month. Thus, already, we were in a strong besieging position and need not retreat should the weather be bad.

During the four days it took to consolidate Camp 3, the climbers were able to work out a route to Camp 4. Climbing was of first-rate Alpine difficulty, but, by dint of fixing 600 ft. of rope, a safe way was made for porters after three days of strenuous work. Having established Camp 4, we decided to divide into two parties, an advance party and a support party. Holdsworth, Shipton, and myself formed the advance party, and Beauman, Birnie, and Greene the support party, which followed a day behind the advance party.

On June 20th the advance party pushed on to Camp 5 (23,200 ft.) below Meade's Col. Altitude, very soft snow, and a burning sun made the going arduous, but save for a small ice fall the way was devoid of technical difficulties. As the weather was

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good, it was decided to make an immediate attempt on the summit. After a very cold night—during which, however, we slept well in our special double-layer eiderdown sleeping bags—we started as soon as the sun had warmed us sufficiently.

No less than eight and a half hours was occupied in climbing the 2200 ft. from Camp 5 to the summit. This was not due to acclimatisation lag, but to the bad snow conditions and the steepness of the upper part of Kamet. The north face, up which we climbed, consisted of moderately steep snow slopes to within 600 ft. of the summit. Then the angle steepened considerably and heavy step-cutting in ice was necessary. The final slope—almost a wall—of snow and ice was most exhausting, and our pace was in places about 100 ft. an hour. The summit was reached at 4.30 P.M. and the descent begun twenty minutes later. The view extended 300 miles in some directions, the Karakoram being visible.

Intense cold, probably 50° of frost, was experienced during the descent, which occupied about two and a half hours. Lewa, our sirdar, who had worked magnificently for the expedition and who was the only Darjeeling man able to reach the summit, was so severely frostbitten that he subsequently lost the top joints of most of his toes. Holdsworth was also frostbitten, and Shipton very slightly.

Two days later, on June 23rd, Birnie and Greene, with Kesar Singh, a local porter, made the second ascent, taking about the same time as the first party. They also experienced intense cold and were frostbitten.

After descending from Kamet we proceeded after a rest to carry out the second part of our programme, the exploration of the Ganges glacier system in the Badrinath range.

The range separating the Dhaoli and Alaknanda

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valleys was first of all crossed. The monsoon broke heavily, but in fine intervals the head of the Banke Glacier was explored by Beauman and Greene, and a fine 19,800 ft. peak was climbed by Shipton and Holdsworth. Many botanical specimens were collected by Holdsworth in the beautiful Bhyundar Valley, which we shall always remember as the Valley of Flowers.

At Mana, near Badrinath, portorage was reorganised. Our object was to cross the Badrinath range, which throughout its length of thirty miles had never been traversed. Mr. Meade had visited the Alaknanda glaciers, but the northern end of the range was unexplored. Ascending the Arwa Valley we found ourselves in the midst of a vast and complicated system of peaks and glaciers. Only by ascending several peaks of over 19,000 ft. were we able to unravel the complexities of the country. These ascents disclosed some of the finest peaks we had ever seen and scenery rivalling Kanchenjunga in its wild magnificence.

At length a practicable pass was discovered over the watershed. This pass was twice crossed by Birnie, who on the first occasion returned by another pass to the north-west, and, on the second, by a pass to the south after descending towards the 25-mile long Gangotri glacier. Some interesting topographical work was accomplished during these traverses and rough maps were made.

Various members of the expedition climbed eight peaks between 19,000 ft. and 22,000 ft. On the finest of these occurred the only mountaineering accident of the expedition, when I was swept several hundred feet down a slope by an avalanche dislodged by a companion above me. Here a valuable lesson was learnt, for the snow conditions were such that, had it been in the Alps, an avalanche could not have fallen. Shipton ascended a 19,000 ft. peak to the east of

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Mana, and the source of the sacred Alaknanda was visited. The expedition finally assembled at Badrinath on August 1st, and returned to Ranikhet on August 13th.

Topographically, a considerable part of the Badrinath range was explored. Topographical work was necessarily of the sketch-map kind, but by means of cross-bearings and photography a map has been prepared which may tempt others to visit this little-known and fascinating region, rendered doubly interesting by its associations with Hindu mythology, religion, and mysticism.

Although we were climbing during the height of the monsoon season, mainly fair weather was experienced. This was due to the close proximity of the dry Tibetan uplands. Meteorologically, it was instructive to observe the difference in vegetation and country within a few miles north and south. The ranges to the south boasted greater glaciers and snowfields, due to a far greater precipitation than is found on the more arid ranges near the Tibetan frontier. It was interesting to observe the sheering effect of the dry Tibetan westerly winds on the moisture-laden clouds blown up by the southerly monsoon winds.

The high winds which are such an unpleasant feature of mountaineering in the Sikkim Himalaya seldom make their presence felt in Northern Garhwal. This is probably due to gentler convection air currents, owing to the absence of deep, hot valleys close to the Tibetan frontier. Winds on Everest and Kanchenjunga are due to the low valleys immediately to the south of them, and the consequent violent convection currents between the cold Tibetan plains and these hot valleys.

As in Northern Sikkim, there are traces in Garhwal of a former glacial age, when glaciers extended far down the lower valleys. Himalayan glaciers are for

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the most part retreating, but some are advancing in Northern Garhwal. One glacier debouching into the Arwa Valley has advanced so far that the valley is in danger of being choked by it. Were it to advance 200 or 300 yards farther the valley stream would be dammed, and as the valley is flat for several miles a large lake would be formed. The bursting of the dam would be disastrous to Badrinath and other villages in the Alaknanda Valley, and might even result in serious floods far down on the plains. This glacier should be watched.

Food was carefully studied before the expedition began. Spartan diet may be suitable for ordinary travelling, and those traversing the lower valleys of Garhwal can live reasonably well on local food, but at high altitudes the all-important problem of humouring and titivating the inner man must be solved. Sugary foods are in the main most easily digested and palatable. Fats, proteins, and carbohydrates are all concentrated in pemmican, which was one of our stand-bys. Biscuits formed an excellent substitute for bread and the local flour, which was unpleasantly gritty.

Alcohol was found to aid digestion at high altitudes, and hot rum before turning in induced warmth and sleep. The adequate provision of an anti-scorbutic is a vital essential in Himalayan mountaineering, and is deserving of more attention than it has received in the past. I am convinced that so-called altitude deterioration is partly due to lack of vitamin C.

One of the most striking things about the expedition was our immunity from physical deterioration. Although some of us were down in weight at the end, we arrived back in Ranikhet fitter than when we started. This, I believe, was due to the fact that whenever possible we ate fresh fruit and vegetables, and when these were not obtainable drank lime-juice as being the best and most concentrated substitute.

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The health of the expedition was well cared for by Dr. Greene. Physiological problems raised by the effects due to high altitudes are many. Oxygen apparatus was not taken, nor was it found in the least necessary. Had, however, it been used on the descent of Kamet, it is likely that no frostbite would have been experienced, as oxygen revives circulation rendered sluggish by altitude. When Everest is attacked again, I think a compromise will be effected between those in favour and those not in favour of oxygen, and that light cylinders will assist the exhausted climber up the last few hundred feet.

The extent to which acclimatisation can be induced artificially is another physiological problem. There is a theory, for which there is plenty of evidence, that the acidity of the body is lowered by high altitude with a deleterious effect on the system. To counteract this lack of acidity Greene made the experiment of administering ammonium chloride to himself and another member of the expedition. The results were so good as to encourage further experiments in this direction, although at present the matter must remain unproven.

Climbing at extreme altitudes, besides being a matter of experience, depends on both physical and mental stamina. Experience in mountaineering technique may be gained in the Alps, and the rhythmical movement of the experienced mountaineer, combined with the fine art of conserving the strength, finds its opportunity at extreme altitudes. Yet when all is said and done, the men who will reach the summit of Everest will be much more than mountain athletes; they will possess that firmness of purpose which can only be inspired by the right mental attitude to a great task, and this will carry them on when physically they are "finished."

Equipment was as light as possible. Meade tents

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capable of accommodating two men were used. Two-layer eiderdown sleeping-bags of the type designed by myself and used by me last year proved so warm that no one spent a cold night. The rubber floor mats used by recent German expeditions are invaluable as an insulator for the cold of the ground or snow.

Two pairs of skis were taken, and one pair was used by Holdsworth whenever possible. Although Kamet is not a skiing mountain, and Holdsworth had to carry his ski up the more difficult sections, he was able to enjoy some excellent sport at heights as great as 23,500 ft., the highest point ever attained with ski, although at such an altitude exhaustion robs skiing of much of its pleasure. Good skiing was also enjoyed on the great snowfields at the head of the Arwa Valley.

Our success on Kamet was due primarily to a smoothly working transport organisation, light yet efficient equipment, mobility, good food, including regular rations of lime-juice as an anti-scorbutic, and good weather. And, thanks to Birnie's untiring efforts on their behalf, our porters were kept throughout well fed and happy, the result being that when called on to make great efforts they responded admirably.

Finally, perhaps it is not out of place to mention that any measure of success attained by a Himalayan expedition depends on unselfish team work and not individual merit. We were a happy, contented party, pulling together throughout as one man. The reason for this may have been due to the fact that we represented widely diverse interests in life, but perhaps the greatest reason of all was because we were all of the same generation, bonded together by an enduring love for mountains and wild places.

THE THEATRE AND MUSIC

DRAMATIC ILLUSION

THE arts in Great Britain have to thank their steady benefactor, Mr. Gabriel Wells, for yet another gift—a warning about the dangerous condition of the art of presenting plays. His first letter, published in *The Times* about a fortnight ago, combined a complaint of slipshod performance with a complaint of excessive naturalism. He had felt at a recent visit to the play as if he was in an ordinary drawing-room, and eavesdropping. Whereupon another correspondent at once made the obvious reply : that if Mr. Wells felt that he was eavesdropping he felt exactly what he had been meant to feel. The modern drama's approach to the audience is (to borrow a word from Mr. Granville-Barker) illusionary. It knocks down the fourth wall of the room (sometimes even puts the fender in front of the footlights, to show for certain which wall it is that has been taken away) ; and it pretends that the people on the stage are not actors performing parts to an audience, but real people, living their real lives when they think no one is looking. Mr. Wells might seem to have been answered on one of his objections. But his second letter made it clear that he was not. His complaint was, in effect, the very common complaint that the pretending to be real was so badly done. The players mistook naturalism in the theatre for behaving naturally in daily life. They really gabbled and mumbled and slopped about, whereas every actor worth his salt knows that to appear natural on the stage is a work of delicate and sustained art.

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If John Tanner, for instance, really spoke as fast as John Tanner must appear to speak, not a word would be heard.

Mr. Wells's objection was preferred against something other and greater than mere incompetence in the players. It lay against the style of presentation. It would be easier to calculate the force of this complaint that "the whole atmosphere was too naturalistic, too starkly plain, down to the dress and manner," if it were known what play it was that he saw. If it was a modern drawing-room comedy, it would probably not be unjust to suspect that the slipshod performance cast discredit on the only possible style of presenting such plays. What used in the days of the Bancrofts and of Tom Robertson to be jeered at by old stagers as "suppressed force—all suppression and no 'force,'" was rightly invented as the true style for such plays; and it is only when it invades plays which were not written for any such method of presentation that it begins to be mischievous. Possibly the play which Mr. Wells saw was one of Shakespeare's plays acted in modern dress and in a low key of emotion. Such things are interesting experiments. To some extent they counteract the mischievous naturalism of one recent method of presenting Shakespeare, which was so eager for correct realistic clothes and a bright realistic setting (live rabbits, for instance, in the wood in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) that it dulled half the drama and three-quarters of the poetry. On the other hand these experiments in modern dress carry farther, with an engaging touch of absurdity, the method of those who try to present Shakespeare's plays as he meant them to be presented, in order to show that they really are jolly good live plays and to recapture something of the freshness and wholeness of impression that would have been felt when they were new. The attempt cannot completely succeed, be-

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cause for one thing dress is only one of many contemporary usages built into the plays ; and for another it was no shock to an Elizabethan to see Cymbeline, Othello, Julius Caesar, Cleopatra in " modern " dress, and to a modern audience it is.

Setting aside this particular experiment, however, there is a danger of theatrical naturalism dragging on, as styles that have reached their zenith always do, and infecting other forms of drama. For years Mr. Gordon Craig has been crying out that the drama is an art and must not pretend to be Nature ; and he has by no means wanted attentive and favourable hearers. But the present moment is of some interest because, like the arts of painting and of sculpture, the theatre seems to have gone as far as it can go in the way of naturalistic representation, and is forced to look about for other ways. " The purpose of the theatre," says Mr. Gabriel Wells, " is to create illusion." True, but what is illusion ? Not always the exact imitation of the particular reality about it in the life of the moment. It is not by accident nor without significance for the future that Mr. Charles Morgan, lecturing not long ago before the Royal Society of Literature, gave a new idea of illusion, as something transcending imitation, a spiritual force impregnating the mind of the spectator and active in all kinds of dramatic art.

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THE Komisarjevsky production of *The Merchant of Venice*, which is to be revived during the first week of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, has the extrinsic interest of marking a fundamental change of attitude to the old play. *The Merchant of Venice*

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has always been much exposed to "the mood of the period." Shylock has been played as a comic character ; Jessica and Lorenzo have had silly duets thrust upon them ; and sometimes Arragon, sometimes Morocco, sometimes both these luckless suitors, have been excluded from the cast. But since Irving the mood has remained fairly constant. His famous production at the Lyceum in 1879 was picturesque, but the pictures were designed as a background for the majestic and self-contained Shylock of Irving's romantic interpretation. Tree's production had its Paolo Veronese halls, its Titian and Tintoretto costumes, its capering and whirling masqueraders, singing gondoliers and Hebrew chants. These decorations may have been excessive. At least they were meant to subserve Tree's realistic portrait of the Jew and to enhance the reality of Belmont. Since Tree's day producers have continued to aim at realism. However wayward may have been their technique, and whatever they themselves may have thought of the play's improbabilities, they have tried to coax audiences into a suspension of disbelief.

The note struck by Mr. Komisarjevsky at Stratford last year was new. It was manifest that the Russian producer regarded the story of the caskets as too tiresomely improbable for any modern audience to take seriously. Accordingly he turned it into an amusing fantasy. He was not even content to ask our smiling acceptance of a piece of romantic make-believe : he threw a cloak of modern malice over the tale, and the audience laughed at its absurdity. He would not give poor Bassanio credit for choosing wisely. The song *Tell me where is fancy bred* was sung into his ear by Nerissa, who put immense emphasis on all the words rhyming with lead and so turned the competitor's subsequent discourse on the relative values of gold, silver, and lead into a piece of hypocritical

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attitudinising. This and other wicked pranks like it were assisted by grotesque costumes of all periods, comic dances, and a great variety of the spectacular graces that we expect in *ballet* and *revue*. It was great fun, but very hard on Shylock. An excellent piece of realistic acting by Mr. Randle Ayrton was left in the air. Even in the trial scene Portia, wearing an absurd red wig and horn-rimmed spectacles, refused the Jew the kind of support that in recent years he has been able to count upon receiving. Still, the production stuck strictly to the text. Arragon and Morocco, excluded by Macready from his 1841 version, were both there, and Mr. Komisarjevsky made much of these picturesque personages. If he had ventured to omit any character, it ought obviously to have been Shylock, for, despitefully as the Jew was used, he more than once threatened to shatter the fantasy.

This highly individual interpretation of the play drew the public and apparently pleased some good Shakespearians. Later in the year at the Old Vic itself Mr. John Gielgud made a more judicious use of the same method of production. In a programme note he expressed the hope that the method "preserves the fantasy of the Portia story and throws into strong relief the realism of the character of Shylock." So soon had gay conjecture become certainty ! Already Mr. Gielgud was taking it for granted that the Portia story was meant for fantasy and setting aside the conventional view that Shakespeare's quiet, realistic opening of the play was his way of distracting attention from what Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has called "the monstrous absurdity of both the stories." Mr. Gielgud's production had many merits. It was swift and smooth ; it gave us some delightful pictures and it gave us heaps of fun. But it certainly did not throw into strong relief the realism of the character of Shylock. Mr. Malcolm Keen played the Jew as a

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forthright villain of melodrama, but there was burlesque in the air, and Shylock could not escape the infection.

"Though we have seen *The Merchant of Venice* received and acted as a comedy, and Shylock acted by an excellent comedian," wrote Nicholas Rowe about a hundred years after Shakespeare's death, "yet I cannot but think that the character was tragically designed." For the last half-century or more we have disputed whether Shylock was an unsympathetic villain or a wholly tragic, half-heroic character, but it has been generally agreed that in subtlety and intelligence he had no equal among his Christian enemies. How long can the Shylock we have known hold in check the modern tendency to treat the play as an amusing fantasy? So far this tendency has stopped short of the story of the pound of flesh, with the result that the play is split into two halves, each at death-grips with the other. It is true that modern fashions in the treatment of Shakespeare seldom persist long enough to do either the good or the ill that they promise. Nevertheless, it is a strange and an intimidating fact that this particular fashion began on the stage of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford and spread, not to Shaftesbury Avenue, but to the Old Vic. The fashion springs, its exponents say, from the mood of the age. Our age is in love with spectacle and is increasingly inclined to discuss fresh revivals of Shakespeare in terms of colour. This is no doubt true, but we may observe that the age is also in love with burlesque, choosing to laugh at old melodramas rather than surrender to simple emotions. At Stratford and at the Old Vic the new treatment of *The Merchant of Venice* is likely to be kept within reasonable bounds, but is it quite incredible that Shaftesbury Avenue and St. Martin's Lane, bettering the instruction they have received, will one day turn fantasy into burlesque and

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present us with a purely comic Shylock? Stranger things have happened. Indeed, it is arguable that a fantasmagoria of the caskets story demands a comic villain. If we are going to have a fantasy why should the realistic figure of Shylock be suffered to spoil it?

GROCK

THERE must be a philosophy of clowns. I would rather find it than look up their history, which is "older than any history that is written in any book," though the respectable compilers of encyclopaedias (I feel sure without looking) must often have written it in their books. I have, however, been reading Croce's history of Pulcinella, because that is history written by a philosopher. It is also a work of formidable erudition, disproving, among other things, the theory of the learned Dieterich that he was a survival from the stage of ancient Rome. No, he seems to have been invented by one Silvio Fiorillo, a Neapolitan actor who flourished "*negli ultimi decenni del Cinquecento, e nei primi del Seicento*"—in fact, was a contemporary of an English actor, one William Shakespeare. Pulcinella, you know (transmogrified, and spoiled, for us as Punch), was a sort of clown, and it is interesting to learn that he was invented by an actor all out of his own head. But I for one should be vastly more interested to know who invented Grock. For Grock also is a sort of clown. Yet no; one must distinguish. There are clowns and there is Grock. For Grock happens to be an artist, and the artist is always an individual. After all, as an individual artist, he must have invented himself.

It was a remarkably happy invention. You may see that for yourselves at the Coliseum, generally,

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though true clown-lovers follow it about all over the map wherever it is to be seen. Victor Hugo (and the theme would not have been unworthy of that lyre) would have described it in a series of antitheses. It is genial and *macabre*, owlishly stupid and Macchiavel-lianly astute, platypode and feather-light, cacophonous and divinely musical. Grock's first act is a practical antithesis. A strange creature with a very high and very bald cranium (you think of what Fitzgerald said of James Spedding's: "No wonder no hair can grow at such an altitude") and in very baggy breeches waddles in with an enormous port-manteau—which proves to contain a fiddle no larger than your hand. The creature looks more simian than human, but is graciously affable—another Sir Oran Haut-ton, in fact, with fiddle substituted for Sir Oran's flute and French horn.

But Sir Oran was dumb, whereas Grock has a voice which reverberates along the orchestra and seems almost to lift the roof. He uses it to counterfeit the deep notes of an imaginary double bass, which he balances on a chair to play, and he uses it to roar with contemptuous surprise at being asked if he can play the piano. But it is good-humoured contempt. Grock is an accommodating monster, and at a mere hint from the violinist waddles off to change into evening clothes. In them he looks like a grotesque beetle. Then his antics at the piano! His chair being too far from the keyboard, he makes great efforts to push the piano nearer. When it is pointed out that it would be easier to move the chair, he beams with delight at the cleverness of the idea and expresses it in a peculiarly bland roar. Then he slides, in apparent absence of mind, all over the piano-case and, on finally deciding to play a tune, does it with his feet. Thereafter he thrusts his feet through the seat of the chair and proceeds to give a performance of extra-

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ordinary brilliance on the concertina.—But I am in despair, because I see that these tricks, which in action send one into convulsions of laughter, are not ludicrous, are not to be realised at all in narrative. It is the old difficulty of transposing the comic from three dimensions into two—and when the comic becomes the grotesque, and that extreme form of the grotesque which constitutes the clownesque, then the difficulty becomes sheer impossibility.

Why does this queer combination of anthropoid appearance, unearthly noises, physical agility and musical talent—so flat in description—make one laugh so immoderately in actual presentation? Well, there is, first, the old idea of the parturient mountains and the ridiculous mouse. Of the many theories of the comic (all, according to Jean Paul Richter, themselves comic) the best known perhaps is the theory of suddenly relaxed strain. Your psychic energies have been strained (say by Grock's huge portmanteau), and are suddenly in excess and let loose by an inadequate sequel (the tiny fiddle). Then there is the old theory of Aristotle, that the comic is ugliness without pain. That will account for your laughter at Grock's grotesque appearance, his baggy breeches, his beetle-like dress clothes, his hideous mouth giving utterance to harmless sentiments. Again, there is the pleasure arising from the discovery that an apparent idiot has wholly unexpected superiorities, acrobatic skill, and virtuosity in musical execution. But, "not such a fool as he looks" is the class-badge of clowns in general. There is something still unexplained in the attraction of Grock. One can only call it his individuality—his benign, bland outlook on a cosmos of which he seems modestly to possess the secret hidden from ourselves. One comes in the end to the old helpless explanation of any individual artist: Grock pleases because he is Grock.

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And now I think one can begin to see why literature (or if you think that too pretentious a word, say letter-press) fails to do justice to clowns. Other comic personages have their verbal jokes, which can be quoted in evidence, but the clown (certainly the clown of the Grock type) is a joke confined to appearance and action. His effects, too, are all of the simplest and broadest—the obvious things (obvious when he has invented them) which are the most difficult of all to translate into prose. You see, I have been driven to depend on general epithets like grotesque, bland, *macabre*, which fit the man too loosely (like ready-made clothes cut to fit innumerable men) to give you his exact measure. My only consolation is that I have failed with the best. Grock, with all his erudition, all his nicety of analysis, has failed to realise Pulcinella for me. And that is where clowns may enjoy a secret, malign pleasure; they proudly confront a universe which delights in them but cannot describe them. A critic may say to an acrobat, for instance: “I cannot swing on your trapeze, but I can understand you, while you cannot understand me.” But Grock seems to understand everything (he could do no less, with that noble forehead), probably even critics, while they, poor souls, can only struggle helplessly with their inadequate adjectives, and give him up. But if he condescended to criticism, be sure he would not struggle helplessly. He would blandly thrust his feet through the seat of his chair, and then write his criticism with them. And (Grock is a Frenchman) it would be better than Sainte-Beuve.

A. B. W.

THE UNMUSICAL THEATRE

THE UNMUSICAL THEATRE

"UNMUSICAL England," the taunt indignantly resented by our myriad musicians, great and small, professional and amateur, still gets painful justification in London theatres. The musical season being over, I went the other night to hear *Twelfth Night* for no purpose but to enjoy again the most musical comedy ever written. Of its own inner music, of the ring of words in the lines of the Duke and Viola, Olivia and the Clown, their measure and cadence, it is not for the musician to speak particularly. If Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson never subsequently fulfils Viola's assertion that she "can speak to him in many sorts of music," she can undoubtedly speak in one sort, and that sort is never more delicately employed than in the imagined history of the sister who "never told her love." This was the best, but no one of those melodies in verse for which the hearer waits breathless was wholly missed. In all the music of the spoken word there was much for which to be thankful.

But *Twelfth Night* must have its accompanying music of song and instrument, and it was the discrepancy between the musical accompaniment and the rest of the production which gave so painful a justification of the old taunt against us. Everything else had been thought out, the cast, the relations of the characters, the continuous presentation of scene following scene, the pace of movement, the black-and-white scheme of decoration. In all, the object was clearly to present the play as a whole. Evidently it had never occurred to anyone that music could bear any part in achieving that result or, if misapplied, could ruin it.

The music used was, in fact, a very rag-bag of odds and ends ; Elizabethan tunes played before the curtain

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rose ; a theme for Malvolio's entrances recovered from the theatrical scrap-heap of the last century ; weakly amateurish settings of the songs by several composers named in the programme ; all of it mere " property " music. How shocked Mr. Robert Atkins would have been if someone had proposed to bring some of the old stage properties from, say, Sir Herbert Tree's production of *Twelfth Night* on to his beautiful black-and-white stage, and not only he but his public ! But the music does not matter. Nobody notices whether it has a style of its own or whether it is congruous with the rest of the production. It is there just to give an added touch of prettiness. Obviously the Duke cannot ask for " that strain again " unless there has been some strain already in his and the audience's ears, and later on there must be something to bring Viola's heartfelt commendation :—

" It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned."

But what ? Practically anything will do.

Shakespeare, even a theatrical producer is aware, liked music ; he enlivened his comedy with songs and made his characters talk about music. Therefore it will be appropriate to sprinkle music freely through the play, to give excess of it, even to the point of making Malvolio, least musical of men, saunter in and out perpetually followed by a little bib-and-tucker tune on the orchestra.

A little more insight into the drama would disclose the fact that Shakespeare associated music only with certain kinds of character, and that the places where he leaves it out are as significant as those where he brings it in. Malvolio is as superior to music as he is to the other follies of that " barren rascal " the clown. He is " sick of self-love," and to self-lovers Shakespeare gives no music. Is that also why Olivia has none ? One would have expected her to assist her mourning

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for her brother and her wooing of "Cesario" with some sort of music, but she never does. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry does ; she croons a song over her embroidery frame, and she takes the clown's final song out of his mouth, but that is because she can do it so daintily and it has not occurred to anyone that music, or the absence of it, is an attribute of character. Shakespeare means the lady to be as unmusical as her major-domo, for music with him is for the people who can forget themselves whether in love, in drink, or in folly. Once realise that, and the music proper to *Twelfth Night* falls easily into its right place.

As to what music should be used there is plenty of room for variety of taste ; the chief point is that it should represent a taste of some sort. There are the two points of view, the historic and the modern. The producer may argue that the music should be of the kind of which Shakespeare was thinking, and fasten his attention on Elizabethan music, the style and character of which is now well known to everyone. Or he may argue that as his stage makes no pretence of reproducing the conditions of Shakespeare's stage, the ears of the audience, no more than their eyes, should be required to attune themselves to bygone manners. That, undoubtedly, would have been the best decision for this production, a frankly modern use of music to match the black-and-white stage. There have been dozens of delightful settings of the Clown's songs in recent years from which choice could have been made, or if something quite new were wanted then there are plenty of real composers ready to write them, bearing in mind the special characteristics of this production, as was the custom of the Victorian theatre in the days of Irving and Tree.

But the final sign of how little it had been supposed that the music mattered was the fact that the Clown

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was represented by an actor with but little knowledge of the art of singing. Mr. John Laurie's vivacious presentation of the part is delightful until he begins to sing. His voice in itself is not unpleasing ; if there had been anyone to give him a few hints about voice production during the early stages of rehearsal, he might by this stage of the play's run have attained a fair measure of competence. But apparently it was thought to be good enough that he could get through the songs without breaking down, because music is so far a secondary consideration as scarcely to be considered at all. And yet we pride ourselves on being a singing people, and are very angry when foreigners call us a nation without music. We are very musical at Queen's Hall and Covent Garden. When we go to the theatre we leave all that behind, because it is the play we have gone to see and nobody bothers about music in a play. The trouble is, however, that apparently Shakespeare did.

BAYREUTH AND BROADCASTING

HAD Wagner been told that within fifty years of his death all nations and languages would be listening in their own homes to his music performed in his own theatre at Bayreuth, he would certainly have been pleased and perhaps not altogether surprised. It was of the essence of his great design that Bayreuth should be a centre from which the influence of his art should radiate to the world. He could not foresee the new means of radiation which in the last few years have become so strangely familiar to us, but had he been able to do so he would probably have leapt to it at once. He would have found in the radio the scientific means for propagating his original conception of the

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function of the Festival Theatre. He would have seized it as his *Nothung*, the weapon of his need.

The broadcasting of Wagnerian music-drama at all is a violation of one part of the Wagnerian theory, but unbridled theorist though he was, Wagner was always ready to make theory bow to practical utility. It was his theory that eye and ear must collaborate in the reception of his music-drama ; that understanding must begin with the words, be amplified by the music, and be completed by the action. He crystallised the theory in his slogan of "*Dicht, Ton und Tanz.*" The broadcast performance ignores the action altogether, and for foreigners virtually leaves out the words, so that even if the transmission is perfect the communication is far from being complete. Wagner was well used to this inconsistency. He ranged over Europe giving concerts of selections so that those who could not make what he had declared to be the ideal approach to his music-dramas might at least be attracted into his circle by some fragmentary hint of what he had to give. He travelled with samples, the *Meistersinger* overture, the *Walkürenritt*, the prelude to *Tristan*, and what not, and every one of these concerts was a brick added to his ideal edifice. When at last the material edifice was built and the Bayreuth Festivals began, he could put his original theory to the test of experience. He had struggled unsuccessfully to prevent the several parts of the *Ring* from being given piecemeal at Munich ; he confined *Parsifal* to the stage of Bayreuth for the term of its copyright. If the festival theatre was to radiate, as he intended it should, it must first concentrate power in itself.

By his own death after the production of *Parsifal* the task of concentration was left to his widow, to conductors like Levi, Richter, and Muck, and ultimately to his son, Siegfried. The creation of that style of interpretation, dramatic and musical, which

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came to be known as the "Bayreuth tradition," was the work of these faithful disciples acting on their knowledge of the composer's intentions. They have not always been given full credit for the constructive work accomplished. They were necessarily more conservative in their direction of the affair than the composer himself would have been, because their first care was to conserve all that had belonged to Wagner's conception of the music-dramas at the time of their first presentation. As time went on it was often argued that Wagner's works could be heard and seen better in certain of the leading opera-houses of Germany, where the lessons of the Bayreuth tradition had been learnt and improved upon. To this kind of criticism the supporters of the Festspielhaus always opposed the much-treasured "atmosphere" of Bayreuth, and when an artistic institution is reduced to relying on "atmosphere" its life is in danger. Even before the war the atmosphere was getting a little musty. After it Siegfried Wagner's labours for its restoration were little short of heroic. Signor Toscanini's collaboration on the musical side brought new life in 1930.

Nevertheless the question of what distinctive part the Bayreuth Festival can play in a world which has made Wagner its own, has explored all his ideas and discriminated between them, has remained unanswered. Some of us will always prefer to hear Wagner at Bayreuth rather than anywhere else, but that in itself will hardly justify it to a changed world and a generation which has grown up knowing nothing of the blood and tears which went to the creation of the Bayreuth idea. It is now evident that many, perhaps most, of the audience at the Festival performances belong to this changed world. Such an audience can be powerful in the destruction of "atmosphere."

This suggests how broadcasting may become the *Nothing* which the Bayreuth Festival has sought hitherto

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in vain. Granted that it can give us only one part of Wagner's art, the aural part, yet that is the part in which it is now realised that he was supreme. As the transmission becomes perfected, the responsibility of the interpreters is enormously increased. The sensitive listener who is cut off from that general effect which is produced through eye and ear together is quickened to note particular excellence in the turn of a phrase, the tone of a voice or of an instrument. Even with the imperfect transmission of last Tuesday's performance of *Tristan* there were many such points of which it was possible to exclaim, "I never heard it quite like that before"; Mme. Larsen-Todsen's A flat beginning the phrase, *Lass den Tag dem Tode weichen*, may be named as a minute detail. The mission of the broadcast performance now is not like that of Wagner's pioneer concerts to people who do not know the music so much as to people who do, and that is where the interpreter's responsibility comes in.

In all musical performance lately, as in musical composition, there has been a slackening of standards, a general agnosticism about a right and a wrong way has grown up as a result of the increased license allowed to the individual. Bayreuth exists to show the right way in Wagnerian interpretation, and the broadcast performance can show it decisively, so far as the music is concerned, to all who know enough to follow the score with the eye while they listen. Even in imperfect conditions it can lay down the right *tempo*, the factor in which modern musicians are most liable to go astray in their performance of the music of the last century. There is a tendency in this country, at any rate, to treat the wireless solely as a means of educating the ignorant; it is as a stimulus and a corrective to the initiated that broadcasting from Bayreuth should be of the first importance.

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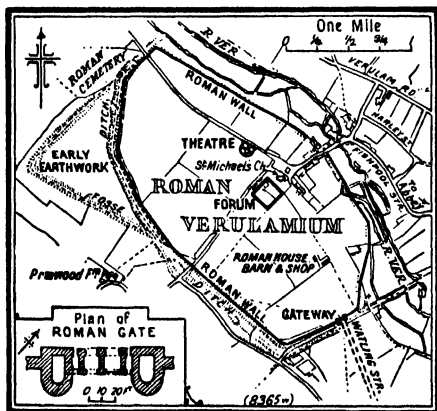
By R. E. MORTIMER WHEELER

IN British history Julius Caesar is almost as elusive a personality as King Arthur himself. No tangible vestige of his two campaigns in this country has yet come to light ; and the granite monument which stoutly commemorates his (hypothetical) crossing of the Thames at Brentford Ferry is more substantial than any relic of his visitations. There is more to be said for the possibility that he and his legions stood once upon the fields below St. Albans, where, a century later, flourished the Roman city of Verulamium. Caesar does not name the place ; but British Verulamium was the principal city of the dynasty of his opponent, Cassivelaunus, and " the stronghold protected by woods and marshes " to which Caesar pursued his foe is more likely than not to have been the native dynastic capital. Be that as it may, Verulamium, in the first century B.C., was the nearest approach to a metropolis that Southern Britain could show, and its history was for a time an integral part of the history of the country. The excavations which have been carried out there during the past summer [1930] are thus of more than local interest.

The outline of Roman Verulamium can still be traced without difficulty by the least instructed visitor. Time-worn though they be, the defences of the Roman city—a city to which the Romans awarded the high rank of " municipality "—are among the most

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imposing relics of Roman Britain. Approaching from the modern city and entering that part of the ancient site which an enlightened corporation has recently acquired for the public, the visitor finds before him a great fosse, over 80 ft. wide and 25 ft. deep. The modern path follows the margin of this fosse and is flanked, on the other side, by the remains of the Roman city wall, built of flints with courses of tiles,



and 10 Roman ft. wide at the base. Behind this wall runs a reinforcing bank, now known to have been 45 ft. wide and 13 ft. in height. The whole defensive system is over 165 ft. broad, and, indeed, at one point, where owing to the tactical weakness of the position a second fosse was added, the total width exceeds 260 ft. The evidence of coins and pottery found during the excavations shows that these massive defences were built not earlier than the reign of the Emperor Trajan, and that they are not likely to be

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later than the reign of his successor, Hadrian. In other words, they were erected during that period of lavish Imperial consolidation, about A.D. 120 to 140, which has left us Hadrian's Wall in the north, the civic basilica at Wroxeter, and town-walls at Silchester and elsewhere.

The main axis of the Roman city was the Watling Street. Outside the city walls the excavators have uncovered a section of this street at a point which the diversion of later traffic towards the Abbey on the neighbouring hill-top had left derelict since Saxon times. The Roman road was found here to have been, at the earliest period, only 10 ft. wide, but to have been mortared into a hard concrete which seems to have served its purpose well. In later Roman times the road was gradually enlarged until, in the fourth century, it was three times its original width, with a well-cambered but loosely metalled surface.

At its entry into the Roman city the road was spanned by a gateway, which has likewise been excavated. Having been designed on an ambitious scale by the builders of the Roman defences, this now ranks among the major town-gateways of the Roman provinces. It was 100 ft. in breadth, with boldly projecting, round-fronted towers flanking a fourfold entry, the two central openings being for wheeled traffic and the two lateral openings for foot-passengers. When complete it must have resembled the great Continental gateways at Arles, Autun, and elsewhere. Its wide foundations, driven 5 ft. into the natural soil, were laced below the ground level by straining-walls of concrete, and the immensity of the whole substructure brought home to the spectator, with a rare vividness, the almost extravagant assurance of the Roman Empire in its prime. Like the Balkerne Gate at Colchester, the "London Gate" of Verulamium may

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be regarded less as a military defence than as a sort of monumental arch of triumph.

Beneath the gateway were found the remains of an earlier Watling Street and of Roman houses which stood on the site before the gate was built. In the interior of the town other Roman buildings and streets have been uncovered, notably the foundations of a dwelling-house set in an angle between two of the minor streets. The house had been rebuilt at least thrice during the Roman occupation, and the story of these reconstructions may, as the excavations proceed, be found to epitomise the economic history of the Roman town. The earliest building was a comparatively crude structure with clay or gravel floors. Later, at the beginning of the second century, the house was entirely rebuilt, with well-laid floors of mosaic. One of these floors (that of a projecting apsidal room) bears a well-preserved scallop-shell pattern, and is a good example of the bold technique of the earlier Roman mosaic-workers.

This prosperous and efficient phase eventually gave place to one of less distinction, which represents a decline (at least on this site) of wealth and skill. At the end of the third century the mosaics were destroyed or covered up and a new building, with poorly laid tessellated floors, was built upon them. Alongside this rebuilt house was constructed a long timber barn, or warehouse, with nave and aisles more than ten bays in length—a structure which must have resembled many of our medieval timber barns. This type of structure appears in various parts of Southern Britain in the third and fourth centuries A.D., and may have been derived from Germany, with which there was probably an increasing military and commercial relationship at that period.

The latest phase in the occupation of the site marks a further decline in standards of comfort and con-

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struction. Rough patches of clay flooring partially replaced even the rough tessellated pavements, and the character of the occupation seems to have approached that barbarism from which it had originally emerged. It has already been suspected elsewhere that this decline in standards of living was widely characteristic of city life in fourth-century Britain.

An adjacent building was probably a shop; a building with a veranda facing the street, and consisting of three small rooms, behind which lay a deep cellar, almost intact. This cellar, after serving its purpose for some two centuries, was filled up and disused about A.D. 300, and to this fact we owe very largely its remarkable state of preservation. It retains the cemented and whitewashed walls appropriate to its kind, and along three sides are traces of the timber shelving with which it was equipped. Its two entrances were formerly fitted with timber-framed doors; and there are indications also of a massive timber structure which may have been in the nature of a crane for lifting heavy objects to the surface. But the most noteworthy feature of the building was a window with whitewashed and widely splayed sill and jambs—a feature which, in view of the rarity of Romano-British windows, is of much architectural interest.

At this point exploration within the walled area of the Roman town has for the moment ceased. Outside the walls lay, as usual, the Roman cemeteries, and, with Lord Verulam's co-operation, one of these was discovered and partially examined near the north gate of the city. Eight inhumation-burials were found, accompanied by simple ornaments and pottery of late third or fourth century date. In most cases the dead had been interred in a crouched position within oblong coffins. In one instance a small cup included in the burial had, before the interment, been freshly

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scratched with the name, doubtless, of the deceased (Maurusi, *i.e.* "This belonged to Maurusius").

The discovery of this cemetery was incidental to the investigation of a historical problem which brings us back to our starting-point. The excavations within the Roman town itself, although they revealed traces of a considerable population dating from the earliest years of the Roman occupation in and after A.D. 43, showed no clear vestige of the prehistoric city of Cassivelaunus and his successors. Where, then, was this early British metropolis, and what was its character? The problem is not yet solved, but we now have a hint of the answer.

Extending westwards from the northern end of the Roman city walls, towards Praewood, is an extensive earthwork which has suffered much from the plough and is only partially shown upon the maps. It lies on higher ground than the main body of the Roman town, and it was hoped that it might prove to be a relic of the stronghold of Cassivelaunus. Excavation showed that it consisted originally of a bank and ditch, each 50 ft. wide, with a vertical wall of turves on the inner side of the bank. No Roman but much late prehistoric pottery was found by excavation within this bank, and in the ditch lay Roman pottery of the earliest period.

One of three inferences is possible. This earthwork is (1) a relic of Julius Caesar's campaign, or (2) a part of the fortifications of the prehistoric metropolis, or (3) a defence erected during the Roman invasion in A.D. 43, before the diffusion of Roman pottery in this area. Of these alternatives the first is, perhaps, in view of the size of the earthwork, improbable. Further exploration next year may solve the problem. In any case the abundance of prehistoric pottery within the earthwork shows that here or hereabouts lay the prehistoric city.

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The problems which face the excavators next year are those of considerable magnitude, whether regarded in terms of history or of geography. The Roman walls alone are two miles in length, and enclose 200 acres. The outlying earthwork, upon the proper excavation of which so much of historical interest depends, adds another 30 acres to the area under investigation. No other single site in Great Britain is of greater potential historical value than that which Lord Salisbury and the Excavation Committee under his presidency have undertaken to explore.

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1. *Excavations Old and New*

IN years gone by visitors to the Museo Nazionale at Naples, gloating over the Mercury Reposing, or the so-called Dancing Women, or some other beautiful bronze from Herculaneum, have felt grateful to the earlier excavators, whose rough-and-ready methods at least brought this loveliness to light. It is better to see beauty in a museum than not to see it at all. But Herculaneum has not only beauty to offer as the reward of research, but also a great deal more, which the older methods were powerless to reveal. The aims of the newer sort of excavation may be pretty clearly discerned from the following article by Professor Amedeo Maiuri, who from time to time brings us into touch with the results of the labours which he has been superintending since their formal inception by the Italian Government in 1927. The difference between Herculaneum and Pompeii is fairly well known. Both were overwhelmed in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79 ; but Pompeii was

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buried under a deluge of hot ashes and pumice, Herculaneum under a torrent of mud. Some of the inhabitants of Pompeii came back to dig in the ruins and take what they could find. It was useless for the inhabitants of Herculaneum to return to a city of which every street and building lay clotted and choked with mud even then some forty feet deep.

But the ashes could not protect Pompeii from decay by water and by air. The mud solidified and protected Herculaneum like a fly in amber. It is for that reason that Herculaneum can so richly repay the modern methods of excavation. Those who have seen the *nuovi scavi* of Pompeii will readily admit that wonders have been done there to preserve what is found in its exact place and condition, and thus to expose every house and shop as nearly in its ancient state as may be. But at Herculaneum, thanks to the preserving mud, though excavation is far more difficult, its results are far more nearly complete. Nothing, perhaps, can give a shrewder touch on the imagination than the wood, which, carbonised indeed but preserved, is to be seen in the houses of Herculaneum. A wooden staircase, a wooden bed, a wooden partition, a wooden clothes-press—the perishable nature and the intimate uses of wood force upon the mind the truth that this “place of archaeological interest” was once a town full of living men and women, whose ways may have some counsel, encouragement, or warning for our living selves. Professor Maiuri’s article explains more clearly than was known before what sort of town it was. It was a town, we learn, of extremes—at one end the luxurious villas of a refined and leisured class who were not even, like the wealthy Pompeians, commercial men and traders; at the other end of the social scale, yet closely mingled with them in situation, the cottages, almost hovels, of the poor. When the eruption began, no doubt rich and poor alike hurried

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from their homes to take refuge in the walled city of Neapolis ; and of rich and poor alike time and volcanic mud have preserved the setting, so that, not far short of two thousand years later, it can be brought to light again. Until a century or so ago more or less haphazard raids were made on that setting in order that great collectors might have more works of art to admire. Modern times, not quite so self-satisfied and serene, look to more learned and systematic excavators to instruct them in the whole life and thought of a community long since obliterated but not yet without a meaning.

II. *The People of Herculaneum*

By PROFESSOR MAIURI

Neither the old excavations at Herculaneum which Charles of Bourbon ordered to be carried out between 1738 and 1763 by means of subterranean galleries in the theatre, in the Basilica, and in the Villa of the Papyri, nor yet those which were executed with difficulty between 1828 and 1875 in open excavation succeeded in giving us the view of a single house in the buried city.

Of the famous Villa of the Papyri, after its abandonment owing to the poisonous vapours of the subsoil, and after the blocking-up of the large subterranean galleries and of the shafts for reaching and ventilating them, there remained to us nothing but the scale plan drawn with great difficulty and spirit by the architect Weber. This was too little to enable us to understand the character of the richest private building that antiquity has bequeathed to us. During the whole period of the last excavations between 1828 and 1875,

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which were executed with inadequate technical means and within too narrow an area, there came to light only portions of four blocks of houses, without any complete building. The high-sounding names with which certain of these buildings were christened, such as "The House of Argus," "The House of Aristides," "The House of the Genius," "The House of the Inn," were applied to objects in reality of a much more modest nature; to parts of dwelling-houses and not to complete habitations.

In an area of excavation such as Herculaneum and Pompeii—in excavations, that is to say, of cities and not of isolated monuments—knowledge of the building of private houses is a central and essential problem. Accordingly, the new excavations have been directed before anything else towards resolving the problem of the private houses as a necessary starting-point for a more precise view being obtained of the life and general atmosphere of the city. Our knowledge of the private dwelling house in Herculaneum is the first great result of our five years' work. To the south of the lower cross-road (*decumanus*) two complete "islands" have been brought to light which on the east reach the city boundary. By next spring,* two other "islands" will also have been completely laid bare, so that we shall reach the main cross-road and what is supposed to be possibly the area of the Forum.

From what has already been discovered of the southern quarter of the city—about thirty habitations in all, some noble and sumptuous, others poor and modest—we can not merely picture to ourselves the external forms of the general town life of Herculaneum but we can begin finally to resuscitate the soul of the city, as revealed in the character and the intimacy of its private houses. This process of a historical and human revocation of the past has, in the case of

* 1933.

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Pompeii, been the fruit of two continuous centuries of excavation, and has successfully assumed a more living and direct character only within the last twenty years owing to uninterrupted and incessant improvement in the technique of excavation and restoration.

It is, above all, in the aspect and in the construction of the houses that we find the particular character and the different physiognomy of Herculaneum as compared with Pompeii. Contrary to what might have been supposed, we see that style of private building to have been more developed, more free, more decisively set towards the adoption of new forms and new types, than is to be seen in the architecture of Pompeii. A still more rational transformation has been worked in the elements of the Italic and Hellenistic house under the influence, on the one hand, of the more practical Roman spirit, and, on the other hand, under the more direct and immediate influence inevitably exerted upon Herculaneum by the neighbourhood of a great city such as Naples cramped up within the circle of old Greek walls by the crisis of urbanism.

Truly noble and luxurious were the houses that formed a line of verandas and of terraces upon the extreme brow of the city towards the sea. Their supports were massive bastions of buttresses escarped on the rocky slope of lava. They thrust and projected with vast vaulted substructures beyond the line of the old walls that had either been demolished or swallowed up in the depth of the platforms. All along the front were their loggias and their terraces, their hanging gardens and little rest-rooms (*cubicula diurna*), where one could enjoy the sight and breezes of the sea. Porticoes and internal corridors were so aligned upon the axis of these verandas and loggias that the reflection of the distant splendour of sky and sea could penetrate into the most secret recesses of the house.

Of this type of habitation, belonging to the highest

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social class of the city, two examples are to be found in the zone of the new excavations, the "House of the Mosaic Hall" and the "House of the Stags." The latter has been so called from two groups of statuary found in it, portraying stags being attacked by hunting dogs—works of exquisite and delicate artistic execution. The building is divided into two parts, the northern portion and the southern portion, which are connected by means of a large square portico that is closed and ventilated only by windows. The northern portion, in addition to the rooms for housing the slaves, which are placed upon the upper floor near the entrance, and in addition to the store-rooms for furniture and provisions, contains also reception rooms and a dining-room.

The southern portion, which faces more directly upon the loggias, forms the really luxurious part, with a large banqueting hall in the centre, reception rooms on the sides and rooms for enjoying the view and repose ; everything, in short, that could make a city dwelling comfortable, airy, and healthy during the severe heat of the summer. The sea breeze, the gentle wind, *Favonius*, which in the days of antiquity, as now, constituted one of the greatest benefits of the climate at Herculaneum, entered freely through the open verandas, thus tempering the burning heat of the afternoon.

This note of distinction is struck not only in the vast and well-planned architectural design, in the decoration of the walls and in the works of art, which, despite the excavations of the Bourbons, have been found in the "House of the Stags," but above all in the unwonted richness of the floors, nearly all of which are carried out in *opus sectile*, or coloured marble intarsia, and in the still more precious decoration of the mosaic in coloured glass.

As one gradually penetrates into the interior of the

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city the distinction between the houses of the rich and refined gentlemen and the dwellings of the lower classes appears with a strength and depth to which there is no parallel in Pompeii. In one "island" two or three houses of the rich occupy the bulk of the area and line its principal arteries with their entrances and their main frontages. The remainder of the "island" is made up of working-men's tenements, thrust in as best might be into the available space, with here and there a shop upon the street front or at the corner of a cross-roads.

Among the elegant houses of the centre, which, unlike those of the southern quarter, remained faithful to the type and layout of the Samnite house of the pre-Roman era, mention should be made of the "House of the Wooden Partition"—by a miracle this has preserved all its wooden partition with three doors separating the *atrium* from the *tablinum*—and of the "House of the Upper Storey (*caenaculum*)" with its magnificent *atrium* round which there runs on the upstairs floor a charming loggia with miniature Ionic columns in tufa and a lattice-work balustrade covered in finely worked stucco.

Beside these noble dwellings Herculaneum has preserved for us also a type of habitation which is unique in all the private architecture of antiquity. It is a humble house, divided into two independent dwellings that obviously were rented by tenants. It is only of moderate height, since there are not more than 23 ft. between the ground and the upper floor. It is built upon a long and narrow plan, squeezed in as it is between two houses of the patrician type. All the mural skeleton of the house, except the outer walls, is formed of a tissue of pilasters and slender partitions composed of wooden frame-works and poor building material cemented by quantities of whitewash of lime. By its resemblance in structure and general character

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it recalls the Anatolian house and the Mediterranean rural house with its abundant use of wood.

Hitherto, none of the houses discovered can be identified with the habitation of one of the many personalities of Herculaneum whom we know through the inscriptions and honorary bronze statues collected in large numbers in the Neapolitan Museum. Where are the houses of the Gens Annia, of Lucius Annius Mammianus Rufus, of Appius Claudius Pulcher, of the Balbi, who were responsible for the construction or reconstruction of important public buildings in the city, and who had the honour of having two equestrian statues set up to them in the Basilica together with several honorary statues dedicated to all the members of the family? Patricians so rich and proud of their traditions must have had both in the city and in the suburbs noble and sumptuous city and suburban dwelling-places. It will be the task of the future excavations to resuscitate in the intimacy of the house one or other of the most noteworthy figures of the nobility of Herculaneum as they are known to us at present through the vigorous expression of Roman art in bronze portraits and statues.

EARLY MINES IN RHODESIA

By PROFESSOR RAYMOND DART, Witwatersrand
University

THE Italian Scientific Expedition under the leadership of Commander Gatti has been concentrating attention recently on Chowa, Kafulamadzi, and the district in the immediate vicinity of Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia. The name of Kafulamadzi (or the place of iron) is given by the natives to a group

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of seven quartzite hills lying to the east of Broken Hill.

Three miles distant from Kafulamadzi on its north is the ridge of Chowa. The importance of these places for our present study lies in the objects that are to be found there and the story of ancient times that these objects have to tell. For to-day we know that Chowa was the site of an ancient manganese mine, and the people who exploited it lived on the slopes of Kafulamadzi. This ancient manganese mine is the first of its kind that has been known to science. The particular importance of its presence in Northern Rhodesia is that manganese mining is absolutely unknown to the Bantu.

Manganese belongs to an interesting series of substances, for which the Bantu never had any use, but which were extensively sought after by the ancient civilised peoples of Egypt, Sumeria, and Babylonia. Such, for example, is the relatively worthless specular iron, which crumbles at the touch to a shimmering dark powder, that was dusted on the hair and made it glisten with a million sparkling lights.

Such also are the red ochreous earth, that was used as a pigment for the body and for works of art, and the powdered green malachite, that was mixed with unguents and much admired by Egyptian ladies for painting their eyelids and by the craftsman in colouring his glazes. These substances were mined in Southern Africa on an extravagant scale, as Major Trevor and others have pointed out, and to their number to-day we can add manganese.

The mines at Chowa were discovered by accident by Mr. Frederick Bush, who saw there several small outcrops appearing not more than six inches above the levelled ground. He brought specimens into the Broken Hill Mine offices and they forthwith bought the property. Two years later they began to excavate

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the region and Mr. Bush was put in charge. They found that they had to dig down through four, ten, or fifteen feet before they came on to the real manganese beds. The overlying soil was a loose black vegetation soil, and was full of fractured blocks of manganese, some of which were immense and others apparently trimmed to form palaeolithic implements. Mr. Bush felt quite confident that men had been working there before him, and it was through his reports that we went to see the deposit. We set out on a programme of special excavation at Chowa, assisted by the mine authorities, and also on Kafulamadzi, which Signor Del Grande supervised.

At Kafulamadzi in the rock shelters we found psilomelane palaeolithic implements from Chowa mixed with quartz implements, some pottery, bone, and iron ore. We were thus able to identify with Chowa a mingling of old palaeolithic and metal-gathering culture of the neolithic type identical with that found in the iron-smelting furnace stratum at Mumbwa.

It became obvious that this was an old mine which after being exploited had been filled in with all its rubble, to remain a secret. From the contents of the rubble discarded by the old miners it is obvious that the psilomelane itself was not the principal object of search, but that they had as their real object something inside the psilomelane such as the beautiful black crystalline pyrolusite (or pure manganese dioxide).

That this constituted their main object is proved by the existence of small hammers, such as would have been worthless for breaking up the big masses, and of the small chisel-like prepared flakes of psilomelane, which served for detaching the pyrolusite. There are also in the rubble quartzite grinding plates or mill-stones and smooth stones that were utilised as mortars for grinding down the materials to a powder. Thus

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after the mining in the high-grade psilomelane came the selective process whereby only the purest products were selected, trimmed away, and afterwards reduced to the smallest dimensions for transport to their ultimate market. Doubtless the use of psilomelane quartz and quartzite implements arose from the necessity for maintaining the strictest cleanliness and care in the preparation of the pure powdered pyrolusite.

But from certain points of view the two most important types of implements found by us in the Chowa rubble are the perforated round stone (the so-called "Bushman" digging-stone) and a neolithic or polished quartzite stone axe. The presence of these two types of objects shows as at Mumbwa that it was a neolithic people, familiar with the polishing of stone to form implements, that brought the arts of metal and mineral-gathering to a palaeolithic Bushman South Africa. It was the neolithic metal-gatherers who taught the Bushman how to make the perforated digging-stone, the polished stone pigment palette, and the other polished stone objects, with which he was familiar before the coming of the European or the Bantu.

The neolithic axe is a great archaeological rarity in South Africa. Only at Mumbwa have they been found in a cave exploration, only at Chowa in ancient mine rubble filling. But they have been found also near Bushman paintings at Grahamstown, on the ground surface at Piquetberg in the Cape Province, in an ancient working at Penhalonga in Southern Rhodesia, and in other places. These objects sparsely mark the trail of the neolithic metal-gatherer, who seems to have exploited the whole eastern African coast and to have penetrated all the main eastern waterways of the continent.

With the advance of civilisation, manganese—first

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used by man, so far as is known, as a pigment—was adapted to remarkable artistic ends. In early dynastic times the Egyptians were already making glazes for their pottery and also beads. These beads are frequently coloured grey-black with manganese. Later, about the time of the building of the Pyramids, they were making pots covered with a light-blue glaze derived from copper and encrusting it with a manganese glaze in black or purple. And the skill of the Egyptians in these arts was equalled, if not surpassed, by the Sumerians and Babylonians with their marvellous coloured glazes and enamels. Manganese may well have constituted the great Phoenician secret of producing a transparent white glass, and in larger quantities it gives to glass that amethystine blue which was famous throughout the Mediterranean, or a deep violet. Moreover, the pigmentary and colouring uses of manganese thus being known to the ancient world, it is more than probable that its services as a cloth dye were not overlooked.

These then are the uses, some hypothetical but others certain, that rendered the exploitation of rich manganese deposits in Northern Rhodesia a feasible commercial proposition for the ancient merchants. It was fundamentally by bringing colour and joy into life that manganese in general and pyrolusite in particular were in great demand 3000 to 7000 and even 10,000 years ago in Phoenicia, Egypt, and Spain respectively. Whether any of these or some other people, such as the Sumerians or Babylonians, exploited the manganese mines at Chowa and scanned the far-flung horizon that encircles Kafulamadzi, we are unable to say at the present time. But we do know that these pioneers were not Bantu of a thousand years ago, nor even Arabs or medieval potters of any sort.

These ancient merchants, for all their knowledge of

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pigments, glazes, and dyes, were practising a new Stone Age quartz culture, and were fashioning " Bushman " digging-stones to help the palaeolithic Bushmen in their mining, and their proudest personal possession was a polished stone axe. They were in a state of mixed metal and stone culture similar to that of the predynastic Egyptians. It was probably such lovers of pigment that brought to a more barbaric stone-age South Africa the arts of mural decoration and cave painting, besides the making of pottery.

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THE GRAIN RACE

By A. J. VILLIERS

IN the rearguard of the fleet of twenty big sailing vessels which are engaged in the annual wheat "race" to England, we sailed from Port Broughton early in the evening of Thursday, March 17, 1932, with 62,650 bags of wheat in the hold—the largest grain cargo to leave Australia in a vessel propelled by sails alone. Port Broughton is a small holiday resort lying in a creek off Spencer Gulf, in South Australia, and we loaded and went to sea from an anchorage eight miles outside it. The other vessels loaded elsewhere, and we were not in touch with them. We knew that three of them should have completed loading simultaneously with us—the Swedish four-masted barque *C. B. Pedersen* and the Finnish four-masted barques *Melbourne* and *Pamir*—and a fourth, the *Archibald Russell*, had sailed five days previously from Wallaroo. Most of the other ships had sailed weeks before us. The *Herzogin Cecilie*, *Lawhill*, *Ponape*, *Abraham Rydberg*, and *Pommern*, which were all considered good sailers, had from three to six weeks' start.

However, we were not concerned with the activities of the other vessels, but with doing the best with our own ; and we left with the determination to sail the *Parma* to Falmouth Bay as quickly as we could. Our ship was big and powerful ; the whole of her gear aloft was chain and wire, and the only manila lines in the rigging were the leachlines on the courses. Even

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the royal buntlines were wire. Our crew included Germans, Finns, British, and one American, being composed of four able seamen (of whom only one was over twenty-one), eight ordinary seamen, three boys, and seven young German apprentices fresh from school. Three of the able seamen were Germans, and the fourth was an American yachtsman who had paid his own fare down from New York to join the ship, had a berth in the forecastle, and paid for his food. We also, of course, had the usual three mates, carpenter, and sailmaker, and although our crew may seem small compared with British standards, it was really quite a good crew according to present-day Finnish ideas. The *Parma* herself was one of a quartet of sister-ships built on the Clyde for the Anglo-American Oil Company, of London, in 1901-1902, and had been German, I think, since 1908. She lay anchored in a Chilean port throughout the War, and afterwards was seized as part reparations, apportioned to Great Britain, and promptly repurchased by the Laeisz Line for the nitrate trade. In this trade she remained until laid up in Hamburg in 1930. At the end of October 1931, a syndicate, headed by Captain Reuben de Cloux, of the Aaland Islands, bought her for the Australian trade.

On the morning that we cleared the land—Saturday, March 19th—daylight showed us another big sailing-ship bow-on astern. We were unable to identify her and soon left her behind. When we cleared Spencer Gulf we intended to steer a south-easterly course for the south of Tasmania, going on from there well south of New Zealand for Cape Horn. But the wind came out of the south and we had to steer for Bass Straits, being unable to hold a course for the south of Tasmania. We hoped to be by the Horn in thirty-three or thirty-five days, if we could make it, instead of the more general forty-two days or forty-five.

We safely negotiated Bass Straits, and wandered

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slowly across the Tasman Sea. We had fog and light wind mostly, and were unable to make much progress. The "Roaring Forties" refused flatly to roar for us, and over most of its length the Tasman Sea was about as dull and flat as Hampstead Heath's White Horse Pond. Our best day's run on this section was 166 miles; our worst, 71. So we came to the end of March, and April began. No longer did we sigh for wind! We were on 53° South then, and the westerlies found us. Day after day the story was the same—running heavily and rolling, with rain, and the strong wind crying in the rigging. We held to as much canvas as we could, determined to drive the ship now that we had the chance. The barometer dropped and kept on dropping; the sea rose and the ship began to stumble a bit in her stride, putting her rails under. The sky was grey and threatening; the weather daily grew colder, and the boys, shivering at the huge wheel, were thankful for the protection of the wheelhouse.

We did 210 miles on April 2nd, 206 on April 3rd, 239 on April 4th. On April 5th we very nearly lost the ship. That day—our nineteenth at sea—began with hard wind and black squalls of sleet and snow and the glass down almost as low as the graduated scale would show. She ran on steadily with two at the wheel; the glass had been low a long time and nothing serious had come of it. We had been holding to good driving sail and wanted to make the most of the fair wind while we had it. She was shipping seas heavily, of course, but all big steel sailers with long main decks will do that in any kind of bad weather. She was doing herself no damage; we let her go. We lashed the wash-ports open; day-long the sea gushed aboard and out again, through every washport and scupper-hole, and green ones came over the rails.

Sea and wind increased steadily as the day waxed,

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with a low, bad sky ; as the day waned our enemies still mounted in their fury. We took in the mains'l then, and after that the main upper t'gall'nt and the three lower t'gall'nts, thinking she had had these long enough. They came in without undue trouble, though it hailed and the wet canvas fought a little. Eased of this canvas, she still ran a steady eleven, shipping big seas often now, with the glass still low and the weather showing no sign of early improvement. We expected the wind would begin to ease a little with the passing day. It did not, and we took in the fore and mizzen upper tops'ls with all hands. These came in without accident—the wire and chain German gear is good and strong—and the ship ran on under real Cape Horn canvas, with four tops'ls and the fores'l on her. We passed a stout manila line round the two boys at the wheel. She began to run hard and steer a little badly.

With the coming of night Captain de Cloux (who is the veteran of the fleet and has a high reputation as a sailor) anxiously awaited some abatement in the weather. Outward bound, *Parma* had been in ballast; nobody aboard knew how she behaved deep-loaded, running heavily. The gale continued to increase, freshening alarmingly in squalls of bitter hail which grew in number and duration until the night became one screaming squall ; the sea mounted higher and yet higher, the great greybeards racing by foam-streaked and ugly, while the ship, lurching wildly, rolled rails under as she staggered on. Green seas came over the length of her, pinning her down. It was unsafe to venture on the main deck, though we had heavy life-lines rigged fore-and-aft and Cape Horn nets of wire and stout rope rigged from mizzen to main rigging. She rolled her sides right under, nets and everything. So onwards we raced, waiting for a let-up, hoping for the morning.

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About seven o'clock—two hours after sunset—a mighty squall struck us with a sudden ferocity which, for the moment, seemed to frighten even the sea. There were four at the wheel then, but they could not get the helm up ; the ship could not be got off in time, and green seas smashed dangerously over the length of her. Before she had a chance to clear herself of the first inrush other giant seas came roaring at her, converging upon her, thundering over her. Astern the mighty greybeards came racing at us, while the ship, borne on by her overpress of sail, lay there trembling and panting, trying to clear the water from her decks. She could not do it ; the sea gave her no chance. Much of her buoyancy gone by the weight of green water lying on the decks, she could not lift to clear the seas. First she put the focs'l head right under ; and then she pooped.

Of all the sounds that storm-lashed sea may make, surely there is none more terrifying, none more expressive of evil exultation, than the roaring of green water over the running ship's poop. It has no right there. Over all else it may break. It can fill her main deck, break over her for'ard, hurl its spray on the lower yards, if it likes : but the poop is the ship's head and must remain above water. The sea came into the saloon and over everything, but that did not matter. It swept the steering compass over the side. There were two compasses before the wheelhouse ; the star-board one went over the side, and the lamps of the port compass blew out and could not be lit again. The ship was now in a serious predicament. The helmsmen, too young to be experienced in such conditions, were left now with nothing to steer by, nothing to keep the ship to her course. The big wheelhouse which had saved them from being drowned now prevented them from feeling the direction of the wind on their bodies ; a skilled steersman might have kept

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her before it with so much to guide him, but with us it was impossible. The night was black, with no moon. The screaming of the gale laughed at all efforts to con the ship from the standard compass. Under ordinary conditions we could hastily have devised a system of signalling from there by blowing on whistles or shouting for the wheel to be put this way or that ; now it was quite impossible. Everything seemed impossible.

We had no flash-lamp and could induce no lantern to burn by the remaining compass. The youngest apprentice, having neglected the duty by daylight, had been going along the main deck to the fore peak for coal for the saloon stove when she shipped the big sea. He had the mate's flash-lamp with him and lost it over the side, very nearly going with it himself. The seas continued to roar at the ship. A great sea struck her a mighty blow on the quarter, while others of its fellows still held her down ; she canted off before anything could be done to check her, lurched over on her side, faltering like a living thing that had been badly wounded. She fell into the trough of the sea. Broached-to !

Now the sea roared, the wind screamed, the hail hissed, the canvas thundered. She still carried the full fores'l and main tops'l as she lay wallowing in the trough, almost on her beam ends with the sea over her to the hatches. We feared that the rigging would go, that the hatches might be started. In either case it would be the end of the *Parma*, and all of us. We were thirty-one souls all told. . . . What could we do ? We had too much sail to heave-to ; and first we had to get the ship out of the trough—if she would come. The fores'l, caught aback as she came beam-on to the wind with squared yards, blew out with wild cannonadings and terrifying thunderings that threatened to tear the foremast out of her. It

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was our best sail and we had nothing fit to replace it ; but its loss helped the ship, and she began slowly to lift her immersed side again. Promptly she immersed the other side, and there in the trough she lay rolling.

We could do nothing with the braces. We could not get at them. Now Captain de Cloux himself took the weather helm, with four of the boys straining with him on the two big wheels. Out of the trough—if we could get out—we could not run on without a compass. We were in the hands of God Almighty. . . . If we came out of the trough and ran on, we should broach-to again. We had to get her out, take the main tops'l from her, and heave-to. Captain de Cloux had never hove-to in such a ship before.

Round the poop the boys of the crew clung to what they could for their lives. At the wheel the captain waited for a chance to get her off. Now came a chance. A momentary lull, scarcely perceptible. Up helm ! They dragged at the spokes of the wheel, tearing one of them out ; the ship answered. Out of the trough she came, decks still awash ; with her fighting buoyancy gone, rails under, rolling fearfully. With six at the wheel she ran on while all hands fought their way along the main deck to the bole of the foremast. Here the bulk of the fores'l was thundering and lashing about ; we tried to haul it up, but every one of its eight new wire buntlines, each made of inch-and-a-half wire, immediately carried away. We could do nothing ; we had meant to try to save the remnants, hoping that with new canvas we might then be able to repair the sail. Such hopes had to be abandoned, and we left the sail there to thrash itself to pieces. We then tried to get the main tops'l in ; here again all the heavy wire gear carried away and we could do nothing to save the sail. We half-lowered the yard ; it would not come down. The yard would not come down and the sail could not be

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clewed up. We had to leave it, bellied out. It took a long time before it began to go (it was good canvas, bravely sewn) ; then we canted the yards sharp up on the port tack with the ship still running on before the wild gale. Captain de Cloux could try to bring her to now if we had a chance. At the wheel again he bided his time. He had been thrown over a brace-winch when the handles took charge and, badly injured in the leg and hand, could scarcely stand. The ship rolled a little the less for his helmsmanship.

There came a chance about ten o'clock—three hours after the ship had first broached-to. Down helm ! She was a long length to bring into the wind, a big ship to lie hove-to in the belly of the sea. But she answered, and she came. Into the murderous trough again, rolling, rolling, as if her previous efforts at that contortion had been only play : rolling she came and, her decks a small ocean, rolling stayed.

All hands stood-by aft through the night. The midships house was gutted, the galley wrecked (we had no evening meal), the halfdeck destroyed. But we heard the carpenter's reassuring words that the hatches stood and there was no water in the hold. Hove-to in safety the big ship lay.

April developed into a month of gales, with the wind working constantly from N.W. through W. to S.W., blowing hard—so hard that it brought up a very bad sea and the *Parma* continued to roll heavily on her way. We had to nurse the ship along. The youthful crew had more than its share of experience. It was bitterly cold, of course, with hail and snow and sometimes ice on deck in the mornings. The boys' oilskins were nearly worn out ; one of them had no socks, and most of their hard-weather clothing (such as they had) looked much the worse for wear. We induced the galley stove to work again after a while, and the cook was able to prepare his pea-soup, his salt horse, and

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his coffee. The cook was nineteen, but had learned his profession in the cooks' school at the Mariehamn Seamen's Home ; his pea-soup was good and he baked first-class bread.

We continually wondered about the other ships and hoped that we might see one of them, but we had no company save the albatross and an occasional blue whale disporting itself astern in obvious joy that the harpoon guns of the whalers were laid up in small Norwegian ports 10,000 miles away. The whales did not fear the sailing ship and came very close, blowing right under the stern and rolling over and over in the crests of the seas. So we came to the thirty-first day at sea, with a full storm from S.W. and the ship, running under lower tops'ls and a few of the stronger stays'ls, 600 miles from Cape Horn. The weather was intensely cold, even for those regions, and the crew suffered considerable discomfort. Some of the younger apprentices were beginning to show signs of the strain, and one of them went to sleep on the mainyard once while all hands were making the mainsail fast.

Then it fell calm—extraordinary weather for those latitudes. Of course, calm is not unusual by Cape Horn, and many a fine ship has rolled her masts out in the windless big swells, but ordinarily the calms are of short duration. Here we had a complete cessation of wind almost for three days, with the courses hauled up in their gear to prevent them from slatting to pieces, and the cat, by night, playing in the moonlight on the poop. In 1919 the ship *Parchim* and the four-masted barque *Bellhouse* were becalmed together here under much the same conditions, and visited aboard, and the masters of both the *Arctic Stream* and the *Elginshire* have had boats out in Cape Horn calms, photographing their ships. The most exasperating thing about the calm was that if we had managed, by running our easting down so far south, to gain some

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advantage over the other vessels, every hour that we lay becalmed was an hour lost again.

So we fretted there, and fumed, and could do nothing. Without wind the fastest sailing-ship can achieve nothing. The "good" weather continued—good weather for steamships. Even after the calm was over only light winds came, and we wandered on placidly under the royals, making about four knots, when we should have been tearing along under storm canvas making twelve. Early in the morning of the thirty-seventh day—Saturday, April 23rd—we picked up Diego Ramirez rocks ahead, still going slowly, and passed between them and Tierra del Fuego. The weather was the same gentle westerly breeze; we went on quietly under all sail with a dry main deck for the first time in a month, and sunshine in the afternoon. Sunshine in Drake Straits! We would have preferred a gale. We might have been sailing down Long Island Sound. The sea was blue—a heavy, severe kind of blue—and there were cumulus clouds, though in truth not very fleecy ones. Shags, Cape pigeons, albatross, and mollyhawks flew with us, and all day we had land in sight—Diego Ramirez in the morning, then the Hermite Islands, Wollaston Island, and the Horn itself. To the north the islands of Tierra del Fuego raised their saw-like hills from the sea, cold and grim, white and desolate in their snow-covered solitude. They suffered our passing in virginal disdain; yet there was an air of threat about the whole area which was not pleasant to experience. Under its heavy snow the Land of Fire looked more like South Victoria Land, at the Ross Sea; a high conical iceberg near the land added to the threat and the illusion.

Of course the actual doubling of the Horn may be accomplished with ease upon a pleasant evening, as was our good fortune; but the accomplishment of the

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passage, in sailors' usage, means much more than the mere passing of the Cape. It means the whole long run there through the Roaring Forties, if bound from the West ; or from 50° South in the Atlantic to 50° South in the Pacific, if bound west-about to Chilean or Peruvian ports.

We killed our biggest pig in honour of the rounding, and ate some of him for the evening meal. We had not done so badly. We had lost nobody ; we wondered if the other ships could all reflect upon that. Too many lives have been lost in these Cape Horn ships during recent years, and we did not want to add to the number.

Then came the long weary wander almost through the entire length of both Atlantics. *Parma*, with her big cargo, seemed inclined to rest upon an exasperating number of occasions, and in the main our progress appeared to us to be painfully slow. The best day of the whole voyage was the thirty-ninth day, when, in a strong sou'-wester near the Falkland Islands, we had a noon-to-noon run of 256 miles. For 23 hours 20 minutes this was not bad ; tales of runs of 300 miles and over by these deep-laden modern sailers are much more numerous than performances. But after that we had days of dull, rain-filled calm ; days of head wind, heavy rolling, bad tempers, and near calm ; depressing, miserable days of useless light head airs, with no indications of anything else to come and a lumpy sea that would not even allow the ship to lie quietly—days of everything, indeed, except good progress.

We had nightmares in which the *Herzogin Cecilie* had reached Falmouth in seventy-two days or the *Penang* in eighty-one ; never upon any occasion did anyone dream that we might come into the Cornish port with the best passage ourselves. Such a desirable end to the long voyage did not seem very probable.

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As the days drifted by, it became less and less so. Yet our hours were not filled with misery and we did not lead a life of woe. Not by any means ! It was warm and the decks were dry, and the graceful sails billowed white in the sunshine. The hencoop was removed from its Cape Horn place to the jigger hatch, where the hens cackled and began to lay some eggs, and the pigeon and the surviving white rabbit were happy. By night the small cat patrolled the scuppers looking for stray flying-fish, with the taste of which it was not often rewarded. At the week-ends, with no work to do, the ship is given up to slumbering youth stretched fore-and-aft in ropeyarn hammocks, and even the mate may take his ease in a deck-chair on the poop. The boys work by day in bathing shorts and linen caps and little else ; by night they sleep on the main hatch and the focs'l head beneath the stars. Their backs are brown and the muscles ripple on their bodies ; the boils of the bad weather are gone now, and the ship is a gracefully drifting haven of clean decks and clean lives.

We crossed the Line at noon of May 23rd very quietly, and half the crew did not know of it until the evening. We were pleased to have sailed from Port Broughton to the Line in sixty-seven days, in spite of the poor progress through the South Atlantic ; this was one day better than the time we had made in the *Herzogin Cecilie* in 1928, when we were ninety-six days from Port Lincoln to Falmouth. We now began to see steamers, crossing the Rio Lane. The British steamer *Harmonides*, bound probably from New York to some port in South or East Africa, crossed our track and came round our stern and saluted us. She came to us out of a rain squall, a black and efficient cargo carrier, trim and well-kept, with high, white bridge ; close to she slowed down a little, blew us a blast on her siren, to which we dipped our ensign in acknow-

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ledgment ; she dipped in reply, blew cock-a-doodle-doo, reluctantly swung off on her course again, and was gone. It was a fine gesture and a pleasant sea meeting ; we were especially happy in that we reasoned, if the *Harmonides* were so pleased to see us, she could not have seen any other sailing ships.

Days of calm followed in that windless water that lies on the borders of the Sargasso Sea, south of the Azores. Our delay would have been much more exasperating if we had not chanced to meet our greatest rival, the Erikson four-masted barque *Pamir*. We had imagined her to be long since anchored in Falmouth Bay or the Cove of Cork, and it was almost cheering to find her held up in the same calm. Daylight on Saturday, June 11th, brought a sail ahead ; this was our eighty-sixth day at sea, and we were barely north of 30°. At first we could not tell whether the stranger was outward bound or homeward, and argument waxed fierce around our decks. Then we saw her get a little breeze and she stood away on the same course as we. We knew then that she must be *Pamir*, sold out of the Laeisz Line last year to Gustaf Erikson. These ships are unmistakable.

After dinner we could restrain our curiosity no longer, and, although the stranger was fifteen miles away, a volunteer crew manned the starboard lifeboat and we set out to visit her and to find out her news. The weather was bright and clear, but we took the precaution of having the lifeboat fully provisioned and with full equipment for an ocean voyage—not that we contemplated any such thing, but if a sudden wind had made us row for the Azores instead of the other ship, it would have been foolish not to have gone prepared. We took flares, extra biscuits and water, and a bottle of rum. We left our ship a little after two in the afternoon, steering by compass course for the other vessel, nothing of which could be seen from

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the low elevation of the boat. After two hours our own ship was hull-down and the other was showing upper t'gall'nts and royals above the horizon. We pulled through large, stagnant circular patches of Sargasso weed in which fat crabs and Portuguese men-o'-war drifted lazily ; we saw the frightened flying-fish scurrying wide-eyed before us, and an astonished frigate bird, unable to comprehend this strange creation on the waters, flew round and round.

In the last of the daylight we arrived aboard the other vessel, lying quietly on the ocean with her courses hauled up and her main yards backed. We climbed up her steel side with cheers, and within a few seconds the crews were yarning excitedly as if this were a reunion of the oldest of old friends. We had rowed so far that at first they were astonished to see us and thought perhaps there was some special reason for our trip. The days of ship-visiting are all but finished, and a row of fifteen miles for a "yarn" aboard another wind ship in mid-ocean is not now often attempted. We had the evening meal aboard, were regaled with the *Pamir's* news, and left to row back to our own ship, now quite lost to sight.

The fifteen-mile row back passed uneventfully ; we had the light of the moon until one in the morning and were back in our own ship an hour after that. Porpoises played about us ; in the blackness of the deep Atlantic the jelly-fish shone luminously, and again the astonished birds flew round. We stopped, after we had been rowing two hours, and burned a flare, hoping against hope that our ship would answer. She did ! She sent a rocket up, and we knew that our adventure was sure of successful culmination. We came aboard after the thirty-mile row tired but elated, and in spite of our tiredness we sat up until daylight discussing the *Pamir's* news with those who had remained on board. My wife had been in the lifeboat

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with us. This probably was the longest mid-ocean row any young woman had made from one sailing-ship to take tea aboard another. It was not the first time sailors had pulled so far ship-visiting in a calm south of the Azores, of course, but one imagines it to be a "record" at least for 1932.

Between the Azores and England we had poor winds—calms and light easterlies. In the *Herzogin Cecilie* we had sailed from the Azores to Falmouth in six days, and *Parma* could have given an equal performance if we had had the winds. But such airs as we had favoured Queenstown more than Falmouth. For Falmouth we were bound, however, and for Falmouth we steered, in spite of a head wind in the very chops of the Channel. Our master and his mates accepted these adversities with a resignation not frequently found in sailing-ship mariners. "The wind is God's : it is not for us to growl about it," they said. "We shall come up in God's good time," said the master after three days' calm within 400 miles of Falmouth. On another occasion he remarked that *Parma* did not want to come to Europe, adding that perhaps the ship was right. He always spoke of the ship as a thing that lived.

So at long last, after 103 days, we came to anchor in Falmouth Bay in the early evening of Wednesday, June 29th. From Port Broughton to the Line our daily average distance was 159 miles ; from the Line to Falmouth (a mere fourth of the voyage) it was 103. But our passage was not bad and we felt no disappointment in our vessel. She had done her best under adverse conditions, and she will do her best again.

The "race" is not over until the last of the grain ships has come to her anchorage—*Favell*, *Grace Harwar*, and *Olivebank*—and this may not be until October. We learned, to our great astonishment, that we had had the best passage of all the vessels which

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had so far arrived, beating even the famous *Herzogin Cecilie*—Captain de Cloux's old command—by four days. The rearguard of the fleet contains no vessels noted for their speed, and it is quite possible that after all our own old *Parma*, on her first Australian voyage, will have won.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA—I. THE *KÖBENHAVN*

[The Danish training-ship *Köbenhavn*, a steel five-masted barque, with an auxiliary oil engine, sailed from Buenos Aires on December 14th, 1928, for Australia. She was spoken by a Norwegian steamer eight days later, when she was 900 miles west of Tristan da Cunha and making good headway. After that she was never definitely heard of, and on September 8th was declared lost, an active search over several months, in which the British Admiralty lent assistance, having proved fruitless. There was a complement of sixty, of whom forty-five were Danish cadets.]

On first reading the reports, from Buenos Aires and later from New York, that a Mr. Philip Lindsay, from Tristan da Cunha, had seen the end of the missing Danish five-masted barque *Köbenhavn*, one was inclined a little towards scepticism. Mr. Lindsay was lay preacher at Tristan da Cunha, relieved after three years. The reports, headed "Phantom Barque," and so on, referred vaguely to the apparition of a large sailing vessel which had been seen sailing towards Tristan from nowhere, and then had suddenly changed her course, when quite close to the beach, towards nowhere again. It was not what Mr. Lindsay had said that aroused scepticism, but the manner of its presentation in the newspapers.

Then Mr. Lindsay returned to Liverpool. I wrote to him, anxious to hear something further of this story. The date he mentioned—January 21st, 1929—fitted in

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approximately with the known movements of the *Köbenhavn*. Her story, in brief, is that, distinguished as the largest and best of the sailing ships still in commission, she sailed from Buenos Aires in mid-December of 1928 bound to Australia to load wheat for the Continent, and never arrived. Steamers searched for her, sweeping large sections of the Roaring Forties and visiting St. Paul, New Amsterdam, and the Kerguelens. They found nothing. Other sailing ships, making the passage of the Roaring Forties about the time the *Köbenhavn* should have been there, reported a heavy ice season. Two of them, the four-masted barque *Herzogin Cecilie* and the full-rigged ship *Grace Harwar*, had narrow escapes from collision with roaming bergs. The *Archibald Russell*, bound with timber from the Baltic to Australia, sighted 200 bergs in one day in 41° South, somewhere south of the Cape of Good Hope. It was generally concluded, as the months passed and nothing of the *Köbenhavn* was found, that she had somehow been lost in collision with the ice. That would have been easy enough.

Tristan da Cunha was without means of communicating with the outside world. It is rarely visited. From time to time wireless sets of varying efficiency have been sent there, but in the whole period of the search for the *Köbenhavn* there was no means of getting into touch with the island. Somehow no one went to Tristan to investigate. There were at first some rumours of the Danish barque's presence in the neighbourhood, since a sailing-ship had been sighted by a steamer not far away, but it was discovered later that this ship was the Finnish four-masted barque *Ponape*, outward bound from Europe to Australia. Sailing ships making that passage are commonly found in the vicinity of Tristan. Coming down through the south-east trades with the wind

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close on the port beam, they are driven westwards in the direction of South America, and so arrive at the Horse Latitudes and the entrance to that stormy stretch of dangerous waters called by sailors the Roaring Forties. Through here they swing in a southeasterly direction, aiming to make a landfall of Tristan in order that they may correct their positions and have a check on the accuracy of their instruments before actually beginning the passage of the often-fog-filled and always gloomy Forties. A sailing ship is a long while at sea, upon such a passage, and has few chances to correct her observations. I have seen Tristan twice from the sea, in such ships, but in neither case did we approach nearer when once we definitely picked up the land. That was sufficient for our purpose.

The discovery that the ship seen in the neighbourhood was the *Ponape* seemingly put Tristan out of all reckonings of the *Köbenhavn's* fate, until Mr. Lindsay came back to civilisation.

"That I actually saw the end of the *Köbenhavn*," he writes in answer to my request for information, "is absolute rot; but there is not much doubt about the ship we saw. Long before I knew that the ship was missing I could describe her fairly accurately. She was five-masted, but her fore or main mast was broken. A huge white band round her hull was the most prominent mark. It was on January 21st last year that she passed. The course she was taking was due north, and as she was roughly in the middle of the island she would in the ordinary course of events have struck our beach where the settlement was. However, when still a long way off (possibly seven and a half miles) she seemed to be drifting to the eastward, and it was at this time that we watched her most. The sea was rough for our boats, which are made only of canvas, and so we could do nothing but

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watch her gradually crawl past and run inside the reefs to the west side of the island.

"She was certainly in distress. She was using only one small jib, which appeared to be set from the bow to the broken mast, and her stern was very low in the water. It was almost down to the white band round her hull. This was all seen through glasses from a distance of about three and a half miles, so that we could hardly be mistaken. The usual charts of Tristan have no reefs marked on them, and this is very dangerous, as the island is pretty well reef-bound, especially so where the *Köbenhavn* went in. I estimated that she was within a quarter of a mile of the shore when we last saw her, and the reefs stand out about a mile and a quarter, so she must have been well inside. We saw her no more after that and the place where she went in was quite inaccessible.

"Several things were afterwards washed up, but I cannot say that they were from the *Köbenhavn*—dove-tailed boards with buff paint on them, boxes about 3 feet long by 8 inches broad by 8 inches deep, and then a thirty-foot flat-bottomed boat last September. To me it is a complete mystery. It would have been impossible for the ship to drift free of the reefs again, once being bound by them. Many questions remain to be answered. Why didn't she drop a lifeboat? Were they all dead? Had she been abandoned before reaching us? To such questions as these I can only answer that I do not know, but I am convinced that the ship which approached the Tristan beach was the missing *Köbenhavn*."

It sounds convincing. It is convincing. If the Tristan islanders saw a five-masted barque, they saw the *Köbenhavn*. There was no other five-masted barque then in commission, and has been none for years. There never were many—perhaps six all told—in the whole story of sail. There were the two

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Frenchmen, both named *France* ; the last of these was lost at New Caledonia years ago. There were the Germans *Potosi* and *R. C. Rickmers*. The *Potosi* alone survived the war, sailing awhile as the *Flora* under a South American flag. Then she caught fire, was abandoned, and later found by a cruiser and sunk by shellfire. That definitely disposes of every five-masted barque except the *Köbenhavn*, which was the last and the best of them all. There has been only one five-masted ship—the *Preussen*, lost in the Channel twenty years ago. The only other five-masted sailing vessels afloat are the American schooners and barquentines, which are all built of wood and are little seen at sea in these days. None was missing then. None has gone missing since. There are not so many that still survive. No other big sailing-ship was on the missing list at the time Mr. Lindsay saw this ship. To remember another ship that might account for the derelict one must go back six years.

The colour Mr. Lindsay describes fits the *Köbenhavn*. She was painted black, with a broad white band. She was altogether an unmistakable ship. The only thing left to account for is how she came to be there, drifting towards the Tristan beach, unmanned and derelict. She must have been crewless or her people would have taken to her boats. Here must lie a very great sea mystery—perhaps the greatest since the *Marie Celeste*. Granted that this ship was the *Köbenhavn*, what had happened ? She had wireless and an auxiliary engine. She had a big crew and ample boats. She was, as sailing ships go, practically a new ship. She should, in the ordinary course of events, have reached Australia in forty-five days or so without the use of her engine. She had made that passage before. By January 21st she was over a month out and should, therefore, have been well past Tristan if nothing had gone wrong. She approached the island,

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Mr. Lindsay tells us, from the south. The obvious explanation seems to be that something caused her hasty abandonment before there was time to send a distress signal out by the use of the wireless; the abandonment was premature, the crew lost, and the ship remained afloat and so came, borne by the currents, almost to the very beach of the Tristan settlement.

The partial dismasting and the absence of sails, except for the single headsail, might be accounted for after the abandonment. An unmanned ship—particularly a long, heavily rigged ship such as she was—may safely be trusted to lose her own masts in those stormy waters if she goes on long enough, or at least to blow what sails may have been set out of their bolt-ropes. She would be caught aback and her sails would soon go. It is harder to blow out a storm headsail, and that may have stood.

“Explanations” are merely speculative, and Mr. Lindsay has opened up a great field for them. But one hazards the conjecture that collision with ice, causing the ship to make water alarmingly, brought about her hurried desertion. The *Köbenhavn* had a few watertight bulkheads in her hold—the usual sailer has only one, right forward—and obviously these saved her. It would be impossible for the ordinary steel sailing-ship, in ballast, to become waterlogged. But with the hold divided into watertight compartments, some of which were not injured, she might float. Generally, when a sailing ship is abandoned, her crew, lying-to in the boats, endeavour to keep her in sight. But the region where the *Köbenhavn* went is a belt of fogs and other disturbing elements, and it would have been easy for the crew to lose sight of the ship. Or they might have abandoned her at night—they probably did, since that is the time of greatest chance of panic. Then the boats were all lost—

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perhaps they may not have been—and, down by the stern and partially dismasted, the *Köbenhavn* drifted on.

There remains one more point. If the *Köbenhavn* was lost finally among the reefs of Tristan, how came it that so little drifted ashore? But anyone who knows those parts, who has seen anything of other islands and of storms down there, will readily understand that the cliffs of Tristan might grind a hundred ships and leave of them nothing but a splinter or two of matchwood.

That it was impossible for the islanders to see the end of a ship which apparently went to her doom so close to them seems curious. I have not been ashore on Tristan, but I have visited several other islands in that belt—Campbell, the Aucklands, and the Macquaries. They were surely the bleakest and most inhospitable places upon earth. At Campbell Island there are four harbours, and yet there is a stretch of its coastline that no one can see from anywhere on the island. It is hopelessly inaccessible. When I visited the island in a Norwegian whaling steamer returning from the Ross Sea in 1924, we found five young New Zealand shepherds who had been there for fifteen months. They told us that they had never seen this piece of coastline. For weeks on end it was often impossible for them to see anything. Whenever they went out from their hut to look after the sheep they were accustomed to take a week's food with them and some dry wood and a tent, in case they could not find their hut again for the fog. Yet the island covers only 50,000 acres or so. At the Aucklands I remember being shown from a spot on a high cliff the remains of a barque lying in the sea beneath, that no one had seen for fifteen years after her loss. It could be seen only from that one position.

THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA—II. THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

THE discovery by Major Burwash, the Canadian Geological Observer, of various traces of Sir John Franklin during his recent flight over King William Land, more particularly the statement that the wreckage of a ship was observed from the air, again opens up the question of the exact fate of Sir John Franklin's *Erebus* and *Terror*, which has so long remained a mystery.

Franklin sailed from Disco, on the west coast of Greenland, on July 14th, 1845, and twelve days later his two ships were sighted and spoken with by a whaler in Melville Bay, in $78^{\circ} 48' \text{ N.}$, $66^{\circ} 13' \text{ W.}$ They were made fast at the time to an iceberg, with their crews well and in good spirits, and the news was published in London on October 27th, 1845. This brief glimpse was the last sight of the vessels vouchsafed to anyone belonging to the outer world. Franklin's winter quarters of 1845–1846 were found at Beechey Island, on the coast of North Devon near the mouth of the Wellington Channel, in 1850. Four years later, however, Dr. Rae, who had been despatched on an overland journey by the Hudson's Bay Company, came across a party of Eskimos, from whom he discovered that some seasons before, probably in 1848, a party of about forty white men, with a boat and sledges, had been seen travelling over the ice near King William Land. They all looked thin and starving.

The natives added that at a later date the bodies of about thirty men had been seen farther south, some near Point Ogle, at the entrance to Back's or the Great Fish River, and others on Montreal Island, not far away. Dr. Rae obtained many relics from the natives, including parts of broken-up watches, com-

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passes and instruments, crested silver forks and spoons, a silver plate with Sir John Franklin's name, and his star of the Royal Guelphic Order.

In March 1859 Leopold McClintock—who commanded the steam yacht *Fox*, sent out by Lady Franklin and her friends when the Government search expeditions came to an end—while sledging along the western shore of Boothia noticed a naval button on the clothing of a native. It came, said the members of the tribe, from some white men who had died of starvation near Back's or the Great Fish River, as did also the iron of which their knives were made. None of the Eskimos had actually seen the white men, but in their possession were many other relics—silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, part of a gold chain, buttons and knives, bows and arrows made from part of a boat.

Further relics were obtained during the next month, and, after much inquiry, McClintock was told by the natives that, several seasons before, two ships had been seen off King William Land. According to the statements, one, crushed in the ice, had disappeared in deep water, while the other, badly battered, had been forced ashore. On board this vessel had been discovered the body of a very large man with long teeth. The crews of these ships, it was further stated, had gone away to "the large river," taking their boats with them, where the following winter their remains were found.

More relics were recovered from Eskimos on the eastern shore of King William Land. On Montreal Island McClintock found in the hands of the natives a piece of a meat-tin, an iron hook, and scraps of iron and copper. In May, on the north side of the Simpson Strait he also came across a human skeleton, lying face downwards in the snow, and other relics.

The most important discovery of all, however, was that made by Lieutenant Hobson, of the same expedi-

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tion, who, near Point Victory, on the north-west coast of King William Land, found beside a cairn a written record which gave the first authentic news of Franklin and his men. First deposited in May 1847, and supplemented in April 1848, it stated that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been beset in the ice in September 1846, and that Sir John Franklin, then aged sixty-two, had died in the following June. Captain Crozier, of the *Terror*, had succeeded to the command, and on April 22nd, 1848, after a total death roll since leaving England of nine officers and fifteen men, the survivors, to the number of 105, had deserted their vessels with the intention of making their way to Back's or the Great Fish River.

A great quantity and variety of articles lay scattered about the cairn where the record was found, among them being four heavy sets of boats' cooking stoves, pick-axes, shovels, iron hoops, old canvas, part of a copper lightning conductor, brass curtain rods, some instruments and a small sextant, together with a great pile of clothing. In another place was found a duplicate record without the amendment, and further south a twenty-eight-foot boat mounted on a sledge, two skeletons, a small quantity of tea and forty pounds of chocolate, but a varied collection of stores, clothing, and miscellaneous possessions. For the greater part these things would have been considered by experienced sledge travellers as useless superfluities.

From the record, which is now in the museum at Greenwich, it was possible more or less to reconstruct what happened. The ships spent the winters of 1846-1847 and 1847-1848 beset in the ice near King William Land. For a period of 587 days they were held fast, their crews racked with scurvy and weakened by semi-starvation. In April 1848 they left the ships, taking with them two whale-boats mounted on runners and the mass of articles already referred to. Near Point

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Victory Crozier found the record which had been deposited the year before, thawed out his ink, and penned his last message to the outer world. The tin was not resealed, probably through lack of solder. Having freed themselves of all encumbrances the party then started to make their way south. From Point Victory to Cape Herschel direct is about sixty miles, but following the irregular coast they trebled the distance. Subsequently, the party divided, one section going on with one boat, and another electing to return to the ships for some reason that will never be known. How many got back remains a mystery, though the Eskimos reported finding a corpse in the ship stated to have drifted ashore damaged.

Of the party travelling south, others must have fallen out and perished, but about thirty, of whom Crozier is believed to have been one, probably reached Back's or the Great Fish River. This is proved by the remains and relics discovered by Eskimos near Point Ogle and on Montreal Island. Of their last sufferings and lingering deaths through disease and starvation we happily know nothing, but not a soul survived. Further Franklin relics were found by the distinguished Danish explorer Dr. Knud Rasmussen during his great journey of 1921-1924 across Arctic America ; others were discovered in 1926 by a trader ten miles across Simpson Strait from King William Land, and Major Burwash has recently found more.

What was the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror* ? According to the statements of the Eskimos in 1859, one of them drifted ashore and the other sank in the ice. On April 20th, 1851, however, while on passage from Bristol to Quebec, the brig *Renovation*, near the edge of the Newfoundland Banks, fell in with a large ice-berg on which were two three-masted vessels close together with upper masts and yards struck and no sails bent, as though snugged down for the winter. They were

A SOUTH-WEST GALE

in sight for about three-quarters of an hour and were seen by more than one person. Their size approximated to that of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, while the absence of spars and boats indicated that their abandonment had been unhurried and deliberate. It was blowing fresh at the time and a close examination was impossible, though three days later the two strange vessels were again seen, this time in a sinking condition, by a German barque.

This news only became public in 1852, when it was thought that the wrecks might be those of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The Admiralty held an inquiry into the matter, though the result was necessarily inconclusive. But in spite of the position in which, from the record, it is known that Franklin's ships were abandoned, it is not altogether impossible that the wrecks seen by the *Renovation* were the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The *Resolute*, abandoned in 1854 in Barrow Strait, was picked up by an American whaler in Davis Strait, having drifted 1000 miles in a year. The *Erebus* and *Terror* had been abandoned for three years.

Three whalers were overwhelmed in the ice in Baffin's Bay in 1849, and none in 1848, 1850, and 1851. No crew, however, finding their ship suddenly nipped in the ice, would stop to dismantle her aloft. The three whalers lost in 1849, moreover, were reported to have been crushed.

The mystery of Franklin's ships remains. A detailed examination of the wreckage recently seen by Major Burwash might help to clear it up.

A SOUTH-WEST GALE

THE day is grey and wild ; blinding rain squalls blot out all but the nearer foreground. The huge

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seas are in fearful tumult. Some attempting to climb the massive breakwater are hurled back to meet their oncoming fellows and, leaping skyward in vast volume, are torn by the gale and driven in dense showers of spray into the harbour.

Here the mail boats roll to a gentle swell, the groan of their hawsers suggesting pent-up energy. Many other craft too are sheltering ; tramp steamers glad of respite from the strain of driving with decks awash and roaring scuppers into the gale's teeth, torpedo craft and small sailing vessels fortunate to have made the harbour ere the gale reached its worst. Here, too, are tugs, short and powerful, with thin eddies of smoke whirling from their funnels, waiting with steam up to dash from the harbour and snatch from destruction some lame duck doomed without their aid to drive on the sands.

Some distance out to sea a small, light cargo steamer is making for the harbour. She has left the shelter of the Downs during a lull in the gale, but, finding it now blowing with redoubled force, is seeking the nearest refuge. She is nearing the narrow entrance where the spring tide, combined with sea and wind, makes it a matter for great skill and judgment. "She won't make it this time," shouts my companion—I can just hear him above the gale. "She's a stranger ; we can always tell by the way they come at it." Yawing as the wind catches her bow, her rudder sometimes clear of the sea, she struggles to make the short distance that divides her from safety. Even as my informant speaks, her skipper turns her head once more to the wind. Now comes a steady fight ; pitching frightfully, she seems barely to hold her own, and gathers way with painful slowness. "Going on down Channel ?" I call. "Can't say ; I expect she will try again ; these small boats haven't more coal than they can do with, and a little of this soon empties their bunkers." Again

A SOUTH-WEST GALE

she makes the attempt, and this time, by keeping close to the western arm of the breakwater, succeeds in getting in.

My experience of sailors has shown me that they mostly take the elements as they find them. They have been called grumblers, but to me they seem the most patient of men, meeting discomfort, privation, and peril with wonderful fortitude. These wild coasts of ours claim a heavy toll of life, and we at home on winter nights cannot picture the hardships endured by those who follow the sea for a livelihood. If you would care to know something of a winter's gale on our coasts read the story of the wreck of the *Indian Chief*.

And now, a great square-rigged ship, a gypsy of the sea, is running under shortened sail for the shelter of the Downs, one of the few remaining, alas, of man's most lovely creation. She makes little of the gale, taking the seas in her stride and fitting the picture perfectly. "Not many of them left now, sir; she's a Finn; fine sailor men." Next a destroyer makes twice the weather of it; the smoke from her funnels is pouring ahead, and with her low freeboard she disappears between the seas till nothing is seen but her upperworks.

A mail boat blows a hoarse drone on her whistle, and backing from the jetty turns in the smooth water of the harbour, the glow of her starboard light shining on the spume. Then pausing for a moment as if to say, "Well, we are the mail, it's got to be done," she flings herself at nineteen knots into the teeth of the gale, and so disappears in mist and rain and a smother of seas.

The short day is fading, dusk intensifies the ghostly shapes of great waves, a dim feeling of moonlight accentuates the ragged edges of wild scud. The Foreland stretches its welcome light across the waste of waters, to be answered by Grisnez's splendid beam.

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WAVES AT SEA

WHERE "the ocean leans against the land" there is murder and suicide afoot. But beyond that offing which wavers jagged against the horizon there race the waves, not dying or killing, but in full youth, their enemy out of sight and mind. No curving arches now, or tumbling domes, no hammer blows, or beery lather above the grinding beach, or even the pulsating roar of successive breakers—all this is power expended: out there is power suspended, and greater power, since few or none of the real ocean Anakim ever reach the shore.

What height are waves, what breadth, what distance apart, and what foot-pound power? Down in the trough, the summits of the surges ahead and aft can at least be often, if hastily, estimated. Fifty feet being your mast-heads, full many a grey-cap mounts to the button atop; many peep over; some few soar howling well above—say, seventy feet from plume to spur. The skipper tells me that he once measured with a clinometer a wave one hundred feet high. Standing together on the bridge, we were peering at three piles which must have equalled or exceeded his specimen. Some five miles away they were, a trio of gliding hills, formidable even through the glass. The captain eyed them much as a man would eye three tigers come suddenly close upon in a clearing. Would they see *him*? "Tidal waves," quoth he. Volcanic waves, thought I, their enormous height, their steepness, and their cross-course owing little allegiance to the tide. I longed to be closer to these mighty spasms from the entrails of the ocean bed. What might they not carry in their corries and ravines? The great three passed out of sight, with no more effect on our vicinity than a certain backlash which slapped our own round billows

WAVES AT SEA

into almost perpendicular peaks and pinnacles. Two of these leaped together just ahead, an awful cone of grey water which crashed almightily just short of foundering us.

That day, and for many days, wind and sea were dead aft : conditions unloved by seamen, nothing being more risky than steering a ship then, whether steamer or sail. But, for the spectator, what more magnificent than the chase of the following monsters, best seen, and " at your own risk " as you are warned, from the little bridge which some ships carry athwart the after waist for supervision of docking ? On they come—up, up goes the stern, with perhaps a welter of wild water down in the waist as a crest flips over the counter, giving hints of what a real " poop " might be if allowed by the worried quartermaster, whose neck is nearly broken by long craning over his shoulder from the wheel. A rush forward on the summit, a waddle, and a yawing as the wave leaves the vessel, a lift-like drop, tail down, and low wallows the hull, with one watery wall hissing away, and a quarter of a mile behind another advancing, groaning, to the attack. Down there the world is very narrow and terrifically hemmed in. It is often dead calm, even in a gale, in these vast trenches of the ocean.

Only with following sea is it possible to appreciate the great breadth of the surges. Here are none of the knife-like edges, sun penetrated, of the shore breakers ; but nearly flat plateaux some thirty yards from front to rear, with little breaking except when the forward edge, beetling overmuch, tumbles frothily upon its own advancing base, plastering what geologists call a talus to the roaring slope. These great waves are much broader than high, and therein lies their gigantic power. Their speed is not so great. A ship doing twenty knots may be overtaken, but not easily ; one capable of thirty would rarely be caught. Lately, in

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a full following gale, the pace of a small tramp and that of the seas were so nearly equal as to give us long rides high up on the ridgeway of many a silent monster.

Very different are things in a head sea, and worse in one upon the beam. At once is uproar and sentient danger, a sense of fighting a terrible foe, rather than of using a powerful ally. A big beam sea brings even the 50,000-tonners head-to in dread of the particular peril of rolling into a second punch before recovery from the punch before. I have seen Niagaras of green water crash over the boat deck of the biggest liners, normally some hundred feet above water-line, as they leaned from a late assailant towards a new. Once, in such a sea, the engines of our tramp broke down. A brace of tiny leg-o'-mutton sails kept her stirring, but in the hectic interval of routing out and setting them the vessel's staggering was incredible. I believe I saw the foreyard touch the water ; I know I saw the port bridge light not only touch but submerge, for I went with it. And grand, unspeakably grand, was the "close-up" of the surges, black as coals, as they rose into one's very face. Mark Twain has a study of a man cheering himself on to death on the brow of an avalanche. There was as little fear, as much exaltation, here in the presence of this majesty.

But for sheer row give us the head-on ocean gale, when the nose hits the seas and the seas the nose with the reports and more than the power of a Nasmyth hammer. Even in the padded recesses of the millionaire's suite the battering is heard and felt. The big ships dread it more than the smaller. Now in the mind of the great liner's captain rises the uncanny terror of "breaking her back." Apart from the stupendous crashing, itself enough to wreck a house, the great length of these vessels is apt to leave them unsupported between waves with incalculable strains

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on the air-borne fabric in between. It has actually been done. Not so long ago one of the most famous ocean-racers steamed into harbour with her midship frame buckled like the spine of a rabbit in the hands of a ferreter. The skipper of a French liner told me that he had seen his main deck arch like the back of an angry cat. He then hove-to for sixteen hours, humorously, but not too humorously, attributing his scanty grey hair to that vigil.

Such is the sea, at sea ; awful in full life as in its murderous death upon the shore : yet in the first with an urbane patronage not given by the coastal surf. I never go to sea without hoping humbly for some mighty waves ; I never look at the breakers without praying to God to make them smaller.



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CHINESE GOLDFISH

WHEN Yang Wen Tsung's father was dying, he besought his eldest son to venerate his ancestors and to keep the family united, and Yang Wen Tsung has done both. The age of twenty-five found him the very competent and respected head-servant of the newly arrived Secretary of the — Legation at Peking. When not engaged upon his domestic duties he spent his time at the small house in a neighbouring quarter of the town which he shared with his mother and two younger brothers, and where, as an addition to his wages and to the commissions that, like all other self-respecting Chinese, he made on every transaction of the household where he was employed, he bred and traded in fancy goldfish. One of his brothers served in a modern porcelain shop in Chien-men street. The other, still a boy, was seeking employment.

Now Yang Wen Tsung was intelligent. He knew that among the admirable things of heaven and earth wealth came between godliness and cleanliness—if it didn't come first—and it took him only about a week to discover that Mrs. X., the Secretary's wife, had a little money of her own to spend, which, he was shocked to think, was accumulating quite uselessly at the bank. Thrift was excellent in poor Chinese families but was derogatory to a well-to-do European household, and Yang Wen Tsung suspected that the X.'s were living on Mr. X.'s pay. He liked them so much that he really was very much upset about it.

It was the Secretary's duty from time to time to

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accompany his Minister to Nanking, which city the Republican Government had chosen as the capital. People said that this decision had been arrived at in order to be as far removed as possible from the Foreign Legations, for, though the representatives of the Powers were usually polite and sometimes quite pleasant, they were very exacting. So one day the Secretary proceeded with his Minister to Nanking, while his wife remained at their abode in the Legation compound. She missed her husband and at times was dull.

One morning, a few days after the Secretary's departure, Yang Wen Tsung entered the drawing-room carrying an attractive glass bowl full of water in which swam a perfectly enchanting Chinese gold-fish, a creature of superlative beauty. It had a shiny iridescent body and a tail, or rather two or three tails, several inches too long, that floated idly behind it. Its eyes protruded and it had one fin too many—or too few. At the bottom of the bowl was a collection of delicious agate pebbles from out of which arose a delicate tree of pink coral, while a thread of emerald green weed grew from the opening of a pearly shell. It was a work of art and, what is rare in works of art, its principal feature was alive. "I think," said Yang Wen Tsung, "lady like gold-fish. Little plesent"—the Chinese fail to pronounce the letter R—"from old glandmother. She belong vely old, more hunded years." Mrs. X. was delighted and sent Yang Wen Tsung's aged grandmother—she had died long before Yang Wen Tsung was born—a present of money which he hesitated quite a long time to accept on her behalf. But fate was unkind. The goldfish pined and was evidently unhappy. Mrs. X. consulted Yang Wen Tsung. "I think," he replied, "little goldfish vely sad—no have got little fliend—very lonely, very solly." So Mrs. X. charged him to buy a

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companion fish, and that week's housekeeping book contained the entry—one first-class number one goldfish, \$3. But the new arrival was too late to restore the invalid to health. The first goldfish died. To avoid a second tragedy Yang Wen Tsung purchased another. It was of three colours and had no dorsal fin, so it cost \$4.50 cents because it was very rare.

Before the Secretary returned to Peking Mrs. X. possessed a complete collection of eleven varieties of fantastic goldfish that were kept, in pairs, in enormous porcelain bowls in the veranda. These bowls came, of course, from the shop in which Yang Wen Tsung's brother served, on a commission basis. A boy, too, had been added to the household staff to feed the fish, change the water, and drive away predatory cats. As a matter of fact, he was Yang Wen Tsung's youngest brother. But it was soon evident, that the fish required trained supervision, and an old Chinese lady-doctor—Yang Wen Tsung's mother by the way—came round for an hour or two every morning for a small fee to prescribe the medicines that Yang Wen Tsung's uncle, chemist, supplied.

To-day Mrs. X. breeds Chinese goldfish and is striving at Yang Wen Tsung's instigation to raise a new variety that will bring her fame by its being named after her. There are no more big porcelain bowls at the shop in Chien-men street, but the merchant has ordered a fresh consignment. From far-away rivers Yang Wen Tsung procures for Mrs. X. those rare, expensive kinds of water-weed so necessary, he says, for the alimentation of first-class goldfish, but which in reality the little children of his widowed sister gather in the shallows of the city moat. It is they, too, who dig out of the family manure heap the grubs which Yang Wen Tsung assures Mrs. X. are those of butterflies only found on the shores of the lakes of the Summer Palace, which play, he asserts, so

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important a part in the determination of the colour-scheme of the goldfish that devour them. For a time it was a handbarrow with creaking wheels that brought the special water from a spring far beyond the city walls, until Mrs. X., learning from Yang Wen Tsung the hardship that its transport entailed upon his long-deceased brother-in-law, bought a small mule and cart. Every morning and evening there arrives a load of water from the municipal tap in the next street, the cart and mule being employed between times in the lucrative trade of transporting merchandise in the vicinity of the railway station, which accounts for the perspiration of man and beast.

When from time to time Yang Wen Tsung kneels before the ancestral tablets of his family, he calls the gods to witness that he is obeying the injunctions of his revered parent and as a dutiful son is keeping the family united.

“ THE FRIENDLESS ”

Besprizornik—the Friendless. There are so many of these vagabond boys in Russia to-day.* Begging their way up and down the country, sleeping in the open, eating where they may, making a trade of the whole business. Indeed, many an able-bodied youth lives by displaying a sign: Former *Besprizornik*. But the famine orphans of a decade ago are now mostly grown-up. They had no homes to go to, whereas the children now to be seen have mostly run away from theirs.

Our friend Mischa, however, was hardly yet come to boy's estate, let alone man's. He cannot have been

* 1930.

“ THE FRIENDLESS ”

more than five, or six at the outside : surely the youngest human being on the face of the earth to be living entirely upon its own resources. To Mischa the *Besprizornik* we lost our hearts when first we made his acquaintance.

We were sitting on the pavement having breakfast in the little Black Sea town. In Georgia, as it was, the fare perforce included *shashlik*—mutton basted over the fire upon a skewer—and two platefuls of this unappetising breakfast fare remained untasted. At this point Mischa sauntered up, a tiny, cross-eyed hobgoblin, small even for his problematical age, for he seemed to reach not much higher than the table-top.

“ Give a kopek,” he entreated, “ give give just one little kopek.” But by this time we were chary of distributing coins at the first moment of our stay, lest we should again, as at the beginning of our stay in Russia, be surrounded by a little fringe of beggars at every meal hereafter, eyeing, and that not in silence, every mouthful of which we partook. “ No,” we said firmly to Mischa, who smiled with ineffable sweetness and understanding, and moved farther off to have a little chat with a couple of his friends among the frequenters of the establishment.

It was not long before he was back, strolling affably up to our table. With his wry little smile he began putting his case as man to man. Surely, if we denied him kopeks, we could not mean to deprive him of that good meat ? What would it profit us ? Was it not better for him to have it, as we did not need it ourselves ? There was no arguing with Mischa. Where other of these mendicant children had snatched and fled, he rated us soundly, as might an old and very dogmatic grandfather. We felt ashamed even to confess that the idea of giving him the meat—which he might indeed have, and welcome—had never occurred, and the transfer was duly made with the utmost gravity

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on both sides. "Thank you very much," said Mischa surprisingly.

He evidently had a friend in the background, for, before the end of our meal, he again returned, holding in one hand the mutton balanced on a piece of bread. This visit was unofficial, and designed merely to pass the time of day. Of course, in the event, it did not seem unnatural that a piece of butter left over should be spread on the piece of bread, but then, what else is butter for?

The following day there was Mischa again. With great delicacy, he directed the conversation to the subject of ourselves. What language would it be, for instance, that we were talking? English? Fancy! Oh, yes, but the other lady was an American. "I myself," said Mischa, from the height of his experience, "have an acquaintance who is an American."

Our existence thus being sanctioned, we found great favour with Mischa, who used regularly to put in an appearance alongside our table, whenever we came in to have a meal. His conversation was a mine of delight, and was compounded in three equal parts of that of the citizen of the world, that of any small and mischievous boy, and that of the wistful angel child. To see him was to long to adopt him on the spot. Not that this would have been of any avail. This infant had already been living too long in independent depravity to be reclaimable for normal living.

It was his engaging habit, whenever his more dubious avocations permitted, to come beneath the windows of our hotel, flying a kite in the strip between it and the sea. An old beggar woman, who used to remain all day long stretched out at full length on one of the stone benches under the sea-wall, would shake out her tousled skirts and get up to help him. Together they would disentangle the string, and watch the kite go soaring up beyond the palm trees and

PAYMENT IN PICTURES

magnolias. The moment was a solemn one, and, watching their concentration, it no longer seemed surprising that this pastime should satisfy grown men in China.

At other times, looking out from the mole, we would see Mischa in the water, or taking a sun bath on the sand. One rarely saw him with anyone else, and the other vagabond boys probably declined to acknowledge one still guilty of playing with toys. For it must be confessed that Mischa dearly loved a toy. His favourite was a little red wheel with coloured beads threaded along the spokes. He would send it swinging round for ever, till hunger drove him out again on some pillaging foray.

On our last day we left the town too early to find the restaurant open for breakfast, and so we never bade Mischa farewell. But as our aeroplane skirted the beach much later in the day, before it rose and dived through the Caucasus on its way to Tiflis, I looked down, and there was Mischa, gravely bowling an iron barrel rim along the water-front—a baby trundling a hoop, before going back to its business of filching a living from an unfair world.

PAYMENT IN PICTURES

THE recent behaviour of the thing called money lends immediate interest to an experiment which has been made with some success in Copenhagen and is now started in Stockholm. Even Sweden, which some regard as the modern home of the arts, is suffering from over-production of pictures ; and, since patrons no longer can, or no longer will, pay money for pictures, the artists have no money to pay for other things. The Artists' Club in Stockholm, therefore, is

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trying to do without money as a means of exchange, and to persuade people who are not artists to take works of art in return for the things that they sell or for the services that they render. Premises have been taken in a main thoroughfare ; and there professional men, business men, tradesmen, representatives of firms, anyone who supplies the things or the services which artists, just like mere men, must have, may go and choose payment in works of art. There will be engravings, no doubt, to choose from ; but they will not be bank-notes. There will be metal-work, but it will not be in the form of kronor or of öre. Thus may minor artists be clothed and fed and housed and healed, and thus may Swedish art penetrate into every Swedish home.

The notion is not wholly new. Many a Saracen's Head, Black Horse, or King of Prussia on the sign of an English inn was born of an unpaid score ; and in Continental cabarets many a wall-painting betrays at a glance its origin in sustenance, chiefly liquid, not paid for in the currency. What Copenhagen and Stockholm attempt is to organise this method of payment, and to extend it from food and drink in public places to all commodities and services. And, at any rate in the early stages of the enterprise, much good could be done by the organisation of orders on commission. In the days when English people were allowed to go abroad for their holidays, travellers used to bring back tales of touching and amusing little *ex voto* pictures in foreign churches, wherein the very cause for gratitude was portrayed with simple directness. The same harmony might in certain cases be arranged between services rendered and offerings in return. A young artist who had been supplied with a good suit of clothes might paint a picture of his patron dressed with a sartorial skill and accuracy that would satisfy even our contemporary *The Tailor and Cutter*.

THE DEPARTMENT CLASS

The doctor who had healed him could be made, on canvas, to look as wise and as noble as the doctors in the advertisements of patent medicines. The dentist would give a chance for a pictorial frieze in the "before and after" mode: under a wintry sky grim shapes representing all degrees and forms of agony, toothlessness, and distortion would creep towards a mystic portal, from the other side of which they would dance away under rose leaves and honeysuckle, showing pearly gleams between cherry lips.

One effect of this arrangement would be to make both parties extremely careful. The revenge for a bad breakfast egg, an ill-fitting suit, a wrong diagnosis, or a bungled stopping might ruin a business or wreck a career. The revenge for a picture which the doctor or the dentist did not like does not bear thinking of. On the other hand no artist would be able to go on repeating a success, since no artist can live wholly on suits of clothes or can enjoy more than a certain amount of ill-health; and no professional man or tradesman would want more than a few artistic testimonials. The medieval simplicity of this system of exchange is sure to please the many who believe that in all things art "by backward steps should move"; but the scheme appears also to open up great possibilities for the development of the arts and for a closer union of interest between the artist and the ordinary man.

THE DEPARTMENT CLASS

THE school of to-day is not known as "An Elegant Establishment," but that in which I spent some years of my childhood could not be better described. It was watched over and tended by four delightful ladies,

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two aunts and nieces, whom I will call the Misses Pomeroy.

The eldest, tall and stately, dressed in black silk and wore a lace cap with lavender ribbons. Her entrance at breakfast was in the nature of a royal procession. She did not put in an appearance till half-way through the meal, when she threw open the door and stood facing the table. At this signal we rose, Miss Pomeroy advanced a few steps, making a sweeping curtsy to our end of the room, then turned and, advancing and curtseying, arrived at the head of the table. We had meanwhile—after making one deep curtsy and saying “Good-morning, Miss Pomeroy”—remained standing, and at the words : “You may sit down, young ladies,” we resumed our seats.

She was quite the grandest-looking, most graceful old lady I have ever seen, and in her system of education manners and deportment held a most important place. During the winter and spring terms she gave deportment classes, which were held once a fortnight. The dining-room was cleared out, and on a raised platform at one side sat Miss Pomeroy on a high chair ; grouped around her were Miss Louisa on a lower chair and Miss Jane and Miss Caroline. On either side of these were the other governesses, and beyond them the “Parlour Boarders”—girls who were finishing their education and only learning accomplishments.

We entered the room one by one, and as the door opened to admit us we made a deep, straight-down curtsy—holding a morsel of our frocks on either side with the little finger daintily pointed, the right foot in the “third position,” the left raised on its toes behind, we sank slowly down without bending a muscle of the back till our hands nearly touched the floor, when we still more slowly rose again. It was a most difficult performance, and great was the pride of any girl whom Miss Pomeroy praised.

THE DEPORTMENT CLASS

Having made our debut we advanced to the throne, where we executed a proper Court curtsey to Miss Pomeroy, a lesser one to Miss Louisa, and a series of sweeping comprehensive curtseys to the assembled company, among whom we then took our seats.

When each girl had got through this part of the class, little tables set out for a meal were brought in, and four chairs were placed at each. We then advanced by turns, took our seats, plied our knives and forks, and indulged in "polite conversation." I liked this part of the class best, when we had passed through the ordeal of polite conversation, for every new girl as she prepared to take her place hooked her foot round the leg of her chair and proceeded to draw it in to table. This was just what Miss Pomeroy was looking out for and it was astonishing how difficult some girls found it to remember not to do it.

Another habit against which Miss Pomeroy waged war was that of crossing the knees when sitting at table, and during meals one or other of the governesses at a given signal would suddenly dive under the table, and any girl found with her knees crossed had to put sixpence into the missionary box.

Sometimes we practised the gentle art of entering and leaving a carriage by means of chairs and footstools, and when this portion of the deportment class came to an end, we did wonderful exercises, first with our feet, practising the "Goose step" in order that we might walk in a dignified manner, and then with our arms to give us a graceful carriage.

Though the second Miss Pomeroy, Miss Louisa, was overshadowed by her elder sister, we had a great regard and tender respect for her. She had never been known to raise her voice, or lose her temper, but she was a strict disciplinarian in the Study, where she reigned supreme over the elder girls, and we younger ones were always expected to curtsey to her and to

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them when we entered this room. I had rushed in one day with a message to one of the girls, not knowing that she was there. She looked up in surprise, "Come here," she said. I advanced to her table. She looked at me solemnly for several moments—moments heavy with shame for me—and then she spoke. "I think you are a little pert, my dear," and again in a louder, more dignified voice, "I think you are *very* pert, my dear."

There was a tradition in the school that Miss Pomeroy had loved and been loved in her early years. Once when she was taking a scripture class, composed of elder girls, I was standing on a high stool behind her learning a column of dictionary—a punishment for badly prepared lessons—when I heard her talking about the friendship of David and Jonathan. She told the girls that when she was young she had had a friend, a "good young man," and that he and she "took sweet counsel together." One of the girls smiled. Miss Pomeroy turned upon her, saying severely, "Catherine, you always have improper notions."

Miss Jane attended to our bodily health, and during the spring there was always a pot of brimstone and treacle in her room, and we little ones were in honour bound to take a spoonful every morning. We called it "thunder and lightning," and while the lightning lasted we enjoyed it, but when we came to the thunder at the bottom, honour was put to a severe test.

NODDING AT THE PLAY

It is impossible to frequent the playhouse without noticing that nearly every audience has its sleeper. A glance along the stalls is always likely to fall upon

NODDING AT THE PLAY

the blank face of some man (it is never a woman) who has thus taken refuge from the play ; and a systematic search of the house would doubtless discover more. There is perhaps an uncommon quality of pleasure to be got from dozing in the theatre, especially on nights as languorous as those the new autumn season is bringing. Observe the practised voluptuary ! He sleeps as cosily as the Dormouse at that long table which Alice found in Wonderland, cosily and yet not without an air of furtive enjoyment. His face is not wholly blank. Still upturned to the stage, it seems mildly attentive to what may be passing there, but the eyes, we observe, are tightly shut, and the shoulders of this accomplished hypocrite are rising and falling in a long, gentle rhythm that during a dull play stirs in us the liveliest of all emotions, envy. How quietly he has escaped, leaving us to bear the brunt of the play's tedium !

It is easy to guess by what pleasant stages sleep took him from us. The heat, the quietude, the darkness—all made for repose. Only the radiance of the stage and the voices of the actors worked in some degree against inclination. When would these young people cease to chatter about the beauty of moral uncontrol, as if it were something they had themselves invented ? They had said it all once, and it was hardly worth saying, not at this time of the day. They were beginning to say it all over again. But this time, like the watchman in midnight Bath heard by Mr. Dowler while he was sitting up for his wife, it was fainter, it seemed to be turning the corner. It has all been said, and said more acceptably in some play of the 'nineties. The 'nineties, those were the days ! And so must have begun that delicious reverie which accounts for the benign expression on the face of the sleeper. We are greatly tempted to follow the example of the good, easy man ; and remember just in time that some play-

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goers are constitutionally unfitted for this particular form of indulgence.

It looks deceptively easy, but observation puts the average duration of the dearly bought happiness of the unfit at roughly five minutes. He drops off, and soon his deep, regular breathing rises to a hideous concatenation of snores. Ripples of discontentment spread around him in ever-widening circles. The sound takes on a sharper note that seems to reach the stage itself. Whispered consultations spring up between the sleeper's immediate neighbours. One of them, emboldened by the knowledge that he has the community with him, ventures to pluck at a sleeve. This having no effect, another neighbour taps a shoulder somewhat imperatively. But it is clear that these pluckings and tappings mean no more to the sleeper than the faintly heard knockings of a servant on his bedroom door. Let her knock ! By this time it has become impossible for a considerable number of people to continue the pretence of following the play. "Who is he ?" asks someone, with a vague idea, apparently, of telephoning for the relatives. "The tired business man," a wag replies, and the old jest draws giggles from some and increases the exasperation of others. Finally, a woman (it is always a woman) rises from her seat in the row behind, firmly seizes the sleeper by the shoulders and shakes him indignantly until it seems that his head will be shaken off. Awakened at last, the culprit will turn with a charming, blank, deprecatory smile to the woman who has, as he thinks, solicited his attention. "You are disturbing the whole theatre," she is sure to say in ringing, defiant tones, and may have to repeat her cruelly frank explanation before the poor wretch, realising something of the enormity of his crime, turns to the stage with a preternaturally alert expression which deceives nobody.

SLIMMER POLICEMEN

It is well, after all, that such dangers should fence off from common folk a pleasure that seems to have exquisite attractions for some. The reveries of those who dare invite them must be delicious, but no reverie can be called delicious that may be broken by a savage shaking, the sound of angry whispers, of half-suppressed giggles, and the sudden sense of bewilderment and shame. Is it not better to endure the play?

SLIMMER POLICEMEN

THE old order changes, established landmarks go, and the edict has now gone forth that policemen are to be thinner. It is happily true that the edict does not concern the Metropolitan or indeed the English police, and no pedantic precision of adjective is to attach straightaway to the visitor's time-honoured compliment about "a fine body of men." It is only Minneapolis so far; but slimming fashions have a way of spreading round the globe. The heavier members of the Minneapolis force have received, says the watchful Reuter, an ultimatum that they must either reduce or resign. The authorities have come to the conclusion that the bulk of the police is excessive and, under present conditions, out of place. There is much to be said for their view. The ideal of the portly constable was all very well in the leisurely age of Victoria. There was a comforting massiveness about the men in blue, which gave assurance that, if they could but catch the thief or the runaway horse, they would be certain to bring him down. Policemen were battleships rather than cruisers, and we preferred them so. But the motor-car has changed all that. We cannot produce policemen heavy enough to stop cars by their sheer weight, and if the police themselves

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have to use cars and motor-cycles their extra stones are just so much handicap. It is the same with the rise of the revolver. No State wants to give its criminals larger targets than it need.

But it is doubtful whether such a question as the size of policemen ought to be decided at so practical a level. Little Japanese jiu-jitsu experts would be excellent for many police purposes, but they would not succeed in embodying the idea of the majesty of the law and the grounded dignity of the State. Policemen must be thought of, by the profound statesman, not superficially as "Cops" who catch offenders, but rather as a guardian class whose existence in itself dissuades from crime. Scotland Yard is not to be appraised and pilloried for undetected crimes as long as such crimes are few relatively to the population. For the real point of policemen is as aids to nursemaids. The alliance is old and natural. We are encouraged and threatened into virtue in our earliest years by the image of the policeman, and the image is terrifying because the policeman is so big. His very boots and his echoing tread sink into the plastic consciousness of childhood and give to conscience a most formidable support. If policemen were quick, pattering little fellows, relying chiefly on their wits, they might still be in actual fact efficient enough, but they would be of very much less educational use. It is short-sighted economy that would pull in their waistbands to symbolise the resolve of Governments to economise, and it ought to be denounced by educationists as economy at the expense of the very young. The decay of the basement house, and the growing scarcity of the old and portly type of cook, whose fellow-feeling made her pass puddings up to receptive constables, are factors making for lighter policemen without Governments taking a hand. The tradition of good temper in the English police force dates back,

DR. JOHNSON AT THE STADIUM

it must be remembered, to those days of open-handed treating. The main work of the police was to guard property, to keep an eye on the Victorian home ; and the home took care that the policeman had cause to love it. Now that the centre of interest has shifted into the street, and offences connected with motors are the normal subject-matter of the private citizen's dealing with the force, we are living on the wasting capital of the old tradition. Motorists cannot carry puddings and pies with them like spare tires, and are exasperating people in themselves. They have every need of all the inborn good temper in policemen that can be contrived, and it is axiomatic that Falstaffian good humour goes with Falstaffian girth.

DR. JOHNSON AT THE STADIUM

I AM now to record a curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life, which fell under my own observation ; of which *pars magna fui*, and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal minded, be in no way to his discredit.

When I was a boy in the year 1745 I wore a white cockade and prayed for King James, till one of my uncles gave me a shilling on condition that I should pray for King George, which I accordingly did. This uncle was General Cochran ; and it was with natural gratification that I received from another member of that family, Mr. Charles Cochran, a more valuable present than a shilling, that is to say, an invitation to witness the Great Fight at the Stadium and to bring with me a friend. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson." Mr. Cochran, who is much more modest than our other great theatre-manager, Mr. Garrick, feared that Dr. Johnson could hardly be prevailed

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upon to condescend. "Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well."

I had not forgotten Mrs. Thrale's relation (which she afterwards printed in her *Anecdotes*), that "Mr. Johnson was very conversant in the art of attack and defence by boxing, which science he had learned from his uncle Andrew, I believe; and I have heard him discourse upon the age when people were received, and when rejected, in the schools once held for that brutal amusement, much to the admiration of those who had no expectation of his skill in such matters, from the sight of a figure which precluded all possibility of personal prowess." This lively lady was, however, too ready to deviate from exact authenticity of narration; and, further, I reflected that, whatever the propensities of his youth, he who had risen to be called by Dr. Smollett the Great Cham of literature might well be affronted if asked to countenance a prize fight.

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for him, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Cochran, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would you do him the honour to visit his entertainment at the Stadium on Thursday next?" JOHNSON: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Cochran. I will go." BOSWELL: "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the entertainment is of a kind agreeable to you?" JOHNSON: "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what kind of entertainment he is to offer his friends?" BOSWELL: "But if it

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were a prize-fight?" JOHNSON: "Well, sir, and what then?" BOSWELL: "It might bring queer company," JOHNSON: "My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever occasionally." Thus I secured him.

As it proved, however, whether by good luck or by the forethought of the ingenious Mr. Cochran, Dr. Johnson could not have found himself in better company than that gathered round him in Block H at the Stadium. There were many members of the Literary Club, among them Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. R. B. Sheridan. A gentleman present, who had been dining at the Duke of Montrose's, where the bottle had been circulated pretty freely, was rash enough to rally Dr. Johnson about his Uncle Andrew, suggesting that his uncle's nephew might now take the opportunity of exhibiting his prowess in the ring. JOHNSON: "Sir, to be facetious, it is not necessary to be indecent. I am not for tapping any man's claret, but we see that thou hast already tapped his Grace's." BURKE: "It is remarkable how little gore is ever shed in these contests. Here have we been for half an hour watching—let me see, what are their names?—Eddie Feathers and Gus Platts—and not even a bleeding nose between them." REYNOLDS: "In a previous contest one boxer knocked the other's teeth out." SHERIDAN: "Yes, but they were false teeth."

At this moment the talk was interrupted by the arrival of the Prince. As His Highness passed Dr. Johnson, my revered friend made an obeisance which was an even more studied act of homage than his famous bow to the Archbishop of York; and he subsequently joined in singing *For he's a jolly good Fellow*, with the most loyal enthusiasm, repeating

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the word "fe-ellow" over and over again, doubtless because it was the only one he knew. ("Like a word in a catch," Beauclerk whispered.) I am sorry that I did not take note of an eloquent argument in which he proceeded to maintain that the situation of Prince of Wales was the happiest of any person's in the kingdom, even beyond that of the Sovereign.

But there was still no sign of Beckett and Carpentier, the heroes of the evening, and the company became a little weary of the preliminary contests. A hush fell on the assembly, and many glanced furtively towards the alley down which the champions were to approach.

GIBBON: "We are unhappy because we are kept waiting. 'Man never is, but always to be, blest.'"

JOHNSON: "And we are awaiting we know not what. To the impatience of expectation is added the disquiet of the unknown." GARRICK (*playing round his old friend with a fond vivacity*): "My dear sir, men are naturally a little restless, when they have backed Beckett at 70 to 40." REYNOLDS: "But, see, the lights of the kinematographers" (we were all abashed by the word in the presence of the Great Lexicographer) "are brighter than ever. I observe all the contestants take care to smile under them." SHERIDAN: "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

JOHNSON: "Among the anfractuosités of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one, that there is a morbid longing to attitudinise in the 'moving pictures.'"

But at length Beckett and Carpentier made their triumphal entry. Beckett first, quietly smiling, with eyes cast down, Carpentier debonair and lightly saluting the crowd with an elegant wave of the hand. After the pair had stripped and Dr. Johnson had pointed out that "the tenuity, the thin part" in Carpentier's frame indicated greater lightness, if Beckett's girth promised more solid resistance, Mr.

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Angle invited the Company to preserve silence during the rounds and to abstain from smoking. To add a last touch to the solemnity of the moment, Carpentier's supernumerary henchmen (some six or eight, over and above his trainer and seconds) came and knelt by us, in single file, in the alley between Block H and Block E, as though at worship.

What then happened, in the twinkling of an eye, all the world now knows, and knows rather better than I knew myself at the moment, for I saw Beckett lying on his face in the ring without clearly distinguishing the decisive blow. While Carpentier was being carried round the ring on the shoulders of his friends, being kissed first by his trainer and then by ladies obligingly held up to the ring for the amiable purpose, I confess that I watched Beckett, and was pleased to see he had successfully resumed his quiet smile. As I carried my revered friend home to Bolt Court in a taxi-metric cabriolet, I remarked to him that Beckett's defeat was a blow to our patriotic pride, whereupon he suddenly uttered, in a strong, determined tone, an apophthegm at which you may start : " Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel ! " " And yet," said Beauclerk, when I told him of this later, " he had not been kissed by Carpentier."

A. B. W.

NOTES

The London Daily Press since 1850.

- P. 4, l. 1. *The Education Act of 1870* : This Act made it compulsory, for the first time, to send children to school.
- l. 11. *The Reform Laws* : The first two Reform Acts had been passed in 1832 and 1867 respectively with the object of giving the vote to a larger proportion of the population and securing a fairer distribution of the seats in the House of Commons.
- l. 13. *Augustan Age* : In the time of Augustus Caesar Latin literature reached its highest point of excellence ; hence the adjective " Augustan " is applied to the best period of any literature.
- P. 6, ll. 12-13. *John Walter the Second* : The first John Walter (1738/9-1812) was the founder of " The Times " newspaper. He was succeeded in the management of the paper by his son, John Walter the Second (1776-1847), and his grandson, John Walter the Third (1818-1894).
- P. 7, l. 8. *Format* : the shape and size of a book or newspaper.
- P. 9, l. 28. *Mutatis mutandis* : with the necessary alteration of details.

The Birth of a Railway.

- P. 18, l. 8. *Mr. Huskisson* : William Huskisson (1770-1830), statesman and financier. During his political career he held various important posts in the Government, including the secretaryship to the Treasury, the presidency of the Board of Trade, and the secretaryship of the Colonies.

A Holiday in 1831.

- P. 22, l. 3. *Sir John Lubbock* : Lubbock's Act of 1871 constituted the Bank Holidays in Britain.
- l. 33. *Champion of Reform*. Reform of the House of Commons. This was brought about in 1832 by the

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- party of which Earl Grey and Lord John Russell were the leaders. See note to P. 4, l. 11. The agitation in connection with the Reform Bill created a great deal of political excitement.
- P. 24, ll. 3-4. *Sir Robert Peel* : English statesman (1788-1850). He opposed the Reform Bill. After it was passed in 1832 he became the leader of the Conservative Party, and was subsequently Prime Minister.
- P. 26, l. 10. *City Companies* : the corporations established in the City of London representing the ancient trade-guilds (of Goldsmiths, Mercers, Haberdashers, Fishmongers, etc.).
- l. 17. *Trinity House* : the association which has to do with the licensing of pilots, the building of lighthouses, etc.
- P. 27, ll. 26-27. *A kind of Oliver Goldsmith* : In spite of his skill as a writer, Goldsmith (1728-1774) was a notoriously bad conversationalist : he was constantly making ludicrous blunders in his efforts to shine.
- P. 28, l. 1. *John Rennie* : engineer (1761-1821). He designed Waterloo, Southwark, and London Bridges, but he did not live to complete the building of the last of these.

Eastward in 1810.

- P. 29, ll. 8-9. *The Honourable East India Company* : This Company was originally granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth, in 1600. It was given a monopoly of English trade with India and the Far East. As its commercial interests in India grew, it gradually became the governing power in that country. After the Indian Mutiny, the administrative power of the Company was transferred to the Crown (1858).
- P. 31, l. 12. *French prisoners* : prisoners captured during the Napoleonic War.
- P. 35, l. 1. “ *Je Récommande*,” etc. : “ I recommend to my friend the ladies Welland—they deserve it.—Moulac.”
- P. 37, l. 37. “ *Pallenquines* ” : a palanquin (palankeen) is a covered litter used in the East ; it is carried by four or six men.
- P. 38, l. 6. “ *Caffrey* ” : Kaffir.
- P. 40, ll. 36-37. “ *Sancho Panca* ” : Sancho Panza, the character in “ *Don Quixote*.”
- l. 37. “ *Molier's 'Bourgeois Gentlehomme'* ” : the famous comedy—“ *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* ”—by Molière (1622-1673).

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P. 41, l. 32. "*Clarissa Harlowe*": a once popular novel by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761).

Pioneering in West Africa.

P. 44, l. 10. "*Deadly miasma*": malaria.

P. 45, l. 4. "*Craw-craw*": malignant skin-disease prevalent on the coast of Africa.

Rooks and Rookeries.

P. 53, l. 16. *Gray's Inn*: one of the Inns of Court, in London.

Birds at Play.

P. 56, ll. 3-4. "*Jackdaw of Rheims*": in the "*Ingoldsby Legends*."

P. 57, l. 14. *Aeschylus*: the famous Greek writer of tragedies (525-456 B.C.). The incident referred to was supposed to have fulfilled an oracle according to which the poet was fated to die by a blow from heaven.

The Otter.

P. 62, l. 18. *Rubicon*: a little river in Italy that formed the boundary of the Roman Republic. When Julius Caesar crossed it with his army, he in effect declared war on the Republic.

Stachelengro.

P. 63, l. 26. *Chevaux de frise*: iron spikes set in timber, etc.

l. 30. "*Ferae naturae*": not domesticated; at common law no one can claim property in an animal of this kind.

P. 64, l. 10. *Pax Britannica*: the peace maintained in the British Empire.

l. 26. *Echinal*: adjective formed from the Greek *echinos*—a hedgehog.

P. 65, l. 18. "*Stachel*": this is the German word for a prickly, thorn, spike, etc.

Captain John Smith, Founder of Virginia.

P. 75, l. 11. *Laudian leanings*: leanings towards the doctrines of Archbishop Laud.

Samuel Pepys.

P. 77, l. 15. *William Coventry*: (c. 1628-1686). In 1660 he was appointed secretary to James, Duke of York. He became M.P. in 1661, and was made commissioner for the navy in the following year. He was knighted in 1665.

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John Evelyn : (1620-1706). He wrote a famous diary which gives a valuable chronicle of events during the period 1640-1706. He was one of the promoters of the Royal Society, and was at one time its secretary.

1. 16. *Sir Isaac Newton* : the great English mathematician and scientist (1642-1727).

1. 17. *Kneller* : Sir Godfrey Kneller (1648-1723), the famous portrait-painter. He was of German extraction, and came to England in 1674. He was made court painter by Charles II : his portraits of the royal personages of his time are well known.

Dryden : John Dryden (1631-1700) was the greatest English man of letters of the period. He was the author of plays, satires, critical essays, etc.

- P. 78, ll. 5-6. *Revolution of 1688* : the revolution by which James II was dethroned and replaced by William of Orange.

- P. 79, l. 6. "*Tickets*" : the moneylender would buy a sailor's wage-ticket for 40 or 50 per cent of its face-value in the hope that he would ultimately be paid the full value of the ticket by the Admiralty.

1. 23. *The Titus Oates affair* : In 1678 Titus Oates concocted a story that the Roman Catholics had formed a plot to murder the King and restore the supremacy of the Roman Church. A panic was created among Protestants, and many Catholics were tried and executed on Oates's false testimony.

Michael Faraday.

- P. 83, ll. 4-5. *Ethical significance* : moral significance ; importance in influencing human conduct.

- P. 84, l. 3. *Oersted, Ampère* :

Oersted, of Copenhagen, discovered in 1819 that a wire carrying an electric current would deflect a magnetic needle.

André Marie Ampère (1775-1836), a French physicist, who took an important part in developing the science of electromagnetism.

- P. 85, l. 5. *Clerk-Maxwell* : James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879), one of the great workers in the field of electricity. He was the first professor of experimental physics at Cambridge, and he planned the Cavendish Laboratory.

- ll. 18-19. *Hertz, Righi, Lodge* :

Heinrich Rudolph Hertz (1857-1894), a German

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physicist who established the electromagnetic nature of light.

Augusto Righi (1850–1920), an Italian physicist who made researches in electricity, magnetism, and light.

Sir Oliver Lodge (*b.* 1851), the distinguished English physicist; one of the pioneers of research in wireless telegraphy.

P. 86, l. 5. *Einstein* : Albert Einstein (*b.* 1879), the German-Swiss physicist, famous for his Theory of Relativity.

Captain Roald Amundsen.

P. 87, l. 17. *Nansen* : Fridtjof Nansen (1861–1930), Norwegian explorer, scientist, and statesman. His expedition in the “Fram” started in 1893. He eventually reached the highest latitude hitherto attained by man. Later cruises were undertaken by him for oceanographic research. After the Great War he did wonderful work in organising the repatriation of prisoners of war and in providing relief for the starving millions in Russia.

P. 89, l. 21. *Peary* : Robert Edwin Peary (1856–1920), the American explorer, who was the first to reach the North Pole (April 6, 1909).

l. 31. *Captain Scott* : Robert Falcon Scott (1868–1912) undertook his first voyage of Antarctic exploration in the “Discovery” in 1901. He set out on an expedition to reach the South Pole in 1910. He reached his objective only to find that he had been forestalled. The privations of the return journey were so severe that he and his party perished. The bodies, together with the records and diaries, were afterwards found by a search party.

P. 90, l. 30. *Sir Ernest Shackleton* : (1874–1922). He accompanied Scott in his expedition of 1901–1904. In 1908 he sailed in the “Nimrod” for the Antarctic, and he reached a point about ninety-seven miles from the Pole. He undertook a second expedition in 1914–1917. He died during a third voyage begun in 1921.

Sir Ronald Ross. 1. *Memoir*

P. 96, l. 1. *Protozoa* : the division of the animal kingdom comprising animals of the simplest type consisting of a single cell.

l. 2. *Asexual* : without sex.

l. 8. *Filariae* : minute parasitic worms. One kind of elephantiasis is caused by filariae.

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elephantiasis : a skin-disease which causes the affected part to resemble elephant's hide.

- l. 27. *Salivary gland* : the gland that secretes the saliva (spittle) in the mouth.
- P. 97, l. 29. *Fellow of the Royal Society* : The Royal Society, founded in the reign of Charles II, includes among its Fellows all the most distinguished British scientists.
- ll. 30-31. *Nobel laureate and prizeman* : The Nobel Prizes are awarded out of a fund established by A. B. Nobel, the Swedish chemist and engineer. They are given to persons who do the most important work in the sciences, in literature, etc.

II. *Leading Article*

- P. 99, l. 25. *Lister* : Joseph Lister Lister (1827-1912) by his discovery of the use of antiseptics made possible the marvellous developments of modern surgery. (Antiseptics are substances which destroy the bacteria causing putrefaction in a wound).
- P. 100, l. 2. *Epidemiology* : science of epidemics.
 - l. 25. *Punkah* : large fan used in tropical countries.
- P. 102, l. 12. *Harvey* : William Harvey (1578-1657), the English physician who discovered the circulation of the blood.

John Hunter : Physiologist and surgeon (1728-1793). By his learning and practical skill he was the first to raise surgery to the level of a scientific profession.

Jenner : Edward Jenner (1749-1823), the discoverer of vaccination for smallpox.

Pasteur : French chemist (1822-1895) : a great benefactor of mankind through his discoveries in connection with germs. Among the diseases for which he found cures was hydrophobia.
- l. 13. *Bruce* : David Bruce (b. 1855) in 1887 found the cause of Malta fever, a disease prevalent not only in Malta but in China, South Africa, and North and South America.

Leishman : Sir William Leishman in 1890 discovered the cause of Kala-azar, a tropical fever.

Spring Trout-Fishing.

- P. 109, ll. 6-7. *Salmon parr* : young salmon.
- P. 110, l. 9. *Ecclesiastical vagaries* : the variations in the date of Easter according to the Church calendar.

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Bluebells on the Downs.

- P. 110, l. 30. *Hardy* : Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), poet and novelist. The scenes of his novels are in his native country of "Wessex."

Autumn Frost.

- P. 118, l. 30. *Festivals of St. Luke, All Hallows, St. Martin* : St. Luke's Day—October 18th ; All Saint's Day—November 1st ; St. Martin's Day—November 11th.
 P. 119, l. 11. *Equinoctials* : the gales that usually occur about the time of the autumn equinox.

Riding Home in Fife.

- P. 122, l. 16. *Grieve* : farm overseer or foreman (Scot.).
 P. 123, l. 16. *Corrie* : a circular hollow on a mountain-side.
 l. 34. "*Gabarts*" : lighters, inland sailing-vessels (Scot.).

Holiday in the Sahara. 1. *A Hazardous Journey*

- P. 132, l. 16. "*Mauvais pas*" : "a bad patch."
 P. 133, l. 35. "*Sous-officier*" : non-commissioned officer.
 P. 134, l. 12. *Tuareg* : The Tuaregs are a people of Berber stock living in the desert from Tuat to Timbuktu and from Fezzan to Zinder. They congregate near the trade-route centres, for they live either by conveying caravans, or by making raids on trade-routes.
 ll. 28-29. *Scree slope* : mountain slope covered with loose stones.

II. *Peoples of the Desert*

- P. 139, l. 1. *hamada* : stony plateau.
 P. 142, l. 10. *Alto-cumulus* : Large rounded masses of cloud arranged in groups or lines.
 l. 15. *Cirro-cumulus* : a "mackerel sky" ; small rounded masses or white flakes of cloud arranged in groups or lines.
 l. 19. *Dr. Piccard's ascent* : Prof. Piccard, a Belgian scientist, had just made an ascent by balloon into the stratosphere (the upper region of the atmosphere above ten kilometres).

Harnessing a River.

- P. 143, l. 10. *Baedeker* : Karl Baedeker (1801-1859), the German publisher, began the issue of the world-famous series of guide-books bearing his name. The business was carried on by his son Fritz.
 P. 145, l. 12. *Gantry* : structure supporting a travelling crane, etc.

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- P. 146, l. 24. *Feddan* : Egyptian measure of land ; a little more than an acre.

Oil from Mosul.

- P. 147, l. 15. *Nullahs* : ravines.
 P. 151, l. 4. *True sons of Martha* : Martha was reproved by Christ for her excessive attention to household duties. See St. Luke x. 38.

An Empty Land.

- P. 152, l. 5. *De Rougemont* : an adventurer who caused a sensation by his fantastic accounts of his voyages. He lectured before the British Association at Bristol in 1898.
 P. 154, l. 16. *Dampier* : William Dampier (1652-1715) was the first English navigator to sight the Australian continent (in 1688). He was supercargo of a buccanering ship, the “ Cygnet.” On his return he published an account of his voyage, and in 1699 he was sent out in the “ Roebuck ” to make further discoveries. He explored the coast for 900 miles.
 P. 157, ll. 6-7. “ *perfect skin* ” and *fine “ orient ”* : technical terms relating to pearls : “ orient ” is the lustre in the pearl of finest quality.
 l. 13. *Baroque* : an irregularly shaped pearl.
 P. 158, l. 11. *Kopangers* : native boatmen who use a kind of vessel called a “ kopang.”

The Peoples of India.

- P. 162, l. 9. *Animism* : the belief that inanimate objects and natural phenomena have living souls.
 P. 163, l. 4. *Brahman* : member of Hindu priestly caste.
 P. 165, l. 14. *Pariah* : member of low or no caste.
 P. 166, l. 1. *Purdah system* : the Indian system of secluding women of rank in apartments of their own.
 l. 5. *Vedas* : ancient Hindu scriptures written in Sanskrit.
 P. 167, l. 17. *Conches* : shells which, when blown into, give a musical note.

The Conquest of Kamet.

- P. 168, l. 29. *Accessible politically* : i.e. for which permission to explore could be obtained from the Government.
 P. 170, l. 31. *Anaesthesia* : insensibility.
 l. 35. *Vitamin C* : vitamins are certain necessary factors in food whose absence causes bad health. Their chemi-

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cal nature is not yet fully known ; they are classified as A, B, C, etc.

- P. 173, l. 3. *Yaks* : long-haired, humped oxen of Tibet.
- P. 174, l. 13. *couloir* : steep gully in mountain-side.
- P. 175, l. 22. *Sirdar* : Indian term for leader.
- P. 177, l. 29. *Convection air currents* : currents caused by the rising of heated air.
- P. 180, l. 10. *ski* : pronounced shē or skē ; the plural is either *ski* or *skis*.
- l. 20. *Anti-scorbutic* : preventive of scurvy.

Dramatic Illusion.

- P. 183, ll. 14-15. *Mr. Granville-Barker* : playwright and critic (b. 1877), author of "The Madras House," "Prefaces to Shakespeare," etc.
- P. 184, l. 1. *John Tanner* : character in Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman."
- l. 15. *The Bancrofts and Tom Robertson* : Tom Robertson (1829-1871) in "Caste" and other plays introduced a new style of drama that was naturalistic in contrast with the romantic plays hitherto popular. His work required a more subdued kind of acting. This was supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, who were associated in the production of all his comedies.
- P. 185, ll. 9-10. *Mr. Gordon Craig* : stage-designer and an authority on the art of the theatre (b. 1872).
- ll. 22-23. *Mr. Charles Morgan* : novelist, and dramatic critic of "The Times" since 1926.

The Character of Shylock.

- P. 185, l. 29. *Komisarjevsky* : Theodore Komisarjevsky, theatrical producer and scenic designer ; formerly director of the Imperial and State theatres in Moscow. Since 1919 he has produced many important plays in London.
- P. 186, ll. 2-3. *Shylock . . . as a comic character* : It had been traditional to play Shylock as a comic figure until Macklin introduced a serious conception in the revival at Drury Lane in the season 1740-1741.
- l. 6. *Irving* : Sir Henry Irving (1838-1905) was responsible as actor-manager for the famous series of Shakespearean productions at the Lyceum Theatre.
- l. 11. *Tree's production* : Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree (1853-1917) set the fashion for elaborately mounted and lavishly picturesque productions of Shakespeare. His scenery and costumes for "The Merchant of Venice"

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- at His Majesty's Theatre were based on the pictures of the Italian painters, Paolo Veronese, Titian, and Tintoretto.
- P. 187, l. 12. *Macready* : actor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre (1837-1839) and of Drury Lane (1841-1843).
- P. 188, l. 6. *Nicholas Rowe* : dramatist (1674-1718).; his tragedies were popular throughout the eighteenth century. He was the first editor of Shakespeare ; his edition of the plays (1709) contained a valuable biography.
- ll. 26-27. *Not to Shaftesbury Avenue, but to the Old Vic* : Shaftesbury Avenue is the home of the London "commercial theatre," i.e. the theatre which looks chiefly to box-office receipts. A Shaftesbury Avenue manager might therefore be expected to welcome the new production of "The Merchant of Venice" as a possible money-making novelty. The Old Vic, however, has created for itself a reputation for sound, artistic treatment of Shakespeare.
- Grock.*
This article and "Dr. Johnson at the Stadium" were written by A. B. Walkley, who was the dramatic critic of "The Times" until his death in 1926.
"Grock" was the supreme clown of recent times. His performances in England and abroad delighted millions. He frequently appeared at the London Coliseum. He retired from the stage in 1930.
- P. 189, l. 13. *Croce* : Benedetto Croce (b. 1866), Italian philosopher.
- ll. 19-20. "*negli ultimi decenni*," etc. : in the last decades of the sixteenth century and in the first of the seventeenth century (Ital.).
- P. 190, l. 2. *Victor Hugo* : French poet and novelist (1802-1885).
- ll. 5-6. *Machiavellianly astute* : Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527), the Italian statesman and writer, gained the reputation of advocating the free use of cunning and unscrupulous methods in politics.
- l. 6. *Platypode* : flat-footed.
- ll. 10-11. *FitzGerald* : Edward FitzGerald (1809-1883), best known as the translator of Omar Khayyám.
- l. 11. *James Spedding* : (1808-1881), editor of Bacon's "Works" ; friend of the Tennysons and Edward FitzGerald.

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- ll. 15-16. *Sir Oran Haut-ton*: a tame monkey who appears in "Melincourt," a political satire by Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866).
- P. 191, ll. 14-15. *the parturient mountains and the ridiculous mouse*: the Latin proverb *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus* [the mountains are in labour ("parturient"), and a ridiculous mouse will be brought forth], was applied to those who promise a great deal and accomplish little or nothing.
- l. 16. *Jean Paul Richter*: German author (1763-1825).
- l. 22. *Aristotle*: Greek philosopher (384-322 B.C.), author of works of encyclopaedic range.
- P. 192, l. 31. *Sainte-Beuve*: Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869), the great French literary critic, famous for his Monday literary newspaper articles ("Causeries du lundi").

The Unmusical Theatre.

This article refers to the production of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Robert Atkins at the New Theatre, London, in 1932. The scenery and costumes were designed in a scheme of black and white. The cast included Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as Viola, and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olivia.

- P. 194, l. 7. *Sir Herbert Tree*: See note to P. 186, l. 11.

Bayreuth and Broadcasting.

Richard Wagner secured the conditions he desired for the performance of his operas through the building of a special theatre at Bayreuth, in Bavaria. This building was opened in 1876 with the first complete performance of the "Ring." There have been regular festivals here ever since (except for a break between 1914 and 1924).

- P. 197, l. 2. "*Nothung*": The magic sword ("needful") with which Siegfried slew Fafnir the dragon (in the "Ring").
- l. 11. "*Dicht, Ton, und Tanz*": poetry, music, and dancing.
- P. 198, l. 15. *Festspielhaus*: Festival Theatre (at Bayreuth).

Verulamium.

- P. 205, l. 5. *Basilica*: oblong hall used for law-courts and assemblies.
- P. 206, l. 18. *Apsidal*: in the shape of an apse, i.e. a semi-circular recess with arched or dome roof.

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- l. 26. *Tessellated* : made of small mosaic blocks.
P. 207, l. 32. *Inhumation-burials* : burials in the earth (in contrast to cremations).

Herculaneum. l. *Excavations Old and New*

- P. 210, l. 13. "*Nuovi scavi*" : new excavations.

II. *The People of Herculaneum*

- P. 211, l. 16. *Charles of Bourbon* : King of the two Sicilies.
In 1759 he succeeded to the throne of Spain.
P. 214, ll. 34-35. *Opus sectile, or coloured marble intarsia* :
"*intarsia*" is a kind of inlaid work ; *opus sectile* is an
inlay of coloured marble.
P. 215, l. 18. *Atrium* : central court of a Roman house.
tablinum : large room opening off the atrium, in the
centre of the side opposite the entrance. It corresponded
to a modern drawing-room.
l. 22. *Tufa* : rock of volcanic origin.

Early Mines in Rhodesia.

- P. 217, l. 14. *Bantu* : name given to large number of related races and languages in South Africa.
P. 218, l. 7. *Palaeolithic implements* : implements belonging to the Old Stone Age, when men fashioned their stone tools by chipping only.
l. 15. *Psilomelane* : an ore of manganese, consisting chiefly of hydrous manganese oxide.
l. 19. *Neolithic* : belonging to the New Stone Age, when men fashioned their stone implements partly by grinding and polishing.
P. 220, ll. 2-3. *Early dynastic times* : the period of the earliest kings of Egypt.
P. 221, l. 7. *Predynastic Egyptians* : prehistoric Egyptians.

The Grain Race.

- P. 227, l. 3. "*Roaring Forties*" : the belt between 40° and 50° South latitude characterised by stormy westerly winds.
P. 230, l. 23. *Broached-to.* : lying with her side presented to wind and waves.
l. 32. *Heave-to* : bring the ship to a standstill.
P. 234, l. 20. *Cumulus clouds* : clouds consisting of piled-up, rounded masses.

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A Mystery of the Sea—I. The "Köbenhavn."

- P. 241, l. 7. *Roaring Forties* : See note to P. 227, l. 3.
 P. 242, l. 3. *Horse Latitudes* : belts of high atmospheric pressure with calms and variable winds along the polar edges of the belt of the trade winds.
 P. 244, l. 28. "*Marie Celeste*" : The brigantine "*Marie Celeste*," of New York, was found in the Atlantic, December 5th, 1872, abandoned by her crew. The sails were set and everything on board was in order. The crew were never afterwards discovered, and the mystery of their disappearance remains unexplained.

Waves at Sea.

- P. 254, l. 11. *Anakim* : giants, the sons of Anak. See Numbers xiii. 33.
 l. 21. *Clinometer* : instrument for measuring slopes.
 P. 255, l. 36. *Talus* : (geology) sloping mass of fragments at the foot of a cliff.
 P. 256, l. 23. *Mark Twain* : American humorist (1835-1910), author of "*Tom Sawyer*," "*Huckleberry Finn*," etc.
 ll. 29-30. *Nasmyth hammer* : steam-hammer invented by James Nasmyth and first constructed in 1842.

"The Friendless."

- P. 265, l. 14. *Kopek* : small Russian copper coin.

Payment in Pictures.

- P. 268, l. 12. *Kronor, öre* : Swedish coins.
 ll. 29-30. *Ex voto* : offered in fulfilment of a vow.

Nodding at the Play.

- P. 273, l. 29. *Mr. Dowler* : See Dickens's "*Pickwick Papers*," chap. xxxv.

Slimmer Policemen.

- P. 277, l. 13. *Falstaffian* : Falstaff is the fat knight in Shakespeare's "*Henry IV*" and "*Merry Wives of Windsor*."

Dr. Johnson at the Stadium.

The writer of this article imagines Dr. Johnson come to life again in our time. Boswell, his biographer, uses a little diplomacy of the kind he displayed in getting him (in real life) to meet Jack Wilkes, and so induces him to witness the boxing-match promoted by Mr. C. B. Cochran between Beckett the Englishman and Carpentier the Frenchman. The party is supposed to

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- include Burke the statesman, Garrick the actor, Gibbon the historian, Reynolds the painter, and Sheridan the dramatist and orator—all friends of Johnson.
- P. 277, l. 18. *Of which pars magna fui* : in which I had a considerable part.
- P. 278, l. 4. *Mrs. Thrale* : the lady at whose house in Streatham Johnson was for many years an honoured guest.
- l. 18. *Dr. Smollett* : novelist (1721–1771) ; author of “ Roderick Random,” “ Humphrey Clinker,” etc.
- P. 279, l. 22. *Tapping any man’s claret* : slang phrase for making a man’s nose bleed by a blow.
- P. 280, l. 3. “ *catch* ” : a kind of part-song. The first voice opens alone ; a few bars later the second voice comes in with the same words and melody ; then the third voice follows similarly ; and so on. There is constant repetition of words.
- l. 14. “ *Man never is, but always to be, blest* ” : Pope’s “ Essay on Man,” i. 96.
- l. 26. *Anfractuosities* : a Johnsonian word here used to mean “ twistings”.
- P. 281, l. 22. *Apophthegm* : terse remark, pithy saying.

EXERCISES

The London Daily Press since 1850

Write not more than 150 words on each of the following topics : (a) The spread of education and its influence on the development of the newspaper. (b) Mechanical inventions and the growth of the modern newspaper. (c) The power of the press.

The Birth of a Railway.

1. Imagine you were the driver of the "Rocket." Narrate your experience of what happened on the day of the opening of the Railway.

2. Write an article, such as might have appeared in a newspaper of 1830, giving as full an account as you can of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

A Holiday in 1831.

From the evidence of this article, in what respects do you think the manners and habits of Londoners have changed since 1831 ?

Eastward in 1810.

1. What indications of the character of Mrs. Welland do you find in this account ?

2. The extract beginning "Mons. Mourg (one of the Officers . . .)" (P. 41, ll. 6-25) contains errors in composition and punctuation. Re-write this passage in correct English and improved style. (You may expand it by adding details.)

Pioneering in West Africa.

1. Imagine and describe in full detail the incident of Laird and the rockets.

2. With aid of an Encyclopaedia or other book of reference, write a short essay on "Nigeria To-day."

Animals and Birds.

1. Write a letter to *The Times* dealing with some matter of interest in the behaviour of animals or birds which you have observed.

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2. Which of the articles on animals and birds do you find most interesting? Give your reasons.

Captain John Smith, Founder of Virginia.

The following words occur in this article. Find their exact meaning: *centenary, tercentenary, millenary, posthumous, authenticated, notoriety, virtual(ly), specifically, succinct, diagnosis, nucleus.*

Samuel Pepys.

1. State in a single sentence the main idea which this article is intended to bring out.

2. Write a single paragraph of about 150 words summarising the main facts about Pepys stated in the article.

Michael Faraday.

Subjects for essays: (a) What I could teach Faraday. (b) What life to-day would be like if Faraday's discoveries had never been made.

Captain Roald Amundsen.

Essay subjects: (a) The Value of Polar Exploration. (b) Luck in Exploration. (c) Great Adventurers of Our Time.

Sir Ronald Ross.

1. Write a character-sketch of Ross based on these articles.
2. "Biological discoveries of advantage to humanity are as deserving of pecuniary reward as inventions which can be patented."—Expand this idea into a statement of not more than 200 words.

3. Discuss the dictum "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," with particular reference to Ross.

4. With the help of books of reference, write a short essay showing how terrible were the ravages of malaria before Ross's methods of prevention were known.

Out of Doors.

1. Illustrate from the articles in this group the writers' close observation of nature.

2. Subjects for essays: (a) An October Day. (b) An English Harvest Scene. (c) A description of any stretch of country with which you are familiar. (d) A Day's Sport in the Country.

EXERCISES

," *Season of Mists.*"

Find the meaning of the following words : *phenomenon, transient, tenuous, suffusion, prismatic, scintillation, exhalations, halcyon.*

Holiday in the Sahara.

Write a description of the desert country, using the details supplied in this account.

Harnessing a River.

1. Essay subject : The Importance of the Engineer in Modern Life.

2. Write an imaginary conversation between one of the builders of the Pyramids and the engineer in charge of the work on the Aswan Dam.

An Empty Land.

If you had to emigrate, would you choose to go to Western Australia ? Give your reasons.

The Peoples of India.

1. Write a statement of not more than 250 words on the nature and origin of the caste system in India.

2. How does the nature of the population bear upon the problem of the government of India?

3. Re-write the following paragraph in your own words, using simple language, and without condensing it : (P. 163, ll. 8-26) "To a great extent occupation . . . blending of blood."

4. Express in your own words the meaning of the following sentences : (a) (P. 164, l. 36-p. 165, l. 3) "Their position is more ambiguous nowadays, when growing tension between Hindus and Moslems makes it important to each community to increase its numerical strength." (b) (P. 165, ll. 17-20) "He sees caste, also, as a grave impediment to the growth of the sense of nationality, because of the way in which it contracts the radius of sympathy." (c) (P. 165, ll. 24-28) "And it is certain that within the narrow range of its operation caste has the power of tightening men's sympathies and maintaining traditional morality and promoting common action." (d) (P. 167, ll. 33-36) "And probably the main cause which has hardened and exacerbated feeling recently on either side is apprehension about the political future."

The Conquest of Kamet.

Essay subject : Science as an Aid to Exploration.

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Dramatic Illusion.

What do you understand by "theatrical naturalism"? Give your own views on this subject.

The Character of Shylock.

1. Do you think it is justifiable to play the scenes of the caskets story in a mood of fantastic absurdity?

2. The writer of the article suggests that we may eventually be presented with a "purely comic Shylock" on the stage. Do you think that this is likely or desirable?

Grook.

Describe the performance of any clown you have seen. Do your best to explain why you thought it was funny.

The Unmusical Theatre.

1. State briefly, but precisely, the faults which the critic found in the musical setting of "Twelfth Night."

2. The writer mentions two principles that might govern the choice of incidental music for a Shakespearian play. Say briefly what these are. Give your own view on the matter.

Bayreuth and Broadcasting.

"There is a tendency in this country, at any rate, to treat the wireless solely as a means of educating the ignorant" (P. 199, ll. 32-34). Discuss this.

Archaeology.

Essay subject: Excavation and its Value to the Historian.

Early Mines in Rhodesia.

Explain as briefly but as clearly as you can (1) what problem the expedition set out to investigate, (2) what evidence they found, (3) what conclusions they arrived at.

The Grain Race.

Essay subject: The Passing of the Sailing Ship.

A Mystery of the Sea—I. The "Köbenhavn."

Imagine what happened to the "Köbenhavn" and tell the story as if you were a cadet on board.

Chinese Goldfish.

Write an original short story based on a similar idea to that contained in "Chinese Goldfish."

EXERCISES

Payment in Pictures.

Write a humorous story concerning an artist who gives a tradesman or professional man a picture in payment for services rendered.

Slimmer Policemen.

Give a brief title to the second paragraph of the article, and summarise this paragraph in not more than 100 words.

Dr. Johnson at the Stadium.

Write an article on Dr. Johnson, or Sam Weller, or Sir Roger de Coverley at the Cinema.

